

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

NOVEMBER
.. 1943 ..

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1943

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 58

NUMBER 1

Contents

When The Lights Go On Again	2
Harold Clarke Durrell	2
Miss Harriet Hite	2
This Small World	2
Locomotion in 1943	3
Harvard Square in Wartime	4
How Not to Ski	4, 5
Our Small World	5
Shopping Today	6
"Kiss and Tell"	6
Cartoon	7
On Hoarding Things	8
Book Review	8
A Fifth Freedom	9
On Growing Up	9
At Lunch in the Cafeteria	10
How To Make the Most Of It	10
Mothballs	11
K. B. Report	11
Alumni News	12
Dramatic Club Notes	13
For God and Country	13
C. H. L. S. Spotlight	14, 15
Freshman Notes	16, 17
Debate Club News	18
G. A. A. Column	18
C. H. L. S. Outing Club	18
Sports	19

Published five times a year: November, December, February,
April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Review Staff

Faculty Advisers

MISS ALICE KELLEY, *Literary*

MR. JEROME HIGGINS, *Business*

MR. JOSEPH SANTORO, *Art*

Editor

MARY ALICE BIGLER

Literary Staff

RUTH COLEMAN

WALTER CREMENS

ROBERT DICOMES

RUTH LOONEY

PEGGY REYNOLDS

MARIE RUSSELL

JAMES SILBERMAN

Art

VERA CHVANY

JEAN O'CLAIR

JOSEPH QUINN

THOMAS SCOUROS

Business Manager

LEO HOLLISIAN

Spotlite

CARMELINE ROSE

G. A. A.

EILEEN TOOHEY

Debate Club

ROBERT DICOMES

Outing Club

CHARLES BLACKNEY

K. B.

BARBARA RUNDLET

Dramatic Club

CATHERINE COOPER

Sports

SALVATORE CURCIO

Typists

VIRGINIA ACKERLEY

TERESA COTE

PATRICIA KENNEDY

DOROTHY KOOCHEE

LOUISE MONTAGNA

JULIA OPPEDISANO

"WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN"

REMEMBER that song? Most of you could probably recall the very bands and vocalists who somehow managed to express, half decently, a universal sentiment of a chaotic, yet hopeful, world. It was wistfully crooned by soft-voiced tenors and purring contraltos a thousand times over in stuffy night clubs, and its lilting lyrics flowed melodiously from gaudy, chromium-plated juke-boxes, in delicatessens and drug stores. But I doubt if any of us were prepared for the actual lifting of the blackout the thirty-first of October.

Yes, once again vivid neon signs vie with one another above the city's crazy skyline, but what of it? To our men who are at this very moment engaging the enemy in battlefronts all over the world, it doesn't mean much. They are giving their all—time, energy, limbs, and lives. We are asked to lend our money. Perhaps Secretary Knox turned on the lights too prematurely, and the sale of bonds will be drastically decreased. Let's not let that happen in our school. Let's put more than ever before in stamps and bonds, and speed the coming of that inevitable day of victory, when, as the song continues, "the boys come home again."

HAD any of you chanced to read the death notices in The Boston Herald for July 8th, 1943, you would have noticed the name of Harold Clarke Durrell; upon reading further, you would have learned that Mr. Durrell had died, at the age of 60, on the day before, July 7th, in Kennebunkport, Maine, where he had lived for many years.

Harold Clarke Durrell was born and educated in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He attended Cambridge High and Latin School, from which he graduated in 1901. In 1898, while still in high school, Mr. Durrell was instrumental in establishing ice hockey in the preparatory schools of Greater Boston. Later, in 1918, he was an important figure in the forming of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Girls' Field Hockey Association.

Mr. Durrell graduated from Harvard in 1906, and in 1913 married Helen B. Johnson of Somerville, who survives him. He was connected with the firm of Cobb, Bates and Yerxa, and subsequently with the Beacon Trust Company for many years.

The name, Durrell, signifies to most present day students the debating club and the yearly prize awarded for debate. In reality, it means much more to the school, for Mr. Durrell was a loyal and interested friend. He had such a great interest in the Cambridge Review that he kept a file, complete except for one issue. He kept data, which

he furnished to the Review, concerning the graduates of the school. Besides the debate prize, Mr. Durrell is responsible for a number of other cups and prizes. He also served on the committee which raised funds for the Jennie S. Spring Scholarship.

In later life, he became a public-spirited member of the Kennebunkport community, serving on the school committee and the Board of Trustees of the Public Library. In addition, he was an editor, a historian, and the corresponding secretary of the New England Genealogical Society.

There is probably no one now living who possesses such a fund of knowledge of the older members of Cambridge Latin School as did Harold C. Durrell. Let us hope that, as a historian, he has preserved this knowledge, for it is an important part of the history of our school.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

ODE

I admire people who,
When e'er inclined to say, "I won't,"
Don't.

MISS Harriet Hite, qui est morte le dix-sept octobre, nous a laissés, mais sa belle voix flûtée ne se tait pas, elle parlera toujours pour donner de l'enthousiasme à tous, surtout à ceux avec qui elle avait été en rapport. Autrefois une étudiante distinguée de notre lycée, elle est revenue ici pour enseigner le français, il y a dix-neuf ans. Elle avait richement donné de son expérience, deux degrés conférés par Radcliffe College, son étude et ses voyages dans les pays étrangers et beaucoup d'activités sociales et civiques.

Tous nos sentiments en pensant à notre aimable professeur sont bien exprimés dans le mots d'un grand chimiste français—"La grandeur des actions humaines se mesure à l'inspiration qui les fait naître. Heureux celui qui porte en soi un Dieu, un idéal de beauté, et qui lui obéit. Ce sont là les sources vives des grandes pensées et des grandes actions. Toutes s'éclairent des reflets de l'infini."

M. E. F.





JUNIOR RED CROSS

THE annual ENROLLMENT for SERVICE Campaign of the American Junior Red Cross is now under way here in Cambridge High and Latin School, according to an announcement by Peggy Puddister, chairman of the Red Cross Student Council. A 100% enrollment goal has been set. This local enrollment is part of a nation-wide drive taking place during the month of November.

We hope to have in every issue a regular report from the Junior Red Cross, as we do from all our school clubs.



You can do without. The men in the Service cannot. Buy Stamps and Bonds.

THIS SMALL WORLD

IT IS sad, but true, that many expressive and widely applicable phrases have become trite purely by reason of their merits. "This small world" is, unfortunately, one of them.

I have no idea who first used those words. No doubt he was quite a wit. I remember that the first time I heard the phrase, when I was very young, it puzzled me greatly—because, of course, the world is very big. When I finally figured out the meaning, I was entranced that any mind could conceive such a universally usable expression. In the weeks that followed, I did my part in making the words obnoxious. Even now, though it annoys me to hear such a worn out phrase, I often find myself employing it and ones like it.

Let us say that two people who have lost contact with each other for years meet unexpectedly on the street. The first words that spring to the lips are, "Fancy meeting you here! It's a small world, isn't it?" Nothing else seems quite adequate.

When we hear of some new miracle in transportation or communication, we say almost automatically, "The world is getting smaller every day."

While writing this theme, it has occurred to me that the phrase really isn't trite, but simply old and well-worn, and one is irked by things aged and common. We should certainly be lost without "this small world," but nevertheless, I do wish someone would find some new way of expressing the same thought!

RUTH LOONEY, '44.

LOCOMOTION IN NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE

THE glamorous blonde in red satin, reclining on a bearskin rug, smilingly purrs into the convenient, ivory telephone: "He's tall, dark, and owns a Ford V 8."

Does a sigh of nostalgia escape you? Yes, the lovely siren is gone. Once posted on billboards in every city and hamlet, she now exists only in the hearts of advertising men. For she has joined the Waves, and the advertising men, forlorn, are busy peddling overalls to defense workers.

What of the people who bought the Fords? They walk. Rubber, gas, and blondes being at a premium and reserved for the armed forces, the rest of the country tramps in sturdy Oxfords, one-third its yearly shoe-leather allotment.

I think it's about time. When God created Adam of dust and Eve of Adam's rib, using Adam as a means to an end, He provided no other means of locomotion than walking. As the years rolled by, the Romans rode in chariots, the English in Victorias, and finally the Americans in automobiles. Companies sought to outdo one another in the comfort provided by plumply cushioned seats and headrests.

Today, with the advent of the Second World War, the United States is on its feet; its back is straighter; its waistline slimmer; its middle-age paunch disappearing. The country walks to the subway, walks to the grocer; it even walks, sometimes, just to enjoy the fresh air.

Our feet have been like fussy old women, pampered into believing themselves ill. Doctors who pampered the women became wealthy; so did the manufacturers who pampered our feet by putting accelerators under them.

Of course, the Fords and Packards were marvels of ingenuity. They represented another of man's conquests over the elements. In a sense, however, such conquest may not mean complete victory. Man conquered air! Soon he made the airplane a carrier of death and destruction.

With judicious use, almost anything can become profitable. The fault lay not in the automobile, but in our over-emphasis of it.

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

THE less you spend, the more Uncle Sam can spend. Buy Stamps and Bonds.



HARVARD SQUARE IN WARTIME

"HUT! Hut! Huuut-2-3-4 'n' a left! 'n' a left! 'n' a left-2-3-4 'n' a left" bellows the lieutenant. The emaciated lines of traffic retreat submissively to the curb, pedestrians turn and stare and then turn back, the curious office workers peer quizzically through yawning doors and windows. The dirty, ragged little newsboys momentarily cease their raucous shouting about the heroic deeds of the Allied forces throughout the world: those brothers in arms of the immaculately clad men who are now passing, in synchronous response to their leader's brusque commands, seemingly unaware of the blistering pavement and blazing sun. Scenes like this, which would have caused no end of commotion not so many months ago, have already become so much a part of our lives that many of us Cantabrigians no longer give any thought to the complete change that has come over Harvard Square (as well as the rest of the world) since December 7, 1941. Many still think that Harvard Square, or Cambridge, if you like, is "the deadest place in this country." However, doesn't this seem to comply with one of human nature's most universal rules: man's inability to be completely satisfied with his surroundings, whatever they may be?

Fortunately I can find endless pleasure in just walking around the streets and in and out of the stores where every counter is crowded with customers eager to finish their business and scurry homeward. I smile sympathetically at a dubious soldier, who is trying to find out from a disinterested high school-girl clerk what would be meant by this requirement, or why that officer across the way is wearing a black instead of a khaki tie; and at a bewildered Navy-wife, trying to push her way through the impersonal—yet so individualized—throng, with her flimsy, wooden "Victory" shopping cart following faithfully at her heels. Later, in passing, an almost smiling Southern drawl makes me aware of the same Navy-wife trying to find out if such and such a product is anything like the one she used to get at Pensacola, or at the corner grocery "back home" in Shreveport.

I find enjoyment in just standing on a corner and watching all the people and uniforms pass by; in hearing snatches of their conversation and arguments which are in every language, dialect, and accent imaginable. Equally fascinating, if not more so, I find, is standing in the long queue extending sometimes from the inner box office of the University Theatre all the way to the traffic light and corner news-and-fruit stand, at night; and this is especially intriguing on a Saturday night, for it is then that the 7,000 Army and Navy at Harvard get practically their only leave in the week. As the

waiting line moves slowly up past the blacked out windows of The Georgian and Daley's Store, I get a real thrill from letting my eyes, ears, and imagination work together: seeing these joyful, yet homesick, military men, some with very young wives and children; and talking with and listening to them I feel that in each one with whom I exchange a few words I have made a new friend and have further clarified my mental picture of the people that make America.

Then I begin to wonder whether these men, dressed in spotless khaki, being schooled now in the art of war, are really different, as far as human relations, ideas, intellect, and aspirations go, from those who so recently colored Harvard Square with their baggy pants, "loud" jackets, green book bags, and bow ties.

As I watch the fatigued wartime automobiles crawl along with their eyelids half closed, notice the blacked-out street lights, and look up at the free, bright, starry sky above, and think of Harvard Square and all of America two years ago, I feel even more proud just to be able to see, in these men who were lifted from their homes and set down in a new and strange place, a unique picture of the whole of America. It is a pity that it takes a war, hardships, and disrupted families to show this to us; but perhaps even the soldiers striding to the martial tones of "Hut-2-3-4," will awaken in us a new feeling of being a part of something great. It seems to me that Harvard Square in wartime is a perfect vignette of America and its people at war.

ALAN BALSAM, '44.

The things you don't see in the stores have gone to War. Send the money you don't spend on them to the same place. Buy Stamps and Bonds.

HOW NOT TO SKI

SKIING has been defined by some as the shortest distance between two trees, but don't believe a word of it. Unless the trees are exceptionally close together, the course usually described often as not resembles the wake of a particularly active boa constrictor. Euclid, I know, holds the straight line to be the shortest distance between two points, although recently Dr. Einstein has pooh-poohed the very existence of anything so simple, obvious, and uncontradictable as a line that is perfectly straight. Anyway, the skiers with whom I am about to acquaint you would no more think of skiing in a straight line than they would consider bothering

with the trifling preliminaries—like learning how to stop, turn, and control the skis. All trifling incidents!

Say, if you ever want to cash in on that extra accident insurance policy you bought for the day when Junior would leave his roller skates on the top step of the cellar stairs, just tag along behind a chap to whom we will fondly refer henceforth as "Reckless Randy." Randy has never been on skis before, but it looked pretty easy to watch, so he borrows second-cousin-once-removed Wilmer's pair for a day or so, hops on the skimobile at the foot of the mountain, springs forth at the summit, and proceeds to hurl himself down the handiest cliff, for a rip down the slope that will approach the speed of sixty miles an hour. Well, fifteen anyway!

By this time, more experienced bystanders have sized him up for an "R. R.", and watch with morbid, leering curiosity for the spill. It is a gem. Dumas has said that the Goddess of Fortune watches over two persons, the lover and the drunkard. With all due respect to that great man, I will humbly affix a third—all Reckless You-Know-Who's. No matter how contortionistic and grisly the fall, our hero merely staggers dazedly to his feet, digs the snow out of his ears, and plummets on downward.

The female edition of Reck—the above-mentioned—the daring and ever-popular "Fearless Fatima", is invariably captain of her neighborhood basketball team, and hardiest of her crowd. She, too, leaps on the skimobile at the base of the mountain, and is disgorged at the summit, but when it comes to what appears to be a sheer perpendicular drop down a mountainside, she conceives the revolutionary idea (revolutionary in the sense that *she* has never thought of it before) of sitting down on the boards after the manner of a tobogganist. In this fashion, Fatima skims along with cheeks aglow and eyes alight, until it comes to her with a shock that, oh my, it's harder to keep those darn things together than you think, and perhaps it would be better if—but by then, panic has set in, along with a very pronounced tingling sensation, which comes of sliding down mountains while seated on nothing but fast-receding landscape. And after plowing up a furrow big enough for a bobsled run, she has the nerve to wonder where on earth she picked up Hannes Schneider, Toni Matt, and a hibernating groundhog. I ask you!

Ah, yes! It takes all kinds to make a world, and all sorts of skiers to make a North Conway. From what I've slapped down here, you'd never guess at the existence of the little-old-lady-who plays-in-the-snow. Puffing under the weight of her

battered old skis, she critically surveys the lesser rises, selects, after much deliberation, a convenient bump, and marches to the top, taking deep breaths, drinking in the fresh, exhilarating mountain air. She skis down, falls, gets up, and climbs up again. Then down we go, and boom! Up we go and down again! Boom! Then up again and down once more. Plop!

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44.

Is there a squander bug in your pocketbook? Put Stamps and Bonds at the top of your budget, and starve him out.

OUR SMALL WORLD

DURING the last four or five decades, man's inventiveness has borne fruit to such an extent that the phenomena of modern living have, in a figurative sense, rendered the world in general a comparatively small place in which to live.

The invention and development of such things as the telephone and the radio have contributed much in giving rise to a closer relationship, both among individuals and among whole nations. For example, from the beginning of time until a few years ago, human contact necessitated actual travel in some degree, depending upon the distance between the parties involved. Yet today, thanks to the ingenuity of fairly recent inventors, one need only to flick the dial of a radio or lift the receiver of a telephone and he may, in the comfort of his very own home, be in touch with others possibly thousands of miles away.

Then, too, the effects of a global war, such as the one in which we are now engulfed, play an extremely important role in bringing the remote corners of the earth into closer contact with one another. For instance, we inhabitants of the Occident have, after a few years of devastating war, gained a far greater insight into the characters and principles of our neighbors in the Orient than we have heretofore learned through centuries of research and study.

Yes, many factors contribute to the present-day trend of world "contraction." Whether such things are for the good of mankind remains to be seen in future years.

CARTY LYNCH, '44.



SHOPPING TODAY

SHOPPING "ain't", as they say of the ol' grey mare, what it used to be. Shopping today is an adventure. It is a hunting expedition into the African jungle, and a search for gold with the forty-niners!

One of the principal banes of shopping these days is rationing. Here is a typical example. In need of a pair of dressy pumps a few weeks ago, I went into Filene's Basement, looking for a bargain. After much searching in a bin filled helter-skelter, I espied the shoes of my choice. They were simple black spectators, but the suede was beautiful. My hand reached down for them, but unfortunately another hand, large and fat, likewise reached. Two hands came up bearing the same pair of shoes. Before my courage should fail me, I explained to the hand that, as I had been standing looking for five minutes, the shoes were rightfully mine. The woman was so overwhelmed by my grandiose language that she let go without a word. Smiling sympathetically at her, I marched triumphantly to the salesman who tried them on me. I was getting up, parcel in hand, when the salesman announced, in a way salesman have, that there was just one thing, my ration coupon. I, of course, had forgotten it! I moved swiftly back to the bin, threw in the shoes, wrapping and all, and strode off, but not before I noticed that the woman had been standing by the bin, watching the proceedings with interest, and was now, having given me a sympathetic smile, marching triumphantly to the salesman, my shoes in hand!

On the other hand lies the drawback of shortages. At the present time the shortage is in butter. After subsisting on oleomargarine for three weeks, I had the luck to meet Bob, who introduced me to Jim, whose cousin Ed works in our neighborhood grocery store. Ed promised to set aside a pound a week for our family. Dad suggested that we do something for Ed for his kindness, but I know better. Ed has the spirit of adventure. He enjoys the secretive trip to the storeroom, the sealing of the pound into a deceptive egg carton, and heaving a great sigh of relief as I exit through the great swinging doors.

Such are the trials of the shopper of today. Unmentioned are the waiting in line, the crowding, the greedy customer, and the shortage of salespeople. However, the majority of the American people are taking these trials in their stride as part of the game wherein the cruel "isms" of the earth may be destroyed and banished forever!

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

"KISS AND TELL"

AFTER seeing the stage hit, "Kiss and Tell," I decided to find out what the actors and actresses were really like. I talked with Betty Anne Nyman (Corless Archer), Gene Fuller (Dexter) and Billy Nyman (Raymond).

Those of you who have seen the play or heard the radio program based on the play, know that Corless and Dexter are pals. This is also true in real life. This is how they met:

While Gene was still going to Sewankaka High in New York (he graduated last June) he was introduced to Betty Anne (who incidentally, girls, has the face and figure we dream of) and later corresponded with her.

Shortly after that, Gene tried out for the part in "Kiss and Tell." After weeks of waiting, he gave up all hope of getting the part, and registered at St. Lawrence University in New York, and bought his ticket for a Sunday train. Saturday he was told by the Abbott Office that he had the part. Not until the first rehearsal did he discover that Betty Anne had the lead.

Billy Nyman, Betty Anne's brother, shares a dressing room with Gene. This is the first professional play for both Gene and Billy. Opening night they tried to convince themselves and each other that they were not nervous. They were successful to a degree until the call "Curtain!" came. That night they sat up anxiously waiting for the reviews to come out.

Although they both laugh about that stage-fright, they are still jittery before the first curtain.

Gene thinks that Mary Martin is a wonderful actress, but Betty Anne is still his favorite. Gene, who is just seventeen, has hopes of getting into the movies, but is in no hurry. He will be with "Kiss and Tell" while it makes a tour of the country at least once. His advice to all who are interested in acting is to keep plugging towards the goal, for the end crowns the work. "People try to discourage you, but if you try, you can do it."

Anyone who has ever met these enthusiastic young people knows they will go a long way.

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

Stamps will buy his sock and helmet—

Bonds will buy his gun—

Save—so Uncle Sam can spend—

Until the War is won.

WHY DON'T WE DO THIS MORE OFTEN

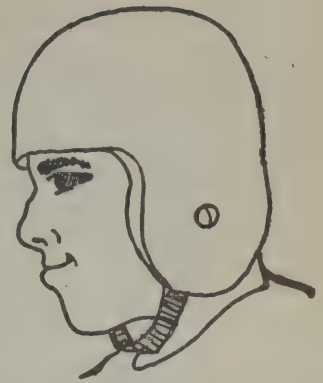


BOB LAWRIE- LEFT TACKLE -SHOWED SOME VERY GOOD PERFORMANCES HE TEAMED UP WITH JOHN GRIFFIN TO SHOW THE TECHNICIANS HOW TACKLING IS DONE -

LEFT HALFBACK-RALPH SABATINO-PULLED OUT OF A REVERSE PLAY, TO GIVE THE CANTABS SIX POINTS!



RALPH WAS SECOND TEAM CHOICE AFTER DWYER-HE PROVED WORTHY

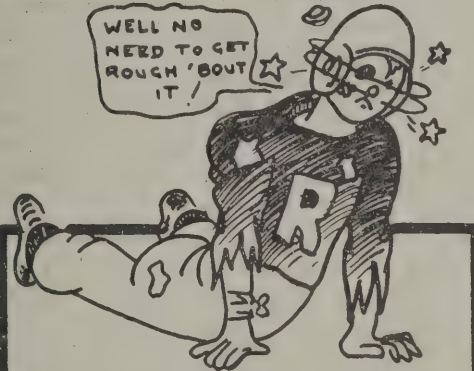


CAPT. "STAN" BRINKERHOFF DESERVES CREDIT FOR THE GREATEST INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCE ON THE LATIN HALF OF THE GRIDIRON -



FRANCIS "ZEB" DONOVAN MADE MANY A RINDGE ATHLETE GRIEVOUS!

25-0



AFTER WINNING ONE GAME OUT OF SEVEN MEETINGS WITH RINDGE OUR PETS TOOK THIS LATEST GAME WITH LITTLE OPPOSITION.



ED ANACHERICO DID SOME NIFTY INTERCEPTING BUT WAS LATER TAKEN OUT BECAUSE OF A LEG INJURY -

THERE WAS A CHEERY NOTE TO THAT TRUMPET SOLO -EVERYONE DITCHED IN WITH CHEERS AND THE BOY WITH THE DRUM HELPED THE MUSIC(?)!



THE ATTENDANCE -LARGEST THIS SEASON- PROVED THAT THE BOYS IN THE GAME NEED ORAL SUPPORT TO HELP CARRY THEM TO VICTORY - C'MON LATINATES LEND YOUR SUPPORT



GEORGE "LITTLE EGYPT" SAIDEH RIGHT HALF BACK SLKED THROUGH RINDGE'S ALLEGED LINE FOR A TOUCHDOWN -



WALTER LYON'S RUN OF 91 YDS. WAS THE PAYOFF OF THE LAST PERIOD HE LITERALLY SNAPPED THE BALL FROM THE HANDS OF A RINDGE BOY NAMED GALLOP AND RAN THE FIELD TWENTY FIVE YARDS IN FRONT OF FALLING- OPPOSITION TO SCORE THE LAST TOUCHDOWN!

ON HOARDING THINGS

INSTEAD of lashing out with three hundred words of salty comment on the hoarders of scarce items of food today, I am going to be unusual. Surprise! I am going to say as little as possible about these social parasites; as little as is possible, without straining a blood vessel in the attempt.

To begin with, let us consider the kleptomaniacs of God's own world, the fields and woods. The raven and the crow, for instance, have a remarkable and annoying habit of picking up every shiny, interesting object which catches their eye, and carrying them home to show their wives. Eager naturalists have carefully investigated numerous abandoned nests of these birds and have unearthed a wide variety of objects, ranging from a valuable jewel, which some dowager had left too close to an open window, to an innocuous, white collar-button.

The industrious mud-wasp, however, has exactly the opposite purpose in hoarding; she hoards flies, insects, and bugs, not just for the pleasure of it, but to insure the life of the larvae which will develop after her death. She seals up these results of her keen hunting in the familiar, grey, clay-covered mass of cells. She patiently lays her eggs in the bottom of the cavity, carefully drops in a few flies and insects that she has on hand, and then seals up the cell. Thus she is sure that her offspring will survive, even if she cannot look after it.

Similarly, the squirrel hoards for his own welfare. In late fall, this chattering, scolding denizen of the trees scampers merrily about, his cheek pouches stuffed with nuts, hiding his winter's supply of acorns, walnuts, and occasionally, peanuts. With his bushy red tail curled over his back, this mischievous, but provident fellow swaying on a bare branch in the breezes of crisp fall, is a symbol of that urge that rises within all of us; the urge to provide for the future, that we may live securely in spite of fortune.

Unfortunately, that urge is over-powering in some of us, for we often read of people being apprehended for storing up great reserves of food which they could never possibly use. I picture these people as grasping, selfish people who buy enormous amounts of food, just because they fear the market will collapse, and because they possess fat check-books. In my mind's eye, they seem to have a gigantic cellar piled high with mouth-watering stores of canned goods. Of course, this is an exaggerated fancy of mine, occasioned by the not infrequent reports of people being arrested for hoarding food, up to the value of almost three hundred dollars. However, one or two hundred of

these selfish folk are not as bad as one or two thousand proprietors and patrons of the evil "black market", who risk paying the price of a stay in the hospital, due to ptomaine poisoning, for just a few points' worth of ration-free steak.

In closing, let me say that the most hateful type of hoarder is the fellow who hoards books in his own private library. It matters not whether they are borrowed from unsuspecting friends, stolen or pilfered from libraries; he hoards them all, regardless of condition or value, refusing to share this ever-bountiful fountain of knowledge and education.

If you are one of the last two types of hoarders, let me warn you that there is probably an F. B. I. man looking over your shoulder right now! 'Heh! Heh! Heh! I startled you; didn't I?

STEWART SHANE, '44.

MARKS

With apologies to Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A mark as ugly as a "P".
A "P" that stares you in the face,
And makes you think of your disgrace!
Good marks are to be earned, you see,
But any fool can get a "P".
I think that I shall never see
A mark as lovely as an "E".
An "E" whose cherub face impressed,
On my report card makes me blest!
"P's" are made by fools like me,
But only work can earn an "E".

THERESA MAXWELL, '44.

BOOK REVIEW

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKIO

Random House

By CAPTAIN TED W. LAWSON

Captain Lawson was one of the few pilots who had the great honor of bombing Tokio, and was one of the fewer pilots who returned safely from this mission. His adventures escaping from the Japs are those that every American encountered while making his way back to the Allied Forces. The present-day book-market is filled with "authentic" stories of the war, but Captain Lawson knows what he is talking about. I have found that every iota of detail is part of the story, not merely superfluous words intended to fill space and mystify readers. The author writes with the punch and clarity that the American fighting-man understands and likes. This is a best-seller and I urgently advise that all of you who have not read it to do so without delay.

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

A FIFTH FREEDOM

THERE is a great deal of discussion nowadays concerning the Four Freedoms set forth by our president. The freedoms have been embraced by a good many of the citizens not only of this nation but of many other nations throughout the world. However, I venture to name still a fifth freedom, the freedom of self-government. I believe that a suitable definition or explanation of this freedom is as follows: All people that are under the rule of other nations and are desirous of, and show capability of, self-government, should have it granted them immediately, and those people, also under the domination of other nations, that are desirous of self-government, but have not shown themselves capable of it as yet, should be granted self-government when they show that they are ready for it.

There are many people in the world today who are not under the domination of the Axis and are not able to differentiate between the cause of the United Nations and that of our opponents. Who are these peoples? They are the nations that are desirous and capable of governing themselves, but who are controlled economically and politically very much against their will by large, wealthy nations. These subjected nations come under the dignified title of "empire."

Since we are quite obviously fighting to restore freedom to the nations which have been conquered by the Axis, would it not be ironical if we continued to sanction and permit the political domination of people by one or more of the United Nations? Why should the restoration of freedom pertain only to Europe and not to Asia and Africa?

I do not bring up this point for the purpose of creating ill will among the United Nations. This topic is mentioned because I believe that it should be discussed openly and frankly in order that it may be settled at the peace table.

For the sake of justice and peace on earth, I propose a fifth freedom, the freedom of self-government. I believe it is a necessary complement to the Four Freedoms.

PAUL HASKELL, '44.

ON GROWING UP

WITH only seventeen summers to my credit, I am perhaps a bit rash in venturing onto a subject over which so many wiser and grayer heads have shaken despairingly. However, I have certain ideas and opinions relative to said subject, of which I intend to unburden myself forthwith.

Growing up would be much less embarrassing and painful, and much less of a wear on your nerves, if you did not have to associate with adults during this period. Adults heartlessly deride any assumptions of mature dignity on your part, such as your first attempt at wielding a razor. They are equally quick to protest any relapse into childishness; they will inform you that you are growing up, which of course you already know, and will tell you that you have certain responsibilities now and must "set a good example" for little brother or sister.

Adolescence brings with it a greater leeway in financial matters. This consists of several increases in your allowance, which are usually followed by a suggestion from Father to try your hands at earning your own pocket money. Accepting this advice proves doubly disastrous. In the first place, you acquire new needs and tastes, such as two movies a week, and at least three sodas, sundaes, frappes, or double chocolate malted flips, depending on your particular inclination. Secondly, any return to the old system of sponging on the family is frowned upon by the powers that be "now that you have shown you can earn your own money". And thus, one by one, are the bridges back to care-less childhood cut down behind you.

There are, to be sure, certain consolations. On reaching high school age, for instance, you suddenly re-discover the opposite sex, and Mary Jones, who has lived next door ever since you can remember, is marvelously transformed into a lovely and charming, sometimes provocative creature, visions of whose loveliness haunt your dreams and waking hours. Then follows a period of proms, dates, and parties, all of which are pretty darned expensive. If I seem preoccupied with money, sordid thing that it is, it is because at this time in one's life more than at any other, one's opportunities for spending the stuff are constantly out-stripping one's means of attaining it.

Yet, with all its vexations, it's a great life, and, as somebody or other once remarked, "Youth is such a wonderful thing, it's a shame to waste it on children."

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44.



AT LUNCH IN THE CAFETERIA

AT LUNCH time we gather in a common place with but a common purpose: "Whoever gets there fastest gets the mostest," as the old saw tells us.

This saying is borne out when the bell signalling the beginning of the lunch period rings, and three or four hundred hungry students thunder to the stairways and carom down the stairs toward the cafeteria, like a rushing, tempestuous series of wild, untamed rapids. On reaching the cafeteria, seeking to get a place as close as possible to the front of the line, everyone tries to violate that basic law which states that two people cannot occupy the same spot at the same time. This attempt having failed, and comparative order having been restored, some try to cut into line when the dean isn't looking, or to thrust some loose change into a friend's hand with a muttered request, such as, "Get me two bottles of milk and a sandwich." As the long line slowly moves forward, those three harried attendants at the counter have to hustle to supply fresh sandwiches and cool milk to this impatient, hungry, throng of students so that they will have time to eat their lunch properly in the scant fifteen-minute lunch period.

Peace at last settles, battered but triumphant, over the cafeteria, after everyone has been served. Looking about as we eat, we notice the voracious type of fellow who wolfs his food down so that he will have time to do some of the homework he should have done the previous night. The noisy, obstreperous fellow annoys us by shouting carelessly across the cafeteria to a friend who vainly, but just as inconsiderately, tries to reply over the din of clinking bottles and the subdued rumble of conversation, punctuated by an occasional laugh. There is, in addition, the shy, quiet, studious type of boy who lazily munches his sandwich between absorbing the varied teachings of the philosophers and hasty sips of milk. Deservedly last comes the comical fellow, who thinks he is a second Bob Hope, but is, in reality, a mentally undeveloped Joe Miller. This fellow scatters his jokes, witty remarks and poor puns indiscriminately among his suffering fellow men, possibly ruining their digestion for life, and paving the way to a sure case of stomach ulcers. Here I heartily disagree with Lamb, who maintained that a man should laugh at his own jokes. This present-day clown should be put away somewhere in a nice, restful padded cell, where no mortal ears can hear his horrible puns.

The next time you go to the lunch-room, look at the table in front of the counter. There you will see me, suffering in silence.

STEWART SHANE, '44.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT

TODAY, we here in America, are faced with one of the most difficult problems that any nation is called upon to solve—namely that of waging war. It is our duty, along with that of our allies, to save the world from brutal Nazi theories and ways of life. Britain has suffered terrible, treacherous bombings, destruction of life, homes, and family unity; nevertheless, her spirit remains undaunted. Russia has sacrificed millions on the battlefields and China tens of millions. The conquered countries of Europe have been ravaged by the enemy, towns and cities left smoking in the wake of retreat, populations mercilessly slaughtered or left to starve, and all available food and clothing either carried away or destroyed.

We in America are being called upon to do our part in the war effort. Our boys are fighting gallantly overseas. Our women have volunteered for military service or have taken jobs alongside the men who cannot join active combat. We civilians can also help in another way—just as important a contribution to the war effort—that of co-operating fully with our government on rationing.

America has always been a land of plenty. Never before in our history have we ever had to worry about feeding the nation. Today, however, we have to feed not only our own population, but also our allies. We must share and share alike. When the government rationed sugar and coffee, grumbling was heard from almost every corner of America. How would we be able to manage without these luxuries? Let the government take anything else away—but not our coffee and sugar! Then butter, canned goods, and shoes were placed on the rationed list! How could America, spoiled and a little irresponsible, accept hardship and deprivation? Some Americans have not. The black markets are evidence of this fact. What many do not seem to realize is that by patronizing the black market, we are depriving our boys overseas of necessary food and clothing and shoes. The gas that we give up, willingly, will lead our tanks and planes to Berlin, Rome, and Tokio. The butter that we do not buy will give a little more nourishment to a hungry, starved little child in war-torn Europe. We must learn to make the most of what we have and, in doing with less, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing our part.

MARILYN LAUDAU, '44.



MOTHBALLS AND THE PART THEY PLAY IN YOUR LIFE AND MINE

I DOUBT that there are many of us who have not, at least one time in our lives, opened a closet door, to be promptly assailed by the pungent odor of one of the most important factors which contribute towards the preservation of our prized furs and snug woolies—the mothball. From all appearances, this lowly little sphere of white might easily be mistaken for a ball of hard candy, a mistake which I actually made, in my very young life, much to my mother's horror, and my subsequent discomfort. In a pinch, a mothball might even be substituted for a marble.

To revert to my first statement, the mothball is, indeed, the most outstanding preserver of woolen and fur goods, and is besides, the most deadly rival of all moths and their larvae. The first sign of these parasitic monsters is usually the appearance of a rather small but formidable white-winged creature fluttering about in one of the rooms. It is then that the hunt is begun, and the inspection of all woolens undertaken. The culprits are tracked down and luckless larvae are immediately born up to the roof in whatever they may be living in, and there brushed off, to be placed at the mercy of the four winds. Mothballs and moth crystals are then placed in every nook and cranny of each closet, cupboard, and dark corner. The day is saved.

A very interesting experiment to try in odd moments when the house needs cleaning anyway, is to take a large naphthalene crystal in a pair of tweezers and thrust it into a candle flame. A great deal of black smoke rises like a cloud to the ceiling, solidifies, and breaks into jet-black, flaky wisps, which float gently down and settle on the surface of the furniture, on light dresser scarfs, and in the experimenter's hair. This proves that carbon is present in naphthalene . . .

While on the subject of naphthalene, I think it is safe to assume that fifty percent of all mothballs and moth-crystals are made of naphthalene. The other fifty percent is concocted out of what chemists and exceptionally knowing housewives laughingly refer to as paradichlorobenzene. However, in a dissertation of this size, it is impossible to cover both types, so we will concern ourselves only with the simpler of the two—naphthalene.

Naphthalene was discovered in 1819, quite by accident. During the fractional distillation of coal-tar, an unsuspecting London chemist found the little nuisance quietly residing in one of the condensing vessels. It was given its name from its connection with coal naphtha, whatever that is.

The coal-tar itself, from which we get both naphtha and naphthalene, is obtained by heating

coal in iron retorts, and is a semi-liquid substance, pleasantly imbued with a deep greenish-brown hue. This goo is then fractionally distilled. The first product which comes off is partly naphtha, with water holding ammonia and naphthalene in solution. The next part is a dense oil, mixed with naphthalene. The latter increases in quantity as the distillation proceeds. From the last portion, the naphthalene crystalizes, and is freed from the oil by pressure between paper and then divided. D'ya string along?

In conclusion, I would like to describe another fascinating home experiment, which brings out two of the more important physical properties of naphthalene moth crystals. A few crystals are shaken from the container into a small drinking glass, which is held obliquely over a candle's flame. After the bottom is completely covered with a layer of greasy black soot, the crystals begin to melt, and are entirely converted into a clear liquid mass. The aromatic aroma of naphthalene is prevalent throughout the entire procedure and a good while afterwards. Hence, two properties of moth crystals are: 1) Their ability to assume a liquid and a gaseous state, and 2) a striking odor. This last may even be detected in any liquid which the glass happens to contain for an indefinite period, but who are *we* to impede the progress of Science with paltry complaints?

MARY ALICE BIGLER, '44.

K. B. REPORT

LAST year Mr. Downey decided that since K. B. was recognized by the school, it should consist of girls worthy of recognition. So last year and this year girls have been appointed to K. B., instead of applying for membership as they used to do.

So far, we have had one Sunday afternoon meeting, which was held at the home of Dorothy Hawkes. Also we had a picnic beside the Charles River early in October so that the members might get better acquainted. By pooling ration stamps we managed to have frankfurters, and by scouting around, we were able to have marshmallows to toast.

Last year the K. B. knitted an afghan for the Junior Red Cross, and received a very complimentary note of thanks for it. This year we shall be counted as an actual part of the Junior Organization. We hope we can be helpful because of the present need.

The officers this year are Jean Faulkner, President, and Barbara Rundlet, Secretary-Treasurer.

Until next time,

BARBARA RUNDLET.

ALUMNI NEWS



THERE'S so much news this year about alumni (and alumnae, too, not to slight the female of the species) that we hardly know where to begin. Here goes, anyway . . .

Remember, last year, the remark that none of the feminine graduates were in the service? Well, this can't be said any more . . . here are some of the girls now serving with Uncle Sam: Bernice Redhouse '41 has joined the Waves with classmate Evelyn Cowan . . . Helen King '42 is in the Navy, too . . . Rose Marie Marassa '39 has become a Spar . . . What's the matter with the Army, girls? We hear that Billy Reardon, last year's shy Casanova, is a worthy member.

Juanita Roop, Margaret Drolette, and Ida Benson, all last year's grads, are going to Radcliffe. Margaret's going to school now with sister Bernadette '41 . . . Frances Young '40 is also at Radcliffe . . . Harvard shelters within its proud portals Ray Gent, Dick Harrington, and Ely Kaminsky, all of whom have completed their first semester under the accelerated program . . . Eleanor Collins is taking full advantage of the M. I. T. scholarship she won here last year . . . Bob Guest and Mary Broussard, both '43, follow their dramatic bent in the complete theater course at Emerson . . . Marie Cooker and Elizabeth Butler '43, at Salem State Teachers' College . . . Sally Gould, Diana Kelsey, Ruth Doyle are promising students at Mass. Art . . . Herbert Cronin and Emil Starr are following the accelerated course at Tufts, in accord with the Navy V-12 program.

Regis has welcomed Eileen Prebensen, Marge Kelly, Eleanor Reagan, and Cathy Bolger, all '43 . . . Betty Donnelly is attending Simmons . . . Nancy Cass and Katharine Collins are at Katherine Gibbs . . . Lorraine Nolan and Franny Davis are freshmen at B. U. . . . Gloria Freni attends Emmanuel, where she met Marie Buckley and Ann Cahill, class of '42 . . . Frances Greene is at Mount Holyoke . . . Eleanor Murphy goes to Lasell Junior College . . . Claire Kelly and Barbara Schauflle '41 do rather secret government work, while Peg O'Brien is a member of the Massachusetts Women's Defense Corps . . . Jean MacConnell is at Simmons . . . Marilyn Rose, Cecelia McCarthy and Virginia Reardon work at the Radiation Lab, M. I. T. . . . Alice Madden '40, is now on duty in busy Washington as a Wave . . . also a Wave, Frances

Talalewsky is at the Naval Air Station in Anacostia, District of Columbia.

As for the masculine contingent, Donald Matheson, on the '42 football team, remember? took the oath of allegiance in the Coast Guard recently, a refugee from dear old C. H. L. S. and the Rival Foods Company, on active duty in the Atlantic . . . Leo Brogan '36, Coast Guard, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant . . . "Maury" Martel '41 is a cadet in the Merchant Marine . . . Chick McManus was home on leave a while ago from the Navy . . . Bruce Cameron is a private in the Marines . . . Bob Brown and George Sullivan are stationed in Colorado with the Ski Troops . . . Charlie Mains is with the Amphibian Troops in Missouri . . . Ted Wadden, in the Army, stationed in Kentucky . . . Bill Conlin at Dartmouth in V-12, Ray Fitzgerald has been transferred to the Army Air Corps.

Corporal William E. Morrill, USMC, has been posthumously awarded the Purple Heart, the China Service, Asiatic, Pacific, and American Defense medals. A graduate of the class of 1932, a member of the last Marine garrison to leave Shanghai in 1941, he was killed in the Philippines in April 1942, and was the first Cambridge man reported killed in the war.

With deep regret we heard of the death of Marine Corps flier Lawrence Mahoney, a graduate in 1939. The young lieutenant had won his wings but a short time before his death in a plane crash in Jacksonville, Florida. His brother, John, was at the same field. Everyone who knew Lawrence liked him, and in him found a friend.

MARIE RUSSELL

RUTH LOONEY

ROOM 326 has written letters to members of the faculty, who are in the armed forces, and has had answers from Pfc. Ronan and Lt. Leonard.

We were honored by a visit from Ensign Hunter, a former member of the faculty. She came and gave a talk about the Waves, in answer to a letter written by us.

Thus far Room 236 has contributed 100% in War Stamps and Bonds for every week of the school year.

ANNA HIGBEE.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

IF THE first month's activities are any indication, the Dramatic Club is in for a vigorous revival and a program full of fun and participation by all members throughout the school year.

Mr. Downey began our first meeting on October 14, with an encouraging and interesting talk on school dramatics and the advantages of taking part in school activities. These remarks were followed by a discussion and outlining of the year's activities. The first decision was that the annual "get acquainted party" for new members would be in November. We are going to revive the "Shakespearean Afternoon", which has been so successful in past years, and the "Afternoon of Comedy."

Along with these we are going to do our bit in the war effort. We are planning such activities as entertaining service men in the nearby hospitals, reading to patients in our own Cambridge Hospitals, rolling bandages, and folding linen.

For each meeting a one-act play is to be put on which is directed and acted by members. The first of these monthly plays was presented by the officers. It was a comedy entitled "Red Carnations." The cast included Eileen Toohey, Carty Lynch, and Alan Balsam, and was directed by our president, Walter Cremens.

November's play was "One Who Came to Gettysburg" with Noreen Buckley, Carty Lynch, Walter Cremens, Anthony Travers, James Nixon, Catherine Cooper, and Claire Dube in the cast. Gloria Smith was the director. This will be presented November 19 for the Sons of the Legion in commemoration of the battle of Gettysburg.

Tryouts for new members was held on October 15 and twenty-seven new members were accepted. Tryouts will be held again later in the year.

Before the curtain goes down on the first act of this year's activities, we extend a hearty welcome to the new members:

Alice Arentz	John Loofbourow
Joseph Cabial	Ann McMenimen
Joseph Cannay	Priscilla Mullen
Carolyn Carruth	Deidre O'Brien
Donald Craig	Paul Pearlson
Carolyn Cremens	Constance Perin
Rose Garoian	Mary Riley
Sylvia Hall	Claire Rodgers
Alice Harris	Jacob Roseman
Gretchen Hartman	Rosemary Ryan
Joyce Kelley	Nancy Salvato
William Klopstock	James Silberman
John Leary	Leona Smith

Lucia Tusciano

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

THE last radiant beams of the sun were fading as the small group of villagers collected around the old swine-herd's hut. Osalov Petrolik, the town-mayor, led the enthusiastic patriots in their plans to blow up the superstructure and foundation of the new bridge spanning Arschlad River, which the Nazis were building to facilitate shipping their supplies to troops stationed in the conquered countries. Tonight was to be the great night! A squad of eight volunteers were to plant bombs along the bottom of the great superstructure of the span while the remainder of the patriotic citizens were to ignite the woody underbrush surrounding the barracks and fortress of the Germans. The oldest participant in this deed was Meigor Bert, aged eighty-three, who was one of the voluntary suicide squad that was to detonate the bridge. The youngest was Peter Newlik, aged fifteen, whose intentions were to hand grenade the sentry-post on the river-bank. The men had found that the best strategic moment was at 1:00, when the guards changed shifts and left the bridge momentarily unguarded.

As the great clock in the town-hall pealed out 12:30, the villagers again assembled on the hillside. From the darkness of the shepherd's hut emerged the leaders with the grenades which they distributed among the men. Peter took his share and began to edge his way down the rugged mountain-paths to a bluff overlooking the place where the enemy patrolled. When he threw his Molotov Cocktails, that was the signal for the others to attack, but all did not go as planned. For, just as he was prepared to propel his missile, a Germanic voice behind him snarled "Achtung, dumbkof!" Peter, unabashed, let the grenade fly from his hand, and, as he did so, a Luger barked raucously, spitting hot lead into his back. A moment later, the others attacked, and the bridge collapsed with an explosion that rent the night air and reverberated from every mountain-wall. After the first explosion, a series of others were heard, reducing the Nazi fort and barracks to nothing but rubble. On the cliff above this scene of destruction, a Czechoslovakian boy in his death throes, murmured, "For God and country," and grew lax in the grey pallor of death.

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

You can help bomb Berlin too. Buy Stamps and Bonds.





HOLD on to your seats! For some of us this is the "Big Year" coming up as budding Seniors (we're not yet quite accustomed to the title.) Others moved up as Juniors and Sophs. Then enter the Freshies! Welcome! And so the endless cycle moves on.

The center of the eternal triangle now Dick Leonard (a new face this year). Angelo Gugilemo Sullivan referees more squabbles between Mary Foster and Doris Stratton than a prize fight referee, (then again Rita Vages isn't neutral.)—Paul er-um—"Dimples" Mahoney has a vivid imagination, even better than Franny Donovan's, (which is going some!) J. D. Russell, Esquire, has a car that is the scene of much hilarity—Evelyn Fitzpatrick resembles a race horse opening her mail (she must cover miles.) We are very glad to see Thomas Kirkpatrick once more within the fold. Barb Cleary, Barbara Sheehan, Christine Clements, and an unidentified person spent a hectic night between a blackout, a food raid, and a three o'clock difference of opinion. Margaret Whitford Mason Reynolds is an authoress and can be quoted on any subject. Betty Ryan walks beautifully (a Canover model in the making) Experts say that a well-known rest home is thriving (the Dorrays we think) Hugh O'Rourke is absolutely too sinister. Jimmy Finnegan is the fastest getter-inner and outer of trouble than any other Senior. At this point, the elections are over and the proud Seniors are Glen Peck, President; Jimmy Sullivan, Vice-President; Hilda Carey, Secretary; Art Travers, Treasurer, and the committee consists of Bess Amidon, Thomas Maloney, Barbara Cleary, Joe Libitz, Geri Nolan, and Nancy Conway. (There just aren't any nicer "keeds".) All our good wishes—Ruth Powers returned from the beach intact with appetite—while Jim Hurley, Fran Kennedy, Arthur Moranian, and company returned from what was Brant Rock with nervous breakdowns—Jimmy Nixon will argue with anyone, about anything, at any time—Barb Sarley and Marie Russell are worn out from a recent campaign. The C. H. L. S. night of a downtown movie drew many talented pupils—Joe Sheehan stole the show with his voice

(so long Frankie) To the football team goes much credit for a hard season. The breaks were bad but the team was wonderful! Charlotte Perry has always had her own way . . . Eugene Zubrinsky is very ambitious . . . is that bashfulness of Art Foster natural or assumed? We mourn the passing of one Fran Kelly, who has joined the M. I. T. staff. Francis Mullaney has a mania for falling off embankments into rivers . . . Jo-An MacConnell patronizes only the best theaters (uh-huh) M. Virginia Lyons has a lovely magazine all her own (The Lampoon). Eva Banner has a terrific time understanding her fellow man. Paul Hathaway and Robert Di Comes are our Junior and Sophomore reporters—Paging Bob Lowrie . . . it must be terrible to have several engagements at one time—Dotty Hawks has a mania for people, pianos and buses—Barbie Rundlet always manages to get sweater patterns mixed up.

June Becker is so cute with all her troubles. Hilda Carey is a marvelous dancer (she jits too) Add-note to Richard Dole—he took our hint now he's too old. Evelyn Mix gets rather odd correspondence (all the way from Texas). Eileen Toohey is a wonderful help when you feel down and out . . . Jim Feloney and Will Moriarty are now P. G.'s . . . Sheila O'Connell is having a terrific time with her Review Subscriptions (you've done a grand job, Sheila.) Dick Wadden is just like his brother Ted (in more ways than one).

Hilda Davis, Terry Dubuque, V. J. Buckley, and V. McCauley staggering out of an ice cream raid at a recent game, (we got ours—advanced patrol). Carty Lynch is a man of momentous decisions . . . Nancy Conway has four star paintings everywhere. Mary Alice Bigler is the very capable editor of "Ye Old Review" this year. Dick Flemming can't be all that he's put out to be (or can he?) Our hearts go out in sympathy to Barbara Sullivan, who has to be finished up. John Griffin and Hand Daley somehow aren't the domestic type. Eddie Gurney is the boy to watch in the coming Hockey Team—one of the most promising goalies. Tom Sheehan is a good bowler but other people beat him (don't we, Thomas?) Fitzgerald, Esq., and company cer-

tainly hit the high spots. Ruth Sandock looks so cute behind a jewelry counter—on her it looks good. The mystery of the ages, "What happened to Herman?" We are so very worried.—Barb Sheehan has a sense of humor unsurpassed—Jean Faulkner and Barb Rundlet are the new officers of the K. B. (The very best of wishes from us'n) Lester Rogers is Scotch and English—mostly Scotch—two cents, humph! Christina Marina has lovely laughing eyes. Ray Trainor has gland trouble (Stiff necks all the time.) Mary Barrett has been so happy lately—off hand, we don't blame her.

The school is proud of those cheer leaders who did such a grand job—they are Pat Donavon, major-domo, and Pat Shea, Dot Leary, Phyl Harrington, Lillian Stack, Evelyn Mix, Anne Heffernan, Terry Donovan, Edna Williams, and Jean Quinn. The football games drew many of the C. H. L. S. elite—Charles J. Sullivan, (The J. is for John, no doubt.) his usual quiet self . . . Mary Messenger also extremely quiet, and Sam Defeo with a couple of bloodhounds looking for ice cream. Jack Murphy (our baseball ace), who is in the Navy, was home recently on leave. Johnny Dwyer has left for the Marines, leaving many proud friends . . . The well-known phrase "Whaddya know, Joe," has been changed to "Whendya go, Joe." Hallowe'en Parties flourished this year—Pat Shea was hostess to Lois Hanlon, Florence Kidston, Doris Reagan, Edna Williams, Lillian Stack, Jeanne Francoeur, Dot Leary, Anne Heffernan, Ronald Creadon, Buzz Cullen, Roy Foley, Dick Wadden, Jean Rose, Wally Lyons, Claude Doucette, Joe O'Brien, and Robert Danvers. There is a very co-incidental resemblance between Bill Shannon and that singer Sinatra (he doesn't sing, though). Paul Haskell has a very good sense of humor (or is it his press agents?) Franny Donovan and George Saideh are candidates for the Hall of Fame in football and personality. Bud Reading loves horses but, as is often the case, they don't like him. Eddie Cannally is going to strangle himself one day, pronouncing French. How in heaven does Fred Alger manage to be on time for gym 5th period?

It must be terribly hard for Buzz Cullen to walk without an admiring crowd. Pat Leonard couldn't miss a second period for some reason or other. Lawrence Games is known as the wit of 208. Alice Gray does well with her correspondence. The inanimate object in room 212's calisthenics class is Robert Cox. Marilyn Greenburg seems to be the only live person in a third period English class. Alice Arentz is always ready with a joke or some witticism that makes the classes lively. Jean "Holy" Foley seems to have trouble keeping her books together (oops! there goes another one.) Little Joe Defeo is forever dashing hither and yon—

Earle Rosenberg and John Finn are a couple of those jovial geniuses in a Latin Class (added note to Earle—he was almost a Quiz Kid once.) Betty Dawe is forever minding children—Hugh Graham has a clarion voice. With whom was whom seen on what night? Grace Powers and Mary Ryan are friendly enemies—"Lay them pistols down." Dick Band has eyes on all sorts of things, letters and numbers to name a few. O, whoops! the failure slips!—Vernie Toomey has a madness for tomatoes and principles of Democracy. Mary Travers seems to have quite a following. Junior elections are spurring many boys and girls into running—Good luck to all of you. Ann Herlihy has "Dimples." Doris Murphy is oddly enough Anti-Sinatro. Jeanne Ardeth Rose and Jeanne Aideth Rose got their names out of telephone books. Whatever gives people the opinion that Chub Kelly is quiet? Vera Chvany is now singing with a Tech Band (she has a smooth voice.) Paul Ericson is taking exams for the Air Corps (we'll hold our breath, Paul.) Catherine Curtless deserves an orchid for her war stamp buying. Never a Monday goes by without Thelma Goodwin getting a hundred in History.

Jean O'Clair is up to her neck in Art. Louise Gaudette is otherwise known as Lil Chum. Marcus Morton is never at a loss for words (we are frequently.) Carla Baratelli has a wonderful disposition that helps her through anything.—Ralph Sabitino has the makings of another Bill Reardon.—Henry Petro covers the distance between his locker and homeroom like a P-38. Jean Francoeur and Ray Foley are singing duets; they are a little better than Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Marguerite Daley is hospitalized. Send her letters, Sophomores; they will be appreciated. Nettie Rubin is a singer of long standing, a very good one, too. Mary Prasinos owns and operates her own mean smiles. Well, another Leary has joined us this year, Johnny by name. Poor little Noreen Buckley gets so confused with her installment plan Review subscriptions! Speaking of the Review—you people put us on top this year—Thanks, kids! Bessie Amidon conducted a one-woman campaign for committee, and as all women do, she won. The reason for Walter Cremens' modesty is he's much too bashful to brag about things. Jean Kennedy has a mania for pulling up and down shades.—The Messrs. Finnigan and Zubrinsky do the same thing with windows.

Our purpose in this column is not to offend or embarrass, but rather to report the nonsense, the doings and the sayings of fellow Latinites—refreshing not fresh, humorous not gloomorous, to coin a word. That's all for now.

CARMELINE ROSE, '44.

FRESHMAN NOTES

WELCOME, fellow freshmen—We hope to hear all the interesting and amusing facts concerning you and your friends so that we may use them in this section—Did you make the Honor Roll?—Paul Boudreau has had many brothers and sisters here before him—William Cusick has been outstanding as a freshman on the football team—The pupils in Room 120 now understand the way in which their parents voted this month—they elected their home-room officers under the proportional representation system—Donald Doyle still doesn't realize that little fellows shouldn't play football against big fellows—By the way, some of the hardest played games of the season take place on the playground during lunch period—Lillian and Louise Sahady have all of their classes together—Did you know that David Ackerly intends to become a minister?—We were sorry to see so many of our classmates changing schools, including Janit and Marie Adams, Claire Connors and Dorothy Curll. Best of luck—Marion Schofield is working hard to make up for her late entrance into school—Did you ever see Katherine Connolly without a smile?—Beverly Taylor and Pauline Sullivan are dressing like twins—Claire Sullivan gets plenty of bending exercises in addition to her gym class—Rosemary Corkery won first prize in the G. A. A. costume party—Jennie Sinawski is our idea of a real student. After being operated on for a ruptured appendix, she came back to school a week before her doctor gave his permission. She didn't want to miss her classes. Aren't we all the same?—Donald Craig is very serious when he leads the class in physical exercises. A few boys think he is too serious—Virginia Schneider is learning self-control in talking by the writing method—Jean Davies' brother was former athletic star here, and so was Wilma Coutoumas' brother—Earl Daurie is the president of Room 120—Thomas Campbell has been nominated as the typical man-about-school—A toss of a coin was used to settle an election tie between Evelyn Donoghue and Patricia Crowley. Evelyn won the toss.—The class wonders how John Doherty manages to be just on time each day—Grace Mahev and Concetta Marcelina have an acute case of lockeritis—Gretchen Hartman has written some lovely poems.—The freshman class has done a fine job as far as subscribing for the "Review," but we could use many more notes for this section from every room—Arthur McKenzie, Jr., is a very talented artist—If we all wore rings in our ears, Burton McLeod could carry his keys there and thus save a great deal of trouble.—Frances Heavern's

brother Bob, former baseball star, is now a marine.—Sylvia Duncan Hall really gets around. She was born in Switzerland, is an Australian citizen, and is one of our class mates.—

That is all for now, Folks, but remember to keep buying War Stamps and Bonds.

TO THE CLASS OF 1947:

YOUR teachers, your dean, and your master extend their greetings and best wishes for a successful and happy Freshman year. Continue with the same fine spirit with which you have faced the first confusing weeks of your high school life. Become acquainted with other members of your class, especially with those who seem to be alone. Make those who have come from schools outside of Cambridge feel at home with us. Among the six hundred and forty-seven pupils in your class, some have come from states as far away as New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Colorado. Others have joined us from countries across the sea.

Yours now is the responsibility of keeping high the standards of the school. If you fulfill each daily task to the best of your ability, when you graduate four years from now, you will be well prepared for the next important step in your lives: for college, office, nursing, or any field you may choose to enter. Two essential factors for success in your studies are regular attendance, and faithful preparation of every home assignment. Each grade which you receive now affects your final rank on your graduation from this school. Do not hesitate to ask for help. Your teachers will be glad to assist you if you are having difficulty in any subject. When you have problems which cannot be solved by your home room or subject teachers, because of lack of time or necessary information regarding your school or home life, your Master and Dean will be glad to assist you. Whatever the nature of your problem may be, we trust that you and your parents will not hesitate to seek our help.

HILDA F. RUSSELL, *Dean*

JOHN J. SHEEHAN,

Assistant Headmaster



FROM HEADMASTER DOWNEY:

ELSEWHERE in the *Review* the welcome of the school has been extended by Miss Russell and Mr. Sheehan to the members of the Class of 1947. May I add just one thought: What will June 1947 mean to you? Will it mean a permanent record card in our files to which you will be proud to refer in later years, or will it be a picture of indifferent work, telltale deportment marks, and needless absences? The choice is yours right now. It is impossible, of course, to

“—look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not,”
but your work here may be safely taken as a good forecast of probable success in later life. Remember this—the true purpose of education is to develop to their fullest extent the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us. Good luck to you in your efforts.

PRIZES FOR FRESHMEN

ENGLISH—The Caroline Close Prize for excellence in English composition. Pupils obtaining a scholarship grade in English during the year are allowed to enter the competition.

Latin (The Hopkins' Prize)—A first and second prize for excellent scholarship in Latin.

Algebra (The Class of 1926 Prizes)—Pupils of excellence in class work are allowed to compete in writing examinations.

Prize Speaking (The Liberty Prize Speaking Medals)—There are two medals, one for a boy, and one for a girl. The winners are selected in a contest held for pupils each year. This contest is open to all pupils in the school.

A full list of prizes offered during the different years and at graduation will be printed in a later edition.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS OPEN
TO FRESHMEN

DUE to lack of space, we will be unable to give full particulars concerning these organizations. We do give the names of the leaders of these organizations, who will be very happy to explain all conditions of the clubs to any interested freshman.

Girls' Athletic Association	Miss Brown
Dramatic Club	Miss Hartigan
Debating Club	Miss O'Keefe
Chess Club	Mr. Sullivan
Sports (football, baseball, basketball, and hockey)	Mr. Foley
Music (glee club, chorus, orchestra and banjo club)	Miss Wait

The United States Government, through the Treasury Department, has issued material for publication in high school magazines, some of which appears below. Couldn't the pupils of our school produce similar verses or slogans about buying Bonds and stamps, which would then be sent on to other schools? Next month we hope to have a cartoon on the Squander Bug; let's have some original limericks!

HOW TO WRITE VERSES

I AM IAMBic VERSE I AM!
I GO to WORK for UNCLE SAM
And, FOR the SOLDiers IN his CAMPS
I BID you BUY War Savings STAMPS!
NOW I WRITE Tro-KAY-ic VERses,
COAXing PENnies FROM your PURses,
NOT for CANDy BUT for SAVing—
THEY will KEEP our FLAG a'WAVing!
Let us TEST anaPEST like the REST
To sugGEST that you HEED the beHEST
To inVEST and inVEST and inVEST
In the COUNtry we ALL love the BEST!
HARK how these DACTylic SYLLables TRAMP
SOUNDing like SOLDiers desCENDING a RAMP,
COMing to SELL you a WAR Savings STAMP!
—DIMES buy the OIL for the LIBerty LAMP!

CHARLES HENRY MACKINTOSH,
Daytona Beach, Florida

JINGLES

THERE'S a poisonous bug called the Squander
Who in pockets and purses will wander.
He says, "Money in stamps
Gives me terrible cramps
But of money that's squandered I'm fonder."

The Squander bug thinks it's just dandy
When you spend all your money on candy.
He shouts in high glee,
"How jolly for me,
Uncle Sam would have found that dime handy."

DEBATE CLUB NEWS

THE Officers of the Debate Club for 1943-1944 are:

Walter Cremens—President
 Anthony Travers—Vice-President
 Robert Di Comes—Secretary
 Paul Haskell—Treasurer

Try-outs for new members were held October 21st, and it is with great pleasure that we welcome the following pupils: Noreen Buckley, Dallas Burrows, Vera Chvany, Donald Craig, Sylvia Duncan Hall, Earl Hagstrom, Gretchen Hartmann, Roberta Jackson, John Leary, Anna Leccese, Carty Lynch, James Nixon, John O'Brien, Diane Perin, Gloria Smith, Elizabeth Vaudo.

At our first official meeting it was decided that we select as a topic for our first discussion, "Russia as an Ally". A discussion was in progress as soon as the subject was mentioned so that is proof enough that the chairman will not have to solicit many comments on this topic.

We are looking forward to the pleasure of having Mrs. Mary Buckley Corley address the Club in the near future. Mrs. Corley is a graduate of Cambridge High and Latin School and was an outstanding pupil during her four years here. She did exceptionally fine work in debating and won the American Legion Oratorical Contest during her Senior year. She graduated with honors from Radcliffe College last June.

We wish to extend a cordial invitation to members of the Dramatic Club to attend this lecture. The date will be announced later.

One of our new members took the intriguing subject "Magic in Numbers" for his trial speech and gave such an interesting and fascinating talk that we have been requested to loan him out as an entertainer. Imagine that! Yes, we seem to have quite a lively, interesting and promising group and we're expecting some exciting meetings. Don't miss this column in the next edition of the *Review* for a full report on the subject, "Russia as an Ally".

ROBERT DI COMES, '46

G. A. A. COLUMN

GREETINGS and salutations!

The G. A. A. is once again in progress and looking forward to an active year.

The newly elected officers are as follows:

President—Mary A. Bigler
 Vice-President and Treasurer—Mary Messinger
 Secretary—Ruth Coleman

Executive Committee—Jean Foley, Betty Grove, Barbara Rundlet, Eileen Toohey

The costume party, which was given in honor of the Freshman, was the first event of the year. It took place in the gym on Friday afternoon, October 29th. We had as our hostesses Miss Bligh, Miss George, Miss MacLaughlin, and Miss Russell. The annual initiation being eliminated, the incoming members participated in the candle-light ceremony by repeating, after the President, the G. A. A. oath. The simple, but sincere ceremony, ended with everyone singing the G. A. A. Hymn. The officers wish to thank all those who participated in making the party a success; and we sincerely hope that we have shown the G. A. A. spirit and hospitality to the new members.

The annual tennis tournament is being played and the results will soon be known. Good Luck! "May the best man win"

Our athletes have basketball well in action. It is a splendid sport and the players are certainly doing it justice.

The G. A. A. is planning on another *Bond Drive*. Each and every donation will be appreciated and you will again be aiding the war effort.

Well, fellow-members, here's hoping to see you soon! Remember that spirit leads to Victory—

EILEEN TOOHEY, '44.

C. H. L. S. OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club, which is now affiliated with the Massachusetts Audubon Society, has had, this year, some very successful walks. These trips were to Mt. Auburn, along the Charles River, and out to Fresh Pond.

Anyone wishing to join may apply to Miss McCarthy, Room 113, or to any one of the temporary officers:

Claire Moran, Room 315—President
 Noreen Buckley, Room 310—Treasurer
 Charles Blackney, Room 216—Secretary

There will be many more interesting trips this winter and we should like to have many members enjoy them with us.

CHARLES BLACKNEY, '45.





HELLO, sport fans, this is your traveling sports reporter giving you the inside information on the Latineers Football activities.

First of all, here's a list of the football team, every one of whom deserves credit, even though his name may not be mentioned separately in the stories of the games:

Edward Annechiarico
 Bill Braithwaite
 Captain Stan Brinkerhoff
 Maurice Cullen
 Bill Cusick
 Henry Daley
 Frank Donovan
 John Dwyer
 Louis Golatria
 John Griffin
 Charles Kelley
 James Lakis
 Richard Learnard
 Robert Lowrie
 Walter Lyons
 Paul Mahoney
 Ralph Sabatino
 George Saideh
 Gilbert Silvestri

GLOUCESTER 19—LATIN 0

Out at the fisherman's town, an inexperienced Latin eleven was defeated to the tune 19-0. Shining heroes in defeat were Captain Stan Brinkerhoff, running the Gloucester line ragged, and ends Bill Braithwaite and Paul Mahoney.

B. C. HIGH 8—LATIN 6

Latin started its home season losing to a powerful B. C. High squad, in a thrill-a-minute game, 8-6. Latin scored its first touchdown since 1940, when George Saideh intercepted an Eagle pass touchdown bound and dashed 98 yards for the outstanding play of the game. In losing this game,

Latin also lost the services of its valuable center, Charles "Chub" Kelly.

LATIN 6—FITCHBURG 0

Our boys went out to Fitchburg and defeated the home team 6-0 with less than a minute to play, when Captain Stan Brinkerhoff, the "Flying Dutchman" threw a 20-yard pass to Shifty Ralph "Sabu" Sabatino, who tucked it away for our first victory this year.

LATIN 25—RINDGE 0

Out at Russell Field, a crowd of 7,000 eager fans watched the Latineers win their first city title since 1936. Latin's "Four Horsemen", taking turns, brought the pigskin over the last white line four times. Captain Stan Brinkerhoff took it over from the three-yard line.

George Saideh later took it over from the six-yard line, and "Sab" Sabatino from the 13-yard-line, Bob Lawrie converting for the extra points. Then, in the closing minutes of the game, Wally Lyons intercepted a Technician pass, and with a beautiful blocking play by Frank "Zib" Donovan, lugged the ball ninety yards for Latin's final score.

Hats off to Coach Adam Elcewicz and his assistant Frank Frizoli, for without their constant drilling and coaching this victory would never have been possible.

DEDHAM 20—LATIN 7

Latin, after winning two straight games, went down to the undefeated, untied, unscored upon Dedham eleven. Captain Stan Brinkerhoff, after hitting his target all afternoon with bullet-like passes again threw a thirty-five-yard pass to Ralph Sabatino to set up a touchdown on the five-yard line and Stan went over on a line plunge to break Dedham's unscored upon record.

SONNY CURCIO, '45.

SHEA BROTHERS

PRINTERS

Printer of the Review



124 MT. AUBURN STREET

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

At Harvard Square

**Stamp and Bond Drive
Report
GOAL \$75,000.00
for a
PURSUIT SHIP
named after our school
Raised \$13,000.00
BACK THE ATTACK
\$62,000.00
more**



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US

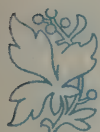
There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

December

1943



The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts



In the Long Run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this “long run” Photography that PURDY success has been won. Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

160 Tremont Street, Boston

PURDY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER
Cambridge High and Latin School, Class of 1944

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1943

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 58

NUMBER 2

Contents

Editorial	2
For A Merrier Christmas	3
Christmas Will Always Be Christmas	4
S. O. S.	4
Living With Beauty	4
At The Movies	5
Ohh-hh Frankie	5
Now That The Lights Are On	6
Buy A Bond	6
A Childless Man	6
Going Fishing	7
Scientific Borrowing	8
On Victory	8
Jazz	8
Study	9
Classes In Religion	9
Cartoon	10-11
Alumni News	12
Cartoon	13
Debate Club	14
Sport News	14
Freshmen News	15
C. H. L. S. Spotlight	16-17
Our Small World	18
G. A. A. News	18
Dramatic Club News	19
Junior Red Cross News	19
K. B. News	19

Published five times a year: November, December, February,
April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Review Staff

Faculty Advisers

MISS ALICE KELLEY, *Literary*

MR. JEROME HIGGINS, *Business*

MR. JOSEPH SANTORO, *Art*

Editor

MARY ALICE BIGLER

Literary Staff

RUTH COLEMAN

WALTER CREMENS

ROBERT DICOMES

RUTH LOONEY

PEGGY REYNOLDS

MARIE RUSSELL

JAMES SILBERMAN

Art

VERA CHVANY

JEAN O'CLAIR

JOSEPH QUINN

THOMAS SCOUROS

Business Manager

LEO HOLLISIAN

Spotlite

CARMELINE ROSE

G. A. A.

EILEEN TOOHEY

Debate Club

ROBERT DICOMES

Owing Club

CHARLES BLACKNEY

K. B.

BARBARA RUNDLET

Dramatic Club

CATHERINE COOPER

Sports

GEORGE SAIDEH

Typists

VIRGINIA ACKERLEY

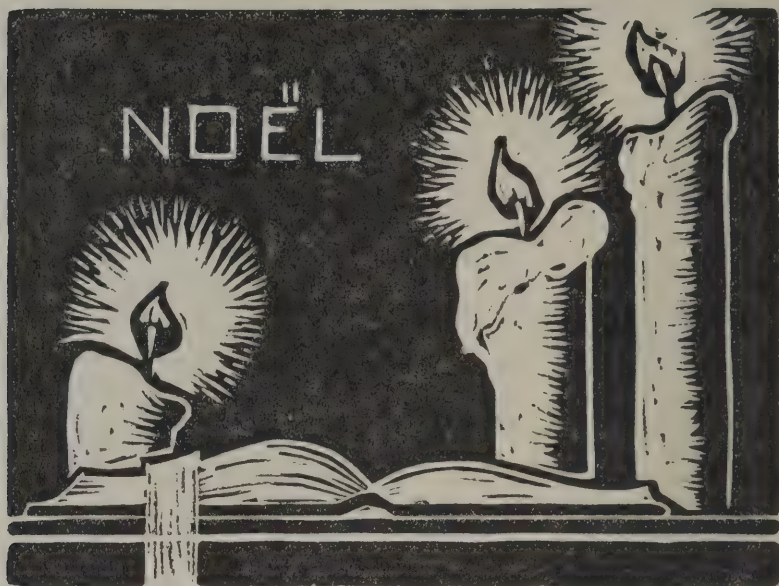
TERESA COTE

PATRICIA KENNEDY

DOROTHY KOOSCHER

LOUISE MONTAGNA

JULIA OPPEDISANO

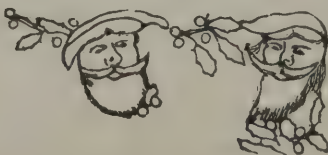


A LOVELY little Christmas card it was, painted well and beautifully, with the fond brush strokes of an artist who loved and understood his subject, and represented it in bright, yet somehow soft, colors; perhaps it was the sombre cloak of evening that lent a gentleness to the scene and subdued the otherwise rather boisterous shades. The view was simple and somewhat conventional, the threshold of a home, any home, on Christmas eve. One single stone step led up to a very plain green door, which had, by intent, been left open almost all the way. As is usual, the door was decked with a wreath, and several sprigs of holly were hung over the door and part of the way down the sides. The open door was flanked by two Christ-

mas-red shutters, which were flung outward. Over all was a warm glow and the whole scene cried "Welcome!"

Perhaps the scene in itself is a bit too trite to dwell upon so, but the theme of the picture will never be. There is no better way of concretely expressing the atmosphere of the Yuletide season than by the symbol of an open door. One cannot depict a warm and open heart, or the thrill of contentment and satisfaction derived from giving and giving. A door flung wide has the power of speech; it cries, "All I have is yours; enter, and share my happiness and worldly goods, and in so doing be content and happy, for are we not all brothers?"

A very Merry Christmas to you all.



FOR A MERRIER CHRISTMAS

ONCE again Christmas is in the air and the Christmas spirit of wanting to make others happy is in our hearts. The jostling crowds of shoppers, the colorfully enticing gift displays in the store windows and the challenging frosty wind increase our eagerness to set out in the midst of all of it and, list in hand, select the particular gift that will help make a merrier Christmas for each one on the list. Sometimes it is so hard, though, to make decisions. We have to take into special consideration this year the problem of budgets and rising prices; and of course there is always the question: "What would he like? He has that", or "Maybe he would like that little item." And often there are so many people on the lists whose tastes are so different, or else unknown. One of our favorite relatives, however, has expressed his wishes in no uncertain terms; and since he isn't a shy fellow he has generously gone further and suggested a very appropriate gift for everyone on our Christmas lists.

You don't need to have me tell you, I hope, that the relative is our Uncle Sam, or that the gift mentioned is War Bonds and Stamps, instead of the usual frivolous toys of one sort or another that we appreciated or used for a few weeks and then stuck away on a shelf, though only often the donor has been told that it is "the *most beautiful* thing I ever saw!" and "It is just what I've always wanted!" More precisely, though, our government has urgently asked us to give no Christmas gifts unless we can afford War Bonds and Stamps. An excellent idea! And it is imperative that we heed it. Yes, it may, at first seem to be quite a strange and undesirable thing to do.

"What, no Christmas gifts!"

"No toys for the kiddies?"

"No tie or handkerchiefs or expensive fur coats?"

"Just War Bonds? Poof! We can buy them any time!"

Of course it isn't a pleasant idea to side-track an established tradition suddenly. But neither is it a pleasant idea to throw aside, completely, all of the traditions and little luxuries of our American democracy to get shot at in Salerno or in the Solomons. The important thing is that it is the little gaiety we give up once to put our money into the weapons our boys are using to defend us at home and to enable us to keep our customary traditions which we have grown to take for granted—which, by the way, we now are loathe to sacrifice even once: It is our War Bonds and Stamps that will enable us to continue to live in the true American Way.

I suppose this sounds like so much trite "flag waving". It has been said so often in the same

way; but perhaps if it is repeated often enough its real meaning and importance will sink in. There is no one who won't understand this idea if he gives it a little thought; and there is no one who won't be pleased to receive such a gift, for Defence Stamps and Bonds have more value than any gift one could give. They determine the value of all other gifts and they determine the longevity of our freedom. Moreover, War Bonds won't be stuck away, carelessly, on a shelf to gather dust and never be looked at again. They have a definite, tangible, available value.

A year or two from now the stores will have equally, if not more, enticing and colorful gift displays in their windows; and I'll wager the prices will be far lower on most items. There will always be the frosty wind to remind us of approaching winter and the gay crowds; always, that is, if we just look at them this year, and have the courage and conscience to plunk *all* our money down on the War Bond counter. It is worth thinking about!

ALAN BALSAM, '44.

THE PRESENT WITH THE FUTURE GIVE WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS—

THE month of December holds both a promise and a threat for the war program. On December 7, Pearl Harbor Day, students in high schools all over the country will tally their War Bond and Stamp purchases and will report to the Treasury Department. Shortly after, we will know how many land, sea, and air jeeps the students have financed for our fighting men since the opening of the school year. Judging from early reports, the totals will be well over original quotas. That is the promise.

The threat is Christmas. Strangely enough the holiday is cause for apprehension this year. Christmas is a time for generosity, for giving to the people we love. But the desire to be generous is too often an excuse for lavish spending. And this year, every penny spent on non-essentials delays our victory.

There isn't much from which to choose on the store shelves now. Good materials, like good soldiers, have gone to war. We can enlist our money in the fight too. The most meaningful gifts we could offer this year are War Bonds and Stamps.

We can earmark our presents if we like. Stamps for a friend marked "for a new hunting knife after the war," Stamps for Mother "toward a post-war electric iron," Stamps for Sis "to be saved for nylons"—these are double-action gifts. They mean support for Uncle Sam now and all the things we want later.

U. S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS WILL ALWAYS BE CHRISTMAS

ALICE DIXON BOND recently presented in her book reviewing column a brief but glowing write up on the meaning of Christmas. In the following quotation she states:

"The word is a simple one, not even an especially euphonious one, and yet when memory and knowledge are invoked, it leaps into warm and glowing life and becomes a word of vast potentialities, a word of comfort and of joy, a word which holds the hopes of a desperate world."

Here, in a short paragraph, written with marked simplicity, we have the perfect definition for Christmas.

Scattered far and wide at all far flung corners of the earth, in foxholes or jungles, reeking with malaria, or sunscorched deserts or flaming battle fronts or forging through never ending waters or flying the icy skies infested with unceasing dangers are men in whose hearts and minds and spirits prevails a "word which holds the hopes of a desperate world." We all know what this word signifies.

It signifies the Common Good which our heroes in this raging conflict are fighting to keep. Their unflinching courage and tireless labor for the sake of a peaceful world where men may live humbly together tells us that behind it all, the encircling charm of love for sacred things is still predominant.

To them Christmas will always be Christmas no matter where they may be because it is a symbol of a kind of hope almost too deep to understand until one is under intense pressure. It is the hope which is the sole source of survival for man; the hope which man turns to in a time of desperation as did man nearly two thousand years ago on that Night of Light when the Infant Savior came to earth as an eternal reality in the presence of struggling mankind.

These are the memories which are uppermost in the minds and hearts of them over there, and it is for these ideals alone that they are giving their all so that cheer and good will can be restored to every man to live as a peaceful brother, and not as a merciless warrior.

LOUISE BIGELOW, '45.

S. O. S.!

THERE is a lively and ancient sea chanty which is being hummed all over the world right now by British and American sailors. It starts off with "I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly, sixpence." and ends up something like

"Oh-ho-ho happy is the day, when the navy gets its pay

And we go rolling, rolling home."

But stop a bit; *have* you a sixpence? If you have six pennies—or six nickles, or dimes, or quarters (plutocrat!)—tucked away in a piggy

bank, glass jar, or sock, dig them out, and put them to some good use—send them to war!

Mrs. Nellie Ross, Director of the United States Mint (girls, stand up and cheer!) tells us that every coin we hoard at home must be replaced by the mint so that trade can still be carried on. You know too well what that means, but I'll tell you anyway: precious metals must be wasted in making new coins when they should be used to make weapons of war. Pretty soon, production will be mightily slowed down.

The penny problem is about the worst. Lean back comfortably a sec, while I hurl a series of sundry startling and stifling statistics your way: in the year 1941 alone, 4600 tons of copper were used up on pennies. 4600 tons of copper would have met the copper requirements of 2 cruisers, 2 destroyers, 1245 flying fortresses, 120 field guns, and 120 howitzers! We cannot afford a drain like that again! Metallurgists have come to the rescue and emerged from their humming bottle-stuffed laboratories with a penny that takes a very small amount of copper, and yet has that familiar "red" color.

However, the new pennies won't be in production until the beginning of next year, some time after Christmas, when we need so many coins in circulation to make change. In other words, our idle coins must come to the rescue now.

But don't let's spend our money foolishly just to get it back into circulation. Why don't we follow Mrs. Ross' advice and save it—the smart way. Put it into bonds and stamps and give them for Christmas presents. It is in our power to launch a triple threat against the axis. That's the beauty of it!

A Very Merry Christmas To You All!

LIVING WITH BEAUTY

THE difference between the living of our lives surrounded by the beauty of our cultural heritage and the mere existing on earth is clearly seen every day. Think of our wanted schedules. We awaken to the sharp insistency of an alarm, push and shove for subway seats, scan newspaper headlines; we study trigonometry, sell shoes, try criminal cases, rivet airplanes. We eat fish on Friday, beans on Saturday, hash on Monday; we go to the movies almost any day . . . But do we think enough of our cultural achievement to condescend an occasional visit to the art gallery? Our formal interpretation of the term can be broadened; there's "beauty" in even a subway tunnel, if we will see it. As Sara Teasdale tells us, "Life has loveliness to sell." Who buys it not may be a satisfied man. Who pays the price, a little observance, is a happy one.

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

AT THE MOVIES

PAUSING for a moment to accustom his eyes to the difference in light of the interior of the theatre from that of the outside, the average cinema enthusiast sprawls over the candy counter in the lobby, and with considerable difficulty, finally selects the candy bar that seems to approach most nearly his conception of a five-cent value. From behind is heard a mumbled "Stub, please," and on presenting it, he follows the dancing beam of the flashlight, dangling in the hand of a nattily uniformed usher, down the aisle. As usual, the only vacant seat is in the middle of the row. As he begins squirming along toward his place, the row of people rises, and allows him to pass, not out of respect, but with a reverent regard for the safety of their feet.

Finally seated, he is now faced with the problem of removing his cumbersome overcoat without giving the enormous hulk of a sailor beside him an elbow jab in the ribs, or of knocking off the fantastic creation on the head of the lady in front with a flying coat sleeve. Remembering the candy in his pocket, he starts to remove the stiff cellophane wrapper, the noise of which seems to carry to all corners of the theatre. At last, with the paper on the floor and the candy bar crammed into his mouth, the hisses and grunts of disapproval which his labor entailed subside.

Apparently settled, he props one knee up on the seat in front, and prepares for an afternoon of rest and relaxation. Turning now to the screen, he observes Lloyd Nolan slinking down a dark alley clutching a gleaming revolver in his trembling hand. With a screech of sirens and a volley of sub-machine guns the scene changes, and the picture comes to a dramatic climax as Nolan, battered and bleeding, gasps out between snatches of air, his last confession. With the fanfare preceding the second feature occupying his mind, our hero becomes suddenly conscious of a blood-stopping and vise-like grip on his left arm. The trembling woman beside him is obviously still under the effect of "Nolan's last stand." Not wishing to cause any embarrassment, he suffers the pain in silence, for in due time the strain slackens and once more the blood begins to circulate.

Gradually he becomes used to the paper-wads being hurled so accurately down from the balcony, the raucous snoring two rows back, arrivals and departures crawling back and forth over his newly pressed pants, and other disconcerting factors which are typical of the movie house, and slides down in his seat once more to continue his often interrupted diversion, in which position we leave him, with best wishes for an enjoyable performance.

JOHN CAULFIELD, '43.

OHH-HH FRANKIE!

FIRST and foremost, I had better say that I am a Sinatra fan, as bad as the worst, but that I think I'm crazy, too.

The mobs of ecstatic 'teen-age girls who crowded one of Boston's cinema palaces recently, causing some distress to distracted parents and much amusement to the rest of the city, were only duplicates of mobs in other cities, that have been causing perturbation for serious-minded psychologists, free shows for grinning policeman, and green-eyed monsters for 'teen-aged boys. "What do they see in him, anyway?" is the wail of everyone who does not have the great good luck to be a high-school girl. The answer from one of the Sinatrites is usually merely a long, heartfelt sigh and a softly murmured. "Oh, he's just simply *divine*."

Even the psychologists disagree in explanation of the mystery. Some contend that the Swooner, since he looks so boyish, and rather emaciated and anemic, appeals to the maternal instinct, the instinct to feed and comfort the young. Well, I dunno. If the howling, screaming females who practically tear the poor fellows' clothes off have any maternal instinct lurking anywhere in their silly, giddy, brainless heads (take it easy, girls; I'm including myself) they certainly take peculiar ways of showing it.

Others think Frankie reminds the girls of their high-school hero. That I most strongly doubt. Personally, my hero is not short and underweight with hollow cheeks and unruly hair; he's a pretty smooth number, and I don't think this ideal is at all exceptional.

I know the boys themselves can't figure out the great man's appeal. As I was going out of the theater after twenty minutes of Paradise, a voice calling my name broke through the rosy haze around my mind, and I saw a fellow I know; he was easy enough to spot, being about the only male within several hundred feet. It seemed he was going to the theater out of curiosity. After my ecstatic recommendation of the Sinatra, he wanted to know the songs he had sung. Half-way down my list, eagerly listened to by all those around, I was interrupted by, "Did he sing his theme song?"

"What's that?" I knit my brows. Could it be he had a theme song and I didn't know it?

"I'm Not Much To Look At?" replied the wit.

Flowers may be sent to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

"Well, what has Sinatra got?" you will query. And I, starry-eyed, will sigh ecstatically, "Ohh-hh, Frankie!"

RUTH LOONEY, '44.



NOW THAT THE LIGHTS ARE ON

HURRAH! The lights are on! Once more our streets are brightly lit with multicolored, blazing neon signs. America is once again America, after a lapse of almost two years. We Americans are already back on the road to normalcy. The privations, the dim-out being one of them, which we have suffered are now being alleviated.

Yes, I have to admit it, that was my original reaction to the lifting of the dim-out regulations and I imagine practically everyone in this section of the nation felt similarly. However, as I ponder over the matter, I realize how insignificant and how trifling are our privations, or, to use a more fitting term, inconveniences, in this world at war. In America the street lights were dimmed, but in France, Greece, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Poland, China, and in a large part of Russia, the light of culture, which has shone brilliantly through the centuries, and the torch of human freedom and independence were dimmed and only recently are beginning to flicker spasmodically. In America the reoccurrence of the neon sign in all its brilliancy adds to our levity, whereas in Europe the crushed peoples struggle to obtain merely the bare necessities of life which have been so mercilessly deprived them by the barbaric plunderers.

How paradoxical it is that America should be at war and, despite that, rejoice over the fact that its streets are lit. By what right do we deserve the good fortune that the battlefields are several thousand miles from our homes? The answer is obviously that it is the will of Almighty God that our cities, our homes, our culture, and, in general, our civilization should be spared the strife of physical warfare although our loved ones are pitched in a life and death struggle in other lands.

However, as we manufacture implements of war and give our loved ones to free the downtrodden peoples of the earth from totalitarian oppression, let us be glad that the lights in America shine brightly and let us revel in them and enjoy their artificial beauty as long as it does not interfere with our war effort. Let America be to the crushed peoples a symbol of what the world used to be and what it will be when the ungodly powers of the earth are overthrown and human dignity and freedom are restored.

PAUL HASKELL, '44.

BUY A BOND

IT was just a little after midnight. From the sea, the boats moved slowly towards the mainland. In the barges men sat, wet and salty, from the ocean spray. They conversed in low whispers, careful lest their voices carry to shore. The boats

moved cautiously around a bend and hugged the coast line. Suddenly the signal was given, and the men sprang into action. Swiftly and surely they leaped from the barges and ran inland, guns in one hand, dynamite and wire in the other.

This scene, a familiar one to many of our American boys overseas, has taken place many times on the coasts of France and Norway, on small islands near the Italian mainland, and in far flung Japanese outposts in the Pacific. The purpose of these commando raids is to disturb and clog up as much as possible the enemy war machine. The boys who take part in these raids are risking their lives to help win this war. Many have already paid the supreme sacrifice. We at home are asked to back them up by buying bonds and stamps. In this way we can pay for the guns and bullets and tanks. Our stamps and bonds help build the barges and invasion fleets which play such an important part in the invasion of foreign territory. Our money will help our own brothers and cousins, fathers and sweethearts come back safely to us. We also help John Smith, aviator, flying in the Pacific, and Bob Jones, United States Infantry,—present address Sicily. We help ourselves, too, for not only do we get an excellent rate of interest on our investment, but far more important, and priceless, we help save our American liberty and freedom, that precious gift handed down to us in the government of the United States.

These are only a few of the many reasons why buying bonds and stamps is so important. Next time we see a new hat in a shop window, let's not obey that sudden impulse to buy it—let's instead march determinedly to the nearest bank or postoffice and buy a bond. Come on America! Let's show the Axis!

MARILYN LANDAU, '44.

A CHILDLESS MAN

THERE is a land in Europe which is made of mountains. Some centuries ago, in that land, the cows had just been brought down from the mountains to quarters closer to the villages which lay in the valleys. The result of this annual movement was that the population in the communities was brought to its usual quota. But in one community, such a reason would have been insufficient to account for the exceptional commotion in the main square. Those who had failed to perceive the cause of this unusual agitation were told in a subdued tone, compensated for by forceful facial expressions, that a hat had been erected on a pike at one end of the square, as a symbol of absolute authority, and that it was to be respected as such, by a salute from every passer-by. The news of this new yoke

under which the people were to bow their heads and bow their wills and bow their spirits occasioned a concentration of citizens on the square, and, from time to time, a voice dared raise itself in passionate protest above the susurrations of the multitude.

Among the various people passing to and fro, a middle-aged man could be seen advancing toward the square with a boy who was evidently his son. Their attention was absorbed by their conversation. In passing through the square, they neared the newly placed symbol of despotism, but without seeming to be aware of its presence. They approached nearer and nearer to it as they crossed the square, and still they did not notice it. They passed it, and they did not salute. Their act of apparent defiance of the law attracted everyone's attention, and in particular that of the guard then on duty. The guard immediately intercepted the two rebels, and arrested them. As it chanced Gessler, the local dictator, happened to be passing. The delinquent father was brought to him, accompanied by the youth. Gessler recognized the outlaw to be Wilhelm Tell, the best marksman in the country, and sentenced him forthwith to shoot an arrow at an apple to be placed on his son's head, from a distance of eighty paces. Tell protested that he had not noticed the hat, and that Gessler was surely jesting. But Gessler was not. And, revealing his whole character in one sentence, he asked Tell, in the words of Martin:

"And of the two, which dost thou love the more?"

Tell had already been horrified by the original proposition; yet he had had to submit, or both he and his son would have been executed. Here he was confronted with the task of placing the result of all the experience in marksmanship he had gained in his life at the supreme service of his love toward his elder son. His arm trembled with emotion and apprehension: how could he hit the mark? And then to be asked which of his sons was more dear to him! But Gessler had no children, for if he had, he would never have asked the question: he would have realized that a father's love can be divided among as many children as he may have, and still remain whole for each one. Gessler had shown himself to be a despot; he had shown himself to be pitiless and rash; and now, in pronouncing one of the most excruciating sentences in all literature, he showed himself to be the most horribly wise representative of all the dictators of history.

JEAN LE CORBEILLER, '44.



GOING FISHING

(After "The Mowing of a Field" by Beloc)

THERE is a particular charm to woodland in the early morning and as I swung along the path down to the lake with my rod in my hand, my creel bumping against my hip, and my lures jingling in my pockets, I fell completely under its spell. There a blue-jay scolded at me from the safety of a high limb. Further on I caught a glimpse of a chipmunk bobbing his head curiously from behind a rotting sump. And all the while the air was fresh and clean and sweet, and underfoot the brown pine needles made for me a soft, noiseless carpet.

All these things I remembered well, though many years had passed since last I walked along this path with a fishing rod in my hand, straining to catch any sign of the small, timid woods creatures. The father, by whose side I had walked then, was long since dead, and so many other things in life had changed that I wondered if the lake would still have its old allure for me. I went further along and I began to recognize landmarks; the heap of granite boulders at the turn in the path, and the rise from which the lake appeared framed by the delicate tracery of birch trees. All at once the silence of the woods was broken, or rather it was enhanced by the strident calls of two great, black crows setting forth from their nest in a tall poplar. The sound brought back in a vivid flash the memory of lazy summer days spent out on the lake with the sun beating down on my back and my line sinking into the cool, green depths.

Stirred by these pleasant recollections, I hurried down to the boat-house, which I remembered as being owned by one of that practical, self-contained race whose natural habitat is Maine. Recalling the etiquette of these people, I approached the proprietor and remarked that it was a nice morning. By way of reply he ejected a quantity of tobacco juice into the water and allowed how "Twarn't bad." Without undue hurry, I hired a boat and set out for a good fishing spot, the location of which I had pried from my friend from Maine. As I fell into the rhythm of rowing, my oars just dipping under the surface on the pull, and just skimming it on the return stroke, I felt a sense of well-being, an almost spiritual happiness which we experience only on returning to some well-loved and well-remembered occupation.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '43.

THOUGHT FOR THIS ISSUE

(Advice to Younger Generation Department)

A person does not relish criticism of his ego.

So, chil'un, though I know you're sometimes itching to deprave it—Save it.

SCIENTIFIC BURROWING

WHY is the sky blue, Dad? What makes flowers grow? So the endless procession of questions parades from a child's brain from the time he is three until he is twelve, and sometimes until he is sixty. The human question boxes should be submitted to some scientific course, such as biology, chemistry, or astronomy. They would soon learn the answers to many of their questions. As ignorant as any child when I first entered Room 320, chemistry class, perhaps now I know a bit more, and may relate some of the experiences I enjoy in my scientific burrowing, and the thoughts they provoke.

No one, unless he has performed the same experiment, can imagine the delighted wonder of my partner and me when we first beheld the tiny bubbles of oxygen speeding through the tubing into our bottles, and the excitement when, on inserting a lighted taper into a test tube of the gas, we discovered for ourselves that oxygen supports combustion. One also gets an indescribable kick out of discovering from what ammonia, water, and sand are made, common articles about which formerly one knew nothing. The blue of the burning sulphur, and the wine red of the potassium manganate when dissolved in water are enough to make any painter seize his brush. Oh, the smellings, the tastings, the poppings, the upsets, the thrills chemistry offers its followers! At times, the demure acid bottle above our table must exchange glances with the decorous Florence flask, and then both must bubble silently with laughter at the ignorant and erring fools below.

Atheists and agnostics should take chemistry. They would get their proof. The more I study chemistry the more I realize that there must be a Supreme Being who made and is governing this world of order, balance and thrift. Who but one as almighty as God could keep the seasons going in order, perform the marvel of the human body, see to it that matter is indestructible, and make the eyes of children bright?

Like the child, I have not yet found all the answers, but every day brings some new yet ancient truth to light. Maybe our burrowings are only scoopings now, but my partner and I, like the knights of old in quest of the Holy Grail, intend to keep on in our never-ending search for truth and light.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

ON VICTORY

THE leaves are falling again in Cambridge. For each leaf that drops in this city of education, a man is dead, or will die, on the field of battle. Leaves in autumn are brown and withered; the men who fight are young.

It is natural to ask, "Why must men in their prime die fighting a great war across the seas?" Some have replied saying, "This is a war to free people from domination, a battle of right against wrong, good against evil." These retorts are correct, in part, but only in part. A few, seeing the issue clearly, have said, "This is a war of survival." Those who have so answered, have responded in full. In that word "survival" are included all the partial answers; for if we are not victorious in this battle, there is no reason to believe that we shall not suffer the same fate as the other nations, which have fallen to our enemies. Some will object to such a strong term as "survival". These are the people who still believe that our foe can be reasoned with, if we should be conquered. Has not time shown this reasoning to be false?

In the days before the war, almost the only men who engaged in death struggles were those in the comics, Tarzan, Dick Tracy and Flash Gordon, to mention a few. It would pay us to look at the methods of these heroes. When Tarzan grappled with the man-eating gorilla, the jungle warrior didn't shake a warning forefinger at his adversary and shout, "I am stronger than you are. Don't you dare lay a hand on me." He placed his hands securely about the monster's neck and, note this, kept his hands there until the beast was lifeless. Then, and only then, did Tarzan loose his hold.

It was obvious to the jungle hero, in times when a global war seemed fantastic, that an animal is dead when it ceases to struggle. Why is it not equally obvious to a certain line of thought in America that we have not beaten our enemies until they, too, have ended all resistance?

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

JAZZ

TO appreciate this article one should have an understanding of the enjoyment another receives from playing Jazz. There are many people who themselves cannot play an instrument, but of these they who do understand this enjoyment provide the audience at a "Jam Session". For simplicity, a Jam Session may be compared to a debate or a formal discussion, only at a Session the thoughts are exchanged not by word of mouth, but by improvisation.

Jazz, as many writers have said, is a language just as much as are other forms of music. It is a rhythmic-melodic-tonal idiom by which one may express ideas.

The main difference between Jazz and the music of bygone composers is that in Jazz the musician is not restricted by the old technicalities of music. In Jazz we may mix our keys at random, or even abandon our key without doing injury to the composition; in fact this makes for variety which al-

ways brightens a selection. Also in the new form of music, the rhythm rather than the melody is emphasized. Now please don't confuse rhythm with beat, for the beat in Jazz is always unaccented and the same, either two-four, or four-four. But the rhythm of Jazz is constantly changing and it is this consistent changing of rhythm that makes Jazz untiring to the ear. You see, since the beat is the same, the soloist doesn't have to worry about a change in time when he is improvising his tonal-rhythms. He just riffs along, not always playing on the beat, but playing his own rhythms suspended around the beat. For those who enjoy Jazz, the beat has become a convention; the attention is naturally given to the improvised rhythms that the convention makes possible, as does the fact that the beat is unaccented. If the beat were accented, it would weight the rhythm and would hamper the smooth improvisatory playing.

Of course Swing music and Jazz are entirely different. Swing does make use of some of the Jazz principles, but the idea behind it is entirely different from that behind Jazz. Swing is commercial; Swing is loud or greasy smooth; Swing is not played for expression of thought but for pleasing a public which knows so little about true Jazz that it doesn't realize how essentially American it is.

After all, Jazz is as much American as the Rocky Mountains, the Great Plains, Old New England, or Spacious Texas. Jazz is the only true American music and its history runs far back into our national history.

WALTHER PATACCHIOLA, '44.

STUDY

STUDY requires courage and stability—the will to refrain from some other pleasures, the fortitude to withstand temptation, the power to concentrate deeply, the strength to devote a special period of time daily, and the bravery to relinquish bodily comforts. If a student does not possess all these attributes, his studying will not be successful. If, for instance, the student does not sit down to several steady hours of study a day, but merely studies spasmodically for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, he is not actually studying in the true sense of the word. If the student is not capable of concentrating deeply on one subject for a period of time, but, instead, permits his mind to wander occasionally, his studying is a definite failure. Study is a definite process, and, to do it well, one must not deviate in the least. Study is an art, not in the sense that it is a limited field of skillful endeavor, but in the more fundamental sense that it requires great application, ability, and power.

PAUL HASKELL, '44.

CLASSES IN RELIGION

PART-TIME classes in religion would help to develop a better moral sense in our boys and girls. These classes in advanced religious education would aid in counteracting the atheistic and agnostic dogmas propagated by those reactionaries who would disrupt organized religion by their nihilistic methods, in subduing the sense of self-sovereignty and religious self-sufficiency, which is all too present in so many people, and in transmuting many people from the materialistic, mercenary creatures that they *are* to the righteous, God-fearing people that they *should be*. The fact that there is at present a bill before Congress proposing such religious education shows that the subject is a pertinent one with the people. In war time, in times of extreme trial and tribulation, one comes only too late on the full realization of God and of His miraculous powers, and of our necessary subservience to Him and to His decrees.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '44.

THE PRESENT WITH THE FUTURE

GIVE WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS—

PROTECT YOUR HOME FROM TUBERCULOSIS



BUY and USE Christmas Seals

THE 8:25 BELL!

...AND ALL THE WIDE AWAKE STUDENTS DASH FOR THEIR HOME ROOMS READY FOR ANOTHER HAPPY AND DELIGHTFUL DAY OF LEARNING

ZZZZZZ

JOE QUINN

ISN'T HE THE CUTEST THING.

SHE SAW FRANK SINATRA YESTERDAY! (SIGH!)

SEEN AT ANY TIME OF DAY: HANDSOME LETTERMEN WITH A BEVY OF BEAUTIFUL LASSIES... THEY MUST HAVE A HIGH PRIORITY RATING. OR SOMETHING—

GUESS WHO?

HOME WORK!!

IT'S C-C-COLD!

WITH WINTER COMING, MANY STUDENTS WILL MAKE THEIR APPEARANCE SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

JIM FITZGERALD, HOCKEY STALWART, SEEN AFTER SCHOOL ON HIS WAY TO ANOTHER PRACTICE SESSION!

CAMBRIDGE LATIN AN

"DAGWOOD" SPECIAL

FOR A LITTLE GIRL, CLAIR DUBÉ CAN PUT AWAY AN ENORMOUS LUNCH!

AN HONEST AND STRAIGHTFORWARD CANDIDATE GATHERS VOTES FRIDAY BEFORE ELECTIONS...

WHO ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE FOR?

PUPILS CAMBRIDGE HIGH WITH RECREATION. TO THE FACULTY GUIDANCE...

HAT

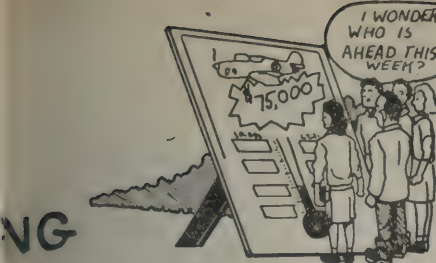
all or nothing at all

THERE IS A PLACE FOR PEOPLE LIKE HIM!

THEN THERE IS

THE FELLOW WHO IMAGINES HIMSELF ANOTHER FRANK SINATRA. BUT.....

COACH ELCIEWICZ AND CAPTAIN "STAN" BRINKERHOFF FOR LEADING THE CANTABS THROUGH THE BEST SEASON THEY'VE HAD FOR A FEW YEARS. THE GREATEST THRILL OF THE YEAR WAS DEFEATING RINDGE TECH 25-0!



I WONDER WHO IS AHEAD THIS WEEK?

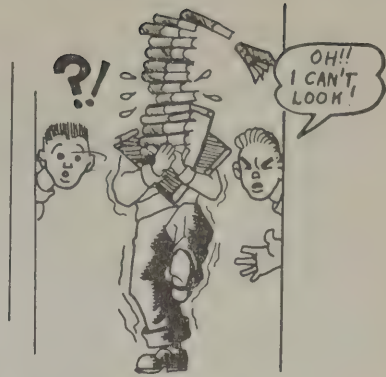
OHH! THERE IS THE "CUTEST" BOY THAT SITS NEXT TO ME. (SIGH!)



DON'T LET YOUR CLASS BE LAST! YOUR PURCHASES WILL HELP BUY THE "MISS CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN!" BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY WEEK!



AND THEN THERE'S THE "BACKFENCE" GIRLS WHO SPREAD THE GOSSIP BETWEEN CLASSES!



WHEN IT IS TIME TO CHANGE TEXT BOOKS, IT IS ALWAYS THE SMALLEST IN THE ROOM WHO IS CHOSEN. "THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME".



christmas vacation!

SOMEDAY I'LL BREAK THE 440 RECORD!!



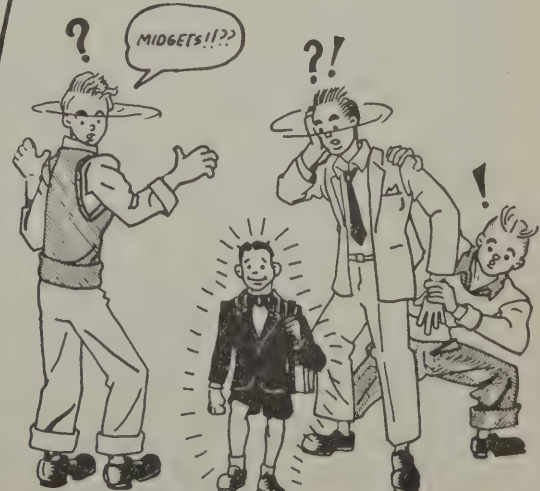
TYPES MINGLE AT TO COMBINE EDUCATION PILS ARE GRATEFUL INSPIRATION AND SIGNED WE THE PUPILS

LUNCH PERIOD!! AND THE BOYS RELUCTANTLY LEAVE THEIR STUDIES AND SLOWLY MAKE THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE LUNCHROOM! WITH SO MUCH MATERIAL TO CHOOSE FROM, C.H.L.S. SHOULD HAVE A MARVELOUS TRACK TEAM!

ALLY WHO SUFFERED ARM WHILE AGAINST B.C. OUTSTANDING PLAYER, WAS A GREAT LOSS TEAM.



TO THE CHEERLEADERS FOR LEADING THE CHEERS IN SUCH A CAPABLE MANNER!



EVERY YEAR THE FRESHMEN SEEM TO BE GETTING SMALLER AND SMALLER!

ALUMNI NEWS

TO start with a bang, news of the announcement of Jane Gayton, '43, to Corporal Jerry Collins, U. S. A., '40. Corporal Jerry is now stationed with the Army Air Corps at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida.

Another engaged gal is Betty Morris, who decided not to return to Radcliffe, where she'd finished one term.

The Navy still seems to be the favorite of C. H. L. S. graduates, at least those of the distaff side. Virginia Cantrell, class of '41, is now a proud Wave, in Washington, D. C., with the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts . . . Evelyn Cowan, also '41, was promoted to the petty officer rate of storekeeper first class at her recent graduation from the Naval Training School on the Indiana University Campus, Bloomington, Indiana, and is ready to release a shore-stationed male storekeeper for sea duty . . . to the same campus went Helen King, after basic training at Bronx, N. Y. . . . in Washington are Yeomen Madelyn Cajolet and Ruth McGowan. Anne Conway has joined the U. S. Marine Corps Women's Reserve and is leaving for active duty at Camp Lejune, New River, N. C.

In the "Local Girl Makes Good" Department: the president of student government at Simmons announced that Antonia Smerlas and Marjorie Coleman have been chosen for their outstanding contribution to college life as representatives in the "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities". Both Antonia and Marjorie were graduates of '40. At Radcliffe, Margaret Drolette, Frances Quint, and Claudine Maroni were honored by Phi Beta Kappa . . . Congratulations, girls!

Over at M. I. T., the old school is holding its own, too. George Dube, '43, is on the Dean's List, no small feat, as you can imagine . . . Mary Ellen Sullivan is doing brilliantly, as ever . . . poor Ernie Dzendelet, though, has been stricken with rheumatic fever and confined in the Tech Infirmary . . . our very best wishes for a speedy recovery, Ernie.

John Reynolds, Ensign, is working on some mighty military secret, they say . . . Last year John graduated from Harvard, Phi Beta Kappa, Summa Cum Laude. Enough said?

Jack Moriarty, former president of the Debate Club, has continued taking prizes in Oratory, having just won first prize in an army contest, in which several camps participated.

Bob Brown has recently transferred from the Ski Troopers to the Air Corps . . . well, happy landings, either way . . . Dick Westaway, resplendent in uniform, was home on leave from the

RCAF a while ago, and we hope that Dick and all the others, will be home again soon, but not just on leave.

RUTH LOONEY

MARIE RUSSELL

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Azarowicz, Jane	Linsky, Mary
Balsam, Alan	Looney, Ruth
Barrett, Mary	Lynch, Carty
Cameron, Everett	Lyons, Virginia
Carlson, Barbara	Montana, Marie
Coleman, Ruth	Moran, Claire
Cook, William	Nunes, Mary
Coughlin, Mary	Oppedisano, Julia
Cremens, Walter	Parisi, Grace
Donato, Josephine	Power, Grace
Faulkner, Jean	Reynolds, Peggy
Ferdinand, Thelma	Russell, Marie
Gatto, Mary	Salvato, Nancy
Gorman, Helen	Saverse, Catherine
Haskell, Paul	Scheffer, Grace
Hepp, Mary	Spence, Dorothy
Hill, Raymond	Sullivan James
Jensen, Ethel	Wenskus, Ruth
La Brecque, Estelle	

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

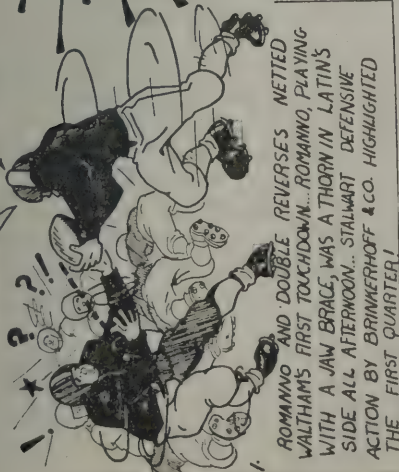
Alexander, Ellen	Frangioni, Jennie
Amon, Albert	Gilbert, Carol
Berman, Robert	Klopstock, William
Bettencourt, Dorothy	Loofbouroow, John
Butler, Dorothy	McPartlin, Joan
Cherelli, Evelyn	Miskevitch, Sophie
Colburn, Marie	Nikas, Virginia
Corcoran, Ann	Pearlson, Paul
Crocker, Marion	Schlein, Herbert
Dinan, Dorothy	Tobin, Margaret
Downey, James	Zacharchuk, Elizabeth
Forte, Yola	Zacharakis, Louis

ROOM 236 thus far has heard from the following members of the Faculty in the Armed Services: two letters from P. F. C. David Ronan, stationed in Iowa City, Iowa; a letter and illustrated folder from Maxwell Field, Alabama, from Lieutenant Albert J. Leonard; a letter and a personal visit from Ensign Florence Hunter at Northampton, Massachusetts, and a letter from Lieutenant Gerald Barry, somewhere in the Pacific.

If anyone would like to read these letters, come to Room 236 to see

ANNA HIGBEE, *Secretary*.

WHO'S THIS GUY TOM HARMON ANYWAY?

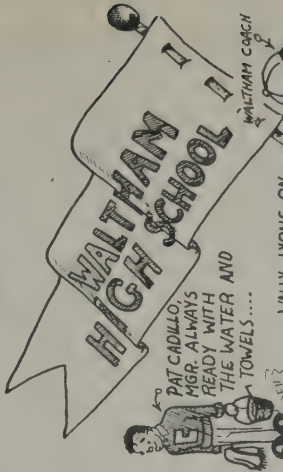


ROMANO AND DOUBLE REVERSES NETTED WALTHAM'S FIRST TOUCHDOWN... ROMANO, PLAYING WITH A JAW BRACE, WAS A THORN IN LATIN'S SIDE ALL AFTERNOON... STALWART DEFENSIVE ACTION BY BRINKERHOFF & CO. HIGHLIGHTED THE FIRST QUARTER!

WE WUZ BLITZED WALTHAM--27



"BRINK'S" PASSING WAS THE BULK OF LATIN'S ATTACK!! INJURED IN THE SECOND QUARTER--



WALLY LYONS ON BILL SMITH, FOURTH QUARTER... I WISH THEY WERE ON MY SIDE (SIGH!)



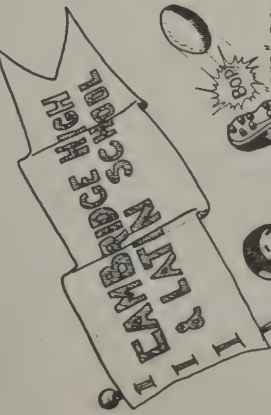
PROPERTY OF CAMBRIDGE LATIN

CHIL'S ENTERED THE WALTHAM GAME PLAYING THE RÔLE OF "UNDERDOG"... FOR TWO FURIOUS QUARTERS, LATIN HELD THE VAUNTED WALTHAM TO A MERE 7 POINTS (A NEAR UPSET! BUT LATIN'S DEFENSE CRUMBLING IN THE 2ND HALF UNDER SHEER OFFENSIVE POWER DISPLAYED BY WALTHAM BACKS... BRINKERHOFF AND SEIDEN WERE THE "BIG GUNS" FOR THE LATIN OFFENSE!!!

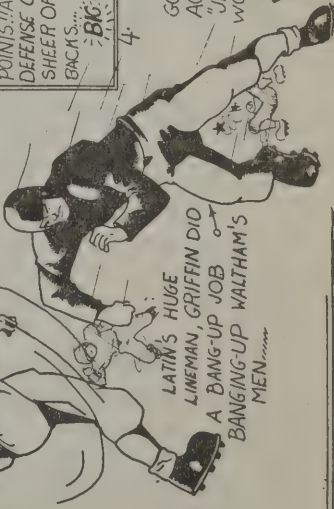
CHIL'S

IN THE SECOND HALF, WALTHAM GOT HOT!! AND SCORED 20 POINTS AGAINST OUR HAPLESS ATHLETES. "JAW-BRACE" ROMANO DID THE HEAVY WORK

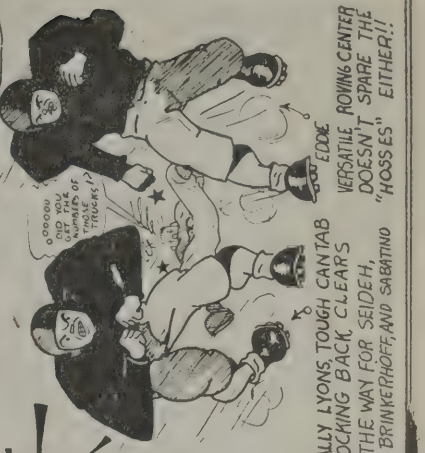
GEORGE "FLASH" SEIDEN WAS REALLY COOKIN' ON THE FRONT BURNERS



ZEB DOMOVAN, GREAT LATIN END, HANDLED THE PUNTING CHORES WITH MARVELOUS SKILL...



LATIN'S HUGE LINEMAN, GRIFFIN DID A BANG-UP JOB BANGING-UP WALTHAM'S MEN...



WALLY LYONS TOUGH CANTAB BLOCKING BACK, CLEARS THE WAY FOR SEIDEN, BRINKERHOFF AND SABATINO

VERSATILE ROWING CENTER DOESN'T SPARE THE "HOSES" EITHER!!

DURRELL DEBATE CLUB NOTES

MRS. Mary Buckley Corley addressed the members of the Durrell Debate Club November 18th. She spoke on the interesting and vital subject of "Present Day Labor Problems." It was indeed a pleasure to have the opportunity of hearing such a stimulating speech so excellently delivered.

Mrs. Corley, a former pupil of this school was an outstanding member of the Durrell Debate Club, and won the American Legion Oratorical Contest one year. She won first place not only in the District, but also in the State Contest, then travelled to Oklahoma, where she competed again and placed second.

The Debate Club was cited by the Cambridge Chronical for the part it played in helping to put the American Junior Red Cross National Enrollment Drive over the top. Members of the Club spoke to various home-room pupils, urging them to enroll. Walter Cremens and James Nixon addressed the rooms in the new building over the Public Address System. The response was wonderful. A one hundred percent enrollment for Cambridge High and Latin School!! We wish to congratulate and thank each and every pupil.

We dispensed with argumentation long enough to enjoy ourselves at the Dramatic Club party last month. A very gay time was had by all. The entertainment was something exceptional! Robert Guest, who is now a student at Emerson College, came back and presented some of his uproarious pantomimes. Dallas Burrows and Earl Hagstrom kept the audience spellbound with their magic tricks. If these boys ever turn out to be as fast and as tricky in debates as they are with their act, their names will surely go down in Oratorical History! A fascinating game called "Nose-Bag Dramatics" was planned by Diane Perin and everyone took part with gusto!

We enjoyed attending a debate between St. Columbkille's and St. Joseph's Schools on December 5th. We have been invited to attend other debates conducted by the C. Y. O. during the year.

Our best wishes for a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SPORTLITE

WITH the ending of the football season, our interest now turns to our winter sports, hockey, basketball, and track. The games have not started so I can give you no report on how the teams have fared, only the names of the players and predictions. The hockey team is shaping up into such a well moulded group that they will cause trouble for the teams which they meet. Cap-

tained by James Fitzgerald, the team will be held up by such veterans as Hanlon, Zubrinski, Peck, Foster, and moulded together with such newcomers as Frasca and Kelley, the goals being taken care of by Guiney and Doucet. The best of luck to them!

Turning to basketball, we find a goodly number of boys battling for various berths. Barring injuries and losses to the armed forces, the team should turn out to be one of the best in many years. The team has experienced players like Bob Loury, Paul Mahoney, Bob Farrell, Paul Haskell. Last year the team started off in a most wobbly manner, but as the year progressed, they became better and better, till finally they ended up with a winning streak of seven games.

As soon as the outdoor wooden track is placed in position, Coach Ed Murphy will call out the trackteam. Of last year's lettermen only two have been lost. Those returning are Co-Captains Henry Petrow and Bill Brathwaite, Johnny Griffin, George Leal, Johnny Harrington, and Ed Conley. With the addition of two lettermen of two years ago, Hollisian and Quinn, as well as Sateriale, Fleming, Libbets, Linehan, Silvestri, Lakos, Smolar, Hathaway, Nevins, O'Brien, Lucey, and Woodward, a transfer, the team is looking forward to its meets with Rindge, Browne & Nichols and Somerville High.

Please support the teams and they will not let you down. You supported the football team and they had a fairly successful year. Cheer your team to Victory!!!

GEORGE SAIDEH, '44.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Amon, Aline	Koulouris, Martha
Anestis, George	Leech, Geraldine
Archigian, Lydia	Magnuson, Betty
Axadian, Dorothy	Marlin, Arlene
Balcom, Lincoln	Martin, Carmen
Barr, Irene	McDonnell, Dorothy
Belbin, Laura	Most, David
Camelio, Elizabeth	Nevens, Muriel
Connors, Eleanore	Nicotera, Chiarina
Cooper, Ray	Rosenberg, Earle
Culolias, Helen	Rosie, Anne
Curtiss, Catherine	Sargent, Edna
DiComes, Robert	Scannell, Helen
Dooley, Dorothy	Seelinger, Alice
Enos, Mary	Toscano, Lucia
Fitzgerald, Theresa	Vasil, Alice
Gomatos, Peter	Vaudo, Elizabeth
Graff, Bargar	Wadden, Eleanor
Iwanski, Wanda	Weisman, Ruth
Johnson, Charlotte	Wilson, Elaine
Kokinakis, Christine	Winn, John

FRESHMAN NOTES

THE most discussed subject in recent weeks was not English, Civics or Algebra, but Frank Sinatra. Well, *do* you or *don't* you like him?—Room 128 appears to have the highest percentage of students on the Honor Roll and Honorable Mention. By the way, those lists on the blackboard in 128 are headed by "Magna Cum Laude" and "Cum Laude". Very collegiate—Donald Craig is outstanding in many ways, judging from the large number of notes that we received about him—Ethel Gunn and Joan Haley really exercise, taking off their coats and sweaters preparing for the physical exercises—We all regret Edmund Hickey's enforced absence, and are looking forward to his speedy return—We feel that Marilyn Conley should become a cosmetician. She is very successful at blending powders now—When you have a chance, ask Warren MacIsaac to compare our school with his former school in Syracuse, New York—Quite a number of home rooms have girl presidents. Aren't the boys good politicians any more?—Paul Boudreau will probably be a member of the varsity hockey team.—Catherine Cuniff's favorite subject is J. B. T.—Danny Mazurick just can't keep his pencil sharpened.—We all have our ups and downs, especially skating at the Arena, don't we, Jean Morrison?—By their nicknames you shall know them: Texas, Dizzy and Sticks—Tina Prasinio blushes so easily—Theresa Falba writes fine patriotic poems.

Dot Donovan likes the rhumba and all things connected with Spanish—Lucy Derderian gave a very interesting talk on Thanksgiving.—Bob Landers likes to sing at the assemblies.—How could Virginia McCarthy get along without the third recess period?—Frances Ehler and Pearl Boyce are two of the girl home room presidents.—Room 118 has two sets of twins among its students.—Why did Mary Puntolino's face turn the color of her hair one recess period?—Beverly Taylor enjoys removing her pins from her sweater certain periods.—James Malone and Martin Matinian are great buddies except for the recess football games.—June Dugan looks stunning in her new glasses.—Rita and Selina Rosenberg cause their teachers great trouble. Oh, no, not discipline, but trying to tell them apart. When you hear bells coming down the corridor, it will probably be those on Lucy Derderian's coat.—Nana Marcantonio will probably be a debater or a politician.—Alba Amoroso really likes her fifth period class.—Speaking of Alan Ladd, what about George LeShane? One of our energetic physical education leaders instructed the class to touch their heels with their toes. It's a good trick if you can do it.—One boy likes to empty waste-baskets after school. That's what we call civic pride or punishment.—Room 120 un-

covered some fine talent during their programs.—One of the mysteries of the year is Steve Biddle's middle name. What does the M stand for, Steve? Charlie Beko's history assignment was just what he wanted. Gertrude Doucette has a lovely voice.—Laurel Cook's name of the moment is Cookie.—Have you noticed how Barbara Casey favors the Royal Canadians?—Glenna Slater works in her father's office.—John Santoro and Richard Scannell are said to be very bashful—Leona Smith turned in a number of notes for this section.—Mary Oliver and Mary O'Rourke have many discussions of the relative merits of Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby.—Nancy Petropovlas is practicing now for the girls' baseball team.—Myrtle Patterson works very hard as a physical education director.—Have you ever seen Lorraine Duncan without ear-rings? Constance Perun and Mary Priester are always together.—The class in room 127 have a little bending exercise at the end of school each day.—When filling out the census cards, one teacher asked a pupil the date of her last birthday. "I don't know," answered the pupil, "it hasn't come yet."—Have you noticed those socks of Elliott Knight?—Rita Keogh made history in her English class.—Ruth Gracie has entertained in the gym with her acrobatics. Very good.—William White has moved to Ohio.—Dimples predominate with Thersa Falbo and Misark Phigian. Claire Doherty is so sincere about everything—Barbara Carter, Lorraine Chapman, and Marilyn Center are a constant threesome. Ruth Cosgro always has a pretty flower in her hair.—When Dorothy Donovan's hand was better, she tested it by writing.—Mary Sweetland and Barbara Tager take a great interest in Spanish.—Mivan Carves has his own opinion of things.—Mabel Saunders and Virginia Schneider have decided it is better to eat with the rest of the class.—Has some one an extra bobby pin for Willis Stark? Calvin Tassinari likes to study his Latin out loud.

Thanks, folks, for the fine response for notes for this issue. Keep them coming all the time.

We wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.





HI THERE to you! "Once more with much joy we greet thee." Like bad pennies and report cards we always come back. Below you will find the trivia and earth shaking events of the month.

Our deepest apologies to Bob Lowry for any misunderstandings. (tch tch.) . . . Doris "flexibility" Stratton is tossed from one end of the room to the other (for fun—ouch!!)—Poor Glen Peck is always the one that does the tipping. (now it's a habit) . . . Ruth Powers has originated a new club which is rather odd (similar to the "Solitaire" group) . . . Beaver coats seem to be the rage for the "elite", Barb Cleary, Christine Clements, Doris Murphy, and Barb J. Mahoney all own several (say-one) . . . Ray Foley is so quiet and unassuming (uh huh.) . . . Paul Ericson passed his Air Corps exam with flying colors and left recently with David Small, another ex Latinite . . . Tom "Bone-crusher" Sheehan becomes lecture platforms so well . . . Charlotte Perry is a frail fragment of herself by the time third recess arrives . . . Stewart Shane has a philosopher's mind and viewpoint . . . Rita Tager spent an entire afternoon listening to apologies . . . Claire Porter has a sweet sweater and pocketbook to match. (hand knitted, too) . . . Peg Reynolds and Barb Rundlet look back longingly to our Freshman year (remember the Old Timers Dance, when we wuz young?) . . . June Becker and Barb Murphy simply adore newspaper publicity . . . Herman was last seen in Charleston wearing a turtle-neck sweater (he left shortly after Parent Teachers Night) . . . The Rindge Thanksgiving game drew many half asleep Latinites (the game soon woke them up) Evelyn Mix and Mary Barrett slept all the way to the field . . . Fran Mullaney sat quietly and watched the Somerville section parade by . . . George Saideh, a Latin Star helped the Rindge Star of the game, Beucler, off the field . . . The C. H. L. S. cheering section provided Somerville with competition . . . Dick Fleming is very much interested in a school by the mountains—or is it the sea? . . . Eugene Zubrinsky's classes would be utterly lacking in wit without him . . . Eva Bannier's whole name is (hold your breath!) Eva Karla Marta Wilhelmina Johanna Francisca Fredrica Bannier (oh) . . . Jimmy Nixon

struggling through a maze of ors and nors . . . Jeanne Cochrane sang the Lord's Prayer at an Assembly (very beautifully too) . . . Jeanne Wright had a peaceful "snooze" one fourth period until . . . Joy and Exultation! Exercises have begun . . . Christina Maria Gratia Clements has wonderfully loyal friends (huh B. B. C.?) Ann and Pat Donovan are twins, but who'd a thunk it?) . . . Charlie Sullivan is leaving for the Marines soon—he will use up some of that excess energy . . . Jim Fitzgerald is captain of this year's hockey team (Nothing less than the Championship, James!) Dick Dale has a beautiful new Norwegian sweater which caused quite a sensation in the Junior Class. . . . Hildy Davis doesn't walk, she waltzes . . . Ginger Braithwaite is the pride, joy, and energy of 102 . . . A Third Floor Hair Dressing Salon is doing a rushing business around 8:28. Muriel Scannell and Trudie McCarthy come rushing in, their hair done up in bobby-pins. Louise Gaudette yells "Oh, my hair, it's positively straight." Marcine Karon groans "Believe me, I shall never wash my hair again." . . . Jerry Nolan turns bangs into everything imaginable . . . "Never a day goes by" croons Carla Baratelli . . . Alice Finnegan and Barb Sullivan are the lucky members of the K. B. . . . Philip Andleman was seen wearing the loudest shirt this side of Yale . . . Art Foster is the happiest little boy in this school . . . Roy Trainor rides around in taxis (just like that) . . . Dicky Wadden is forever indulging in his favorite pastime, eating other people's chicken salad . . . Hugh O'Rourke will be doing English for years (from force of habit) . . . Ask Barbara Sheehan if she has met all the Mahoney clan . . . Ann G. Sullivan wears that "I don't get it" expression during law . . . Evelyn Fitzpatrick is sometimes known as "Madame Butterfly" (light on her feet, no doubt) . . . Phyl Harrington and Edna Williams were sporting orchids one Sunday recently . . . The sophs who occupy a certain table in the lunchroom are to respect the Seniors at the same table. . . If Hilda Carey doesn't receive at least three letters a week she calls herself "Epistle Lacking Mama" . . . Senior girls all thought that December 2 should be declared a legal holiday (after all, he only

comes once!) . . . Food for thought—What Senior boy became indignant for no particular reason, other than he is hurt so easily . . . John Skahan is President Peck's right hand man . . . Mary Messenger seen slushing through mud on the long journey to school . . . Because of our original handwriting (which no one can decipher) many misprints were made. Some of these were Dick Dale instead of Dole, Rita Tager instead of Vager . . . Eddie Guiney instead of GURNEY and Mary Prasinios has a neon, not a mean smile! . . . Thelma Goodwin has an original opinion of the Gallup Poll which is a panic . . . Leonard Shrago is the perfect example of "Joe Patience" himself . . . Priscilla Coleman and Mary Shea operated a taxi service at Football games . . . Eileen Toohey did a rush business in the G. A. A. Bond Drive . . . Pat Donavon has been wearing a very, very grown-up hairdo lately . . . Lois Hanlon debating whether or not coke is fattening . . . Rita Tager, Annie Heffernan, Fran Mullaney, Art Foster, and Buzz Cullin were all guests at Mary McClenaghan's birthday party . . . The Junior Office Seekers are as follows: for President: Fred Sateriale and Louis Gaultaire, John Martin; for Vice-President: Wally Lyons and Mary Messenger; for Secretary: Annie Heffernan, Joe Sheehan, Evelyn Mix; for Treasurer: Jeanne Francouer, Jim Likas, and Evelyn Mossman . . . Bill Shannon was in town December second and any day now he will leave the hospital . . . Claude Doucette, Franny Mullaney, Ray Foley, Fran Donavon, and Jimmy Russell are all condescending to look for a position . . . Claire Murray has very lovely eyes . . . Doris Reagan remembers everything—telephone numbers and license plates particularly . . . Florence Kidston and Jeanne Francouer have a hectic time during recess . . . Doddie Voss had a very quick recovery during the football season . . . George Costa, we are told, has something up his sleeve (his arm, no doubt) . . . Betsy McKinley is stumping her friends as to her escort for the G. A. A. Formal . . . Lorraine Roffer recently had a sweet sixteenth birthday party (how does the rest of that line go, Dotty?) Those popular geniuses, Zebb Donavon and Dick Leonard find each other's conversation engrossing . . . That certain football hero, whose feelings were hurt by a truthful individual should—shall we say—grow up . . . Paul Mahoney has a new nickname that he picked up along the way, "Eventide" . . . (his initials, you know.) . . . Myra Ayre gives medical advice free—all her knowledge she shares . . . Paul Hanlon's Junior Commandos are acting up . . . To Stan Brinkerhoff—thanks from all of us for a good job done as captain of the football team . . . Basketball and hockey have begun, so, kids, get behind the teams one hundred percent . . . Jim Russell is the proud possessor of a G-Man

set (a birthday gift.) . . . Noreen Buckley and Joy Biddle are two look-alikes and act alike . . . Rose Harris and Don Kurth have similar hair styles (the low slung peek-a-boo bang) . . . Jean O'Clair is one of the few alive people falling off buses at 8:39. Vera Chvany gives 317 a Sunrise Serenade before first period . . . Terry Bubuque has wonderful poise—(just think, she hasn't even been to the Academy Moderne) . . . If there is one thing V. J. Buckley likes, it's the smell of piccalilli in the morning (holy smokes, she's inhuman!) A freshman named Lester Roffer will teach you, for a nominal sum, to jit (to less intellectual beings—jitterbug) . . . Harvard Square seems to fascinate theme-writers . . . Ruth Sandock dedicated a song to report cards, "Wherever I am, you're near me." . . . Jerry Nolan seems to be interested in Jackson, or is it the er-um courses? . . . What Junior boy has eleven invitations to the formal? . . . Barb McSorley is always dashing home for a snack (it's a wonder she isn't enormous) . . . Classified Ads: Anyone owning a slightly used English accent, will please see Lester Rogers . . . Would the owner of a 1942 convertible who would like to trade it in for a 19—Hudson, with four flats and ventilation, (no roof) see us? . . . Claire Rogers loves peace and quiet . . . Paul Sproges took several hundred people to the Old Mill (guess who paid the bill?) . . . Joanne Rose was very ill with the flu, and is now recovering . . . We've just heard—Jo-un MacConnell met Frank Sinatra when he was in town recently . . . (She'll be in school any day now.) . . . Jeanne Rose lends money to her friends . . . (Mary Public Loan herself.) . . . Bess Amidon met the "Winged Victroy" cast . . . When interviewed, her reaction was—Quote Oh h h h h h Unquote. Lillian Dragon and Doris Trepanier keep up the morale of their homeroom . . . Betty Grove and Jeanne Gordon find a lot to do in Harvard Square (who doesn't?) . . . Dave Sheehan is nominated for the man about town . . . Helen Stone takes her time getting to classes (getting old, dear?) . . . A new Quiz kid has joined us, Lucia Toscana by name (Well, that makes two of us!) . . . We are very sorry to hear of Jean Quinn's illness . . . The Latin Hall is a place where music lovers gather before school . . . John Linehan is commonly known as "the judge" . . . Monty Babbin's last resort has been reached; he's got a job.

Christmas is here. The time of "peace on earth, good will toward men." May God grant that on next Christmas peace and good will, be found all over the earth. To you all a Merry Christmas, and a Victorious, Happy, New Year.

CARMELINE ROSE, '44.



OUR SMALL WORLD

WHEN one hears these days all the talk about post-war international confederation and a large-scale world democracy, one suddenly realizes what tremendous geographical and territorial changes have come about in the past three or four centuries.

In Columbus' day, the people believed that the earth was a square, and timidly retained their continental, self-contained ways, without endeavoring to find out what actually existed far across the sea. Columbus and other contemporary explorers audaciously crossed oceans to investigate and discover the lands which the long arm of civilization had not yet reached, and thus paved the way for further cultural advancements.

One needs only to open any history book to trace the expansion of the world through various stages of history. After the machine-age, economic imperialism followed, with vessels from every nation plying every port with ready-made goods to sell. This quest for new markets doubtlessly did more for world expansion than any other means.

Today, in our Second World War, we find few, if any, parts of the world yet undiscovered. Through the media of the telephone, the radio, and the aeroplane, we find the world once again growing smaller. How short a time it took Mr. Willkie recently to cover so great a part of the world's surface! Truly, this is becoming a small world.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '44.

G. A. A. COLUMN

THE breath of life is again haunting you with past and future activities of the G. A. A.

First and foremost we wish to express our gratitude to everyone who contributed towards our war bond. The pupils and faculty generously responded to this worthy cause; and may I set aside the boys for extra praise, because of their liberal contributions? All your little dimes added up so bountifully that we were able to invest in a one-hundred-dollar war bond. Your lively spirit will assuredly lead us to VICTORY!

The Freshman party was a wonderful success and we found our Freshmen to be most enlightening. Noreen Buckley's recitation put everyone in a gleeful mood; Edith Reading's debut with "Sunday, Monday, Or Always" so added to the affair. Talented Audrey Keene and Betty Grove entertained us to a great extent. Dorothy Sullivan's delightful voice was another added pleasure. Luis Toscano's patriotic piano playing was accompanied by the singing voices of all the members. Amidst all this—"yours truly" managed to recite "Tomboy." Do-nuts and cider were available (hope you didn't sicken yourself!)

We hope we entertained you all at this first party, as we are having another one December 15th, and it is our desire to see all your cheerful faces again. Don't tell anyone, but Santa Claus is visiting us at this next party!

We have many future plans in store, but the most exciting one is the January Formal, which is to be held at the Commander Hotel. This is the first G. A. A. Formal in two years, and I assure you, as a critic, that it is to be *the* affair of the year.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain—

EILEEN TOOHEY, '44.

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Alber, Charlotte	Lewis, Irene
Aronson, Jack	MacKenzie, Arthur
Barrett, Claire	MacLeod, Doris
Bequaert, Helen	Martinian, Martin
Boyce, Pearl	Maxwell, Barbara
Bozyczko, Irene	McCurdy, Ann
Brown, Beverly	McCarthy, John
Butler, Loretta	McNamara, Francis
Carter, Barbara	Minkiel, Steve
Chao, Lensey	Moran, Lois
Chapman, Lorraine	Pantazopoulos, Helen
Connors, Lillian	Payzant, Anita
Craig, Donald	Priester, Mary Ellen
Cremens, Carolyn	Radaitis, Helen
Davies, Jean	Ratner, William
Dinan, Eileen	Repshis, Edith
Donoghue, Evelyn	Ridlon, Florence
Enebuske, Karin	Roeber, Rosemary
Fosgate, Charles	Ruff, Lillian
Goewey Elizabeth	Ryan, Donald
Gross, Burton	Schatz, Arthur
Froves, Audrey	Slater, Glenna
Hall, Sylvia	Souza, Alice
Hartmann, Gretchen	Spitzer, Joanne
Higgins, Norma	Sylvelin, Walter
Katsulis, Jennie	Townsend, Carolyn
Kelly, Joan	Wilkshire, Persis
Lewis, Florence	Winn, Regina
Lewis, Herbert	

Mottoes of Para-troopers:

Leap before you look.

Don't jump to a conclusion.

When I give the signal, push the guy in front of you.

If at first you don't succeed, forget it.

Our trust is in God; all others pay cash.

A stitch in time . . .

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

INTERMISSION is over and the curtain goes up on the second act.

The first scene took place in the gymnasium on Monday, November 15th, amid a festive atmosphere. The members of both Dramatic and Debate Clubs welcomed their new members on this enjoyable afternoon. Everyone entered into a series of impromptu sketches which were excellent. Dallas Burrows and Earl Hagstrom put on a magician act which completely mystified all. Bob Guest entertained us in his own inimitable way. The humor was provided by the mysterious young lady who proved to be Thomas O'Loughlin in disguise.

We are proud of those who have so kindly given their services to the Holy Ghost Hospital. We hope that the rest of you will be able to help and thus make the Dramatic Club 100% in its charitable activities.

The second scene was the Christmas Play "The Toy Shop", which was presented by the Dramatic Club for the Freshman. This was directed by Carty Lynch with the supervision of Miss Hartigan. The cast included:

Bobby	John Leary
Betsey	Jean Foley
Washed Doll	Mary Herlihy
Pierrot	James Nixon
Wooden Soldier	Donald Craig
French Doll	Vera Chvany
Sailor Doll	Willima Klopstock
Rag Doll	Ann Corcoran
Rubber Dog	Joseph Canney
Jack-in-the-Box	Alice Harris
The Drum	Thomas O'Loughlin
Dad	Joseph Cabrel
Mother	Hilda Davis
Shopkeeper	Jacob Roseman
Policeman	John Loofbourrow
Stage Manager	James Silberman
Costumes	Alice Arentz, Lucia Tuscano
Properties	Mary Riley
Prompter	Carolyn Cremens

We are sorry that the curtain could not rise on the third scene, in which the whole school was invited to hear Professor Packard from Harvard College lecture on Voice, Speech Control, and Character Interpretation. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing him at some future date.

The Dramatic Club Christmas party will be December 26th at 7:30. It will be held at Carty Lynch's house and promises to be up to the Dramatic Club standard.

As the curtain descends on the second act of the Dramatic Club, we hear the voices of its members extending to you all wishes for a very merry Christmas and a joyous New Year.

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

AS students at Cambridge High and Latin School we may feel justifiable pride in the splendid record the school has made in the 1943 Junior Red Cross Enrollment. Not only did it reach the 100% membership goal but its contributions totalled more than 400% of its allotted quota. The fine outcome of the campaign is due to the united efforts of several groups, as well as to the generosity of the entire student body. The Junior Red Cross Council, the Durrell-Debating Club, and all Home Room Committees gave most generously of their time and energy. Members of the Debating Club spoke in many of the Home Rooms; other rooms heard an day, Monday, Or Always" so added to the afbership cards and tags were distributed by members of the Junior Red Cross Council, and contributions were received and checked by the chairmen of the Home Room Committees.

But our work must not stop here. This is 1943, the second year of America's participation in the war. As the needs of the armed forces increase, the production of articles for their comfort and recreation must increase accordingly. In the matter of *enrollment* we have an enviable record. Shall we have an equally fine record in the matter of *production* as the needs of the young men and women serving with the armed forces are presented to us from time to time?

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

EVERY WAR BOND DOLLAR MAKES THE AXIS HOLLER KEEP BUYING BONDS AND STAMPS

K. B. REPORT

THE K. B. has now hoisted sails for its voyage throughout the year with new additions to the crew. The new members were formally greeted at a special meeting on November 10th at the home of Ruth Coleman.

Now that the lights are on again, K. B. has ventured out into the night. We are having evening meetings, which are held on the first and third Fridays of each month. We hope to accomplish a great deal worthwhile at these meetings.

K. B. is making plans for its annual formal dance, which was not held last year. Although this dance has been moved from its usual date in January to late in February, we are certain it will be the one grand affair of the year.

We are counting on each one of you to help us make this dance an overwhelming success. Until then,

BARBARA RUNDLET, 44.

SHEA BROTHERS

PRINTERS

Printer of the Review



124 MT. AUBURN STREET

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

At Harvard Square



The Squander Bug thinks it's just
dandy

When you spend all your money
on candy.

He shouts in high glee,

"How jolly for me,

Uncle Sam would have found that
money handy."

CLASSES STARTING EVERY MONDAY

at Remington Rand School

Bookkeeping, Billing and Adding
Machine courses. Remington
operators in constant demand. Good
war and post-war field. Place-
ment in 3 to 15 weeks.

REMINGTON-RAND, Inc.

MISS G. G. BOYCE

114 FEDERAL STREET

BOSTON 6

LIBERTY 7830

DO YOU NEED A TUTOR?

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M.,
ED. M, formerly a teacher in C. H. L. S.,
more recently in Callan Hall School for
Girls, is prepared to give lessons at her
home, 361 Harvard St., in English,
French, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, and
Plane Geometry, For further information
Telephone TRO. 9642.

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE

*School Supplies Greeting Cards
Periodicals*

**Stamp and Bond Drive
for a**

PURSUIT SHIP

named after our school

BACK THE ATTACK

UNIVERSITY THEATRE

HARVARD SQUARE

"The Best In Motion Pictures"

Sat., Sun., Mon., Tues., Dec. 25, 26, 27, 28

Pat O'Brien

"THE IRON MAJOR"

"Paris After Dark"

Wed. — REVIEW DAY — Dec. 29

Greer Garson — Walter Pidgeon

"MRS. MINIVER"

"Joe Smith, American"

Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1

Red Skelton

"I DOOD IT"

"There's Something About A Soldier"

Corcoran's

*A department store
established in 1881*

CENTRAL SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

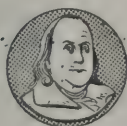
AFTER 100 YEARS

• Benjamin Franklin's affection for Boston, the city of his birth and schooling, led him to will it the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, to be held at interest for one hundred years, then part of it to be used to meet some need of the city. That money built Franklin Technical Institute.

• This school is as practical in its teaching as its founder could wish. Since the Technical Institute is concerned chiefly with meeting the needs of its individual students, it places its emphasis on the essentials of education for a career concentrated into time-saving courses.

Write for Illustrated Catalog

• Berkeley St., Boston 16, Man. 6590



FRANKLIN

Technical Institute

Industrial Engineering Courses in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Fields



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US

There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available.

Appropriate degrees conferred.

Earn While You Learn.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address
H-36 H (Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Numerals) (State)

February

1944



The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts



In the Long Run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this “long run” Photography that PURDY success has been won. Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

160 Tremont Street, Boston

PURDY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Cambridge High and Latin School, Class of 1944

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

FEBRUARY, 1944

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 58

NUMBER 3

Contents

Editorial	2
My Math Class	2
What America Means To Me	2
Modern Music	3
The Whole Duty of a Citizen	4
On Painting The Nails	5
Keep Physically Fit	5
On Common Superstitions	5
Free Speech In Wartime	6
Growing Pains	6
Cartoon	7
Skating On The Common	8
Awake, Strike, Redress!	8
The Oyster Without A Shell	8
What Makes A Good Neighbor	9
These Cold Mornings	9
The Red Cross Workers	10
Exchanges	10
Cartoon	11
C. H. L. S. Spotlight	12
C. H. L. S. Spotlight Continued	12
Senior Honor Roll	14
Three Daisies	14
Sophomore Honor Roll	14
"The Lorelei"	14
Cartoon	15
Freshman Notes	16
K. B. Report	16
C. H. L. S. Outing Club	17
Dramatic Club Notes	17
Freshman Honor Roll	18
Debate Club Notes	18

Published five times a year: November, December, February,
April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Review Staff

Faculty Advisers

MISS ALICE KELLEY, *Literary*

MR. JEROME HIGGINS, *Business*

MR. JOSEPH SANTORO, *Art*

Editor

MARY ALICE BIGLER

Literary Staff

RUTH COLEMAN
WALTER CREMENS
ROBERT DICOMES
RUTH LOONEY
PEGGY REYNOLDS
MARIE RUSSELL
JAMES SILBERMAN

Art

VERA CHVANY
JEAN O'CLAIR
JOSEPH QUINN
THOMAS SCOUROS

Business Manager

LEO HOLLISIAN

Spotlite

CARMELINE ROSE

G. A. A.

EILEEN TOOHEY

Debate Club

ROBERT DICOMES

Outing Club

CHARLES BLACKNEY

K. B.

BARBARA RUNDLET

Dramatic Club

CATHERINE COOPER

Sports

GEORGE SAIDEH

Junior Red Cross

JOAN MCPARTLIN

Typists

VIRGINIA ACKERLEY
TERESA COTE
PATRICIA KENNEDY
DOROTHY KOOSHER
LOUISE MONTAGNA
JULIA OPPEDISANO

Editorial

NEVER shall we forget the night that it was announced officially over the radio that U. S. troops were for the first time since Pearl Harbor fighting and winning on Japanese territory. Maybe it was because we scorched what we were ironing at the time. But what a feeling of pride and joy! At last we were in actuality "taking the war to the enemy" and were beginning magnificently the long and arduous drive to Tokio. The news came just as we were tiring of the monotonous phrases that dripped like hot molasses out of pessimistic lips. "Well, we've stopped 'em, but—" is but one of those morsels. Even the papers were getting glum about the Pacific situation! Only the day before these glad tidings fell like chimes upon our ears, a very well known Boston scandal sheet featured an article which "steeled the American people to face the facts" that we were "losing the war in the South Pacific," and then thoroughly and efficiently explained why.

Another thing: many of your brothers are splashing on to Jap studded stretches of beach, out of invasion barges which were launched almost simultaneously with the Fourth War Loan drive. Just as an Alpine mountaineer is gratified by pausing on his way to the top to view the rugged, rocky, and long upward stretches and other difficulties which he has pluckily surmounted, we, too, experience a gratification of some sort by observing in the news the fruit of our previous purchases of war bonds.

Go to it: we repeat—your brother may be fighting right now on an American beachhead. You know how YOU can hasten his return!

FINALITY

A BOY sits bare-footed on an old porch from which the paint peels slowly. The sun is warm on him and the air smells smooth and quiet like chocolate. Trees surround the porch, their leaves green, sundappled, their branches graceful and shady. The soft wind sways the branches and rustles their leaves, and the silver-green grass bends deeply. Slowly the boy raises thin, graceful arms above his head and stretches his long, lank body.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

MY MATH CLASS

I AM sure that the fourth period must be the high spot of the day for my math teacher. We are always so cheerful. We laugh at anything, any time, always of course laughing with one eye on the clock. One day we laughed steadily for six minutes; it was a hard job, but my math class could do it.

Then we are always asking bright and pertinent questions. Long questions involving square roots are preferred since they take a full quarter hour to settle. We have in our midst an expert on this delicate and subtle art who daily risks his life in a skirmish on the battlefield of A and B that his classmates may have a few moments' reprieve. How proud we are of this boy and how we shudder at the thought of a fourth period without him!

We have learned, come what may, always to look intelligent. When those stirring situations arise in which Y, X's aged mother, and Z, X's six-year-old son, run a race in which X walks, Y runs, and Z swims against the current, everyone's face lights up and assumes an expression of supreme wisdom and assurance. It must be a pleasure to see us. At first it worried me when everyone looked so frighteningly wise, but after three days of my math class, I too could put on a grave and serious countenance, postponing the discovery of my abysmal ignorance.

We are masters of the arts of bluffing and passing the buck. Never in this world do we merely lose our homework. Oh, no, it is whirled out the window by a fitful tornado, it is eaten by the baby who mistook the square root signs for wheat germ, or it is cut to pieces by the vicious electric fan. We are the one and only fourth period math class, sharp and quick-witted in everything but math.

ANN WALKER, '45.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

THE sun was setting behind the lonely hills in a flaming red ball, as I walked slowly through the park on my way home. I gazed at the beauty and utter calm of the scene surrounding me—the bubbling fountains, the colorful flowers, the green, green grass—and heard the chirping of the birds and the sound of children's voices in the distance. As I carefully made my way down the narrow, winding path, my eyes rested on the print of a dirty, half-torn newspaper lying in my way. Its headlines screamed of war, death, and destruction. I stopped and for some minutes was lost in my own reflections. As the first stars of night began to appear in the heavens, I continued my journey, but in a new frame of mind. What had happened to me in those minutes as the world was taking on

the first shades of night? Merely this. I had been shaken out of my complacency by a few black, printed words on a white background. Perhaps the very striking difference between the surroundings of the park and the horror of the headlines accounted for this; I'm not sure. However, it woke me up. What did my country really mean to me? What is America? Why is she so striking an example for others to follow?

America to me is a melting pot of the various peoples of the world: English, Russian, French, Italian, Germans, Polish, Irish, Jewish—in short, all the peoples from every corner of the globe, seeking the advantages and golden opportunities which this country offers. It is also the haven of refuge for the persecuted and oppressed, for America means freedom, freedom to worship as one pleases, freedom to speak and print individual ideas and opinions, freedom from hunger and fear and want.

America is the fighting, undaunted spirit of Washington at Valley Forge. She is the ideas of Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson, embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. She is the Emancipation Proclamation and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. She shouts the daring of the pioneers of the Westward movement who braved all the dangers of the wild unknown, to unite and expand East and West.

America is not so much the name of territory. She was born in travail, has grown in the rough school of bitter experiences—a land which has purpose, pride, and conscience, knows how to become respected of the world, and hopes to retain that respect by the light of the "Four Freedoms" as its Old and New Testaments.

America is a country of skyscrapers and awe evoking buildings. She represents the coal mines of Pennsylvania and the grain fields of Iowa. She contrasts the rich fertile farm lands of New Jersey with the burning deserts of Arizona. She is the hurry and bustle of New York and the slow, easy-going ways of Little Rock. She is both the slums of Chicago and the wealth of Park Avenue, the culture of Boston and the illiteracy of the back woods. America is the spirit of initiative, the speculations of Wall Street and the "chancing to chance." She is free development and industrial life.

America is the genius of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Porgy and Bess." She is the operettas of Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg, Oscar Hammerstein. She is the "swing" of Irving Berlin and the "boogie woogie" of Duke Ellington. She is Lawrence Tibbett and Frank Sinatra, Marion Anderson and Dinah Shore.

America is Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner" and Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Concord

Hymn," Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." She is Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" and Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With The Wind."

To me personally, America represents my home, my family, my civil rights. I am able to mingle with any person of my own choosing, regardless of race, color, or creed. I can sleep at night without the fear of being dragged from my bed and placed in a concentration camp for acts which I never committed. I can enter my house of worship and watch my neighbor enter his. I am able to further my education and choose my own field of interest without interference from outside forces.

My thoughts were interrupted by the pealing of the church bells. At once there flashed across my mind the biblical quotation inscribed on the Liberty Bell, an inscription that perhaps sums up best of all the very essence of America—"and ye shall proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

MARILYN LANDAU, '44.

MODERN MUSIC

WITH the birth of this century came the birth of a new kind of music-jazz. It grew up with the century, passing through a struggling adolescence and a wild youth to enter a successful, firmly-established and well-recognized prime. And now it is assuredly here to stay.

New Orleans watched the birth of what was then called "jass," and its official start in 1909 with The Original Dixieland Five, under Nick La Rocca. The five men who made up this band were not technically musicians; in fact, not one of them could even read music. But they felt a rhythm in themselves that they had to express, so they got hold of various instruments, and played. They played not what someone else had carefully written and scored for them; they played a tune they had heard and *wanted* to play; they played as they felt.

Their band became well-known in the country, and even abroad. In fact, Europe took jazz more seriously than did America. France, in particular, did more for the new music than most people know.

Chicago was the next great jazz center. Paul Whiteman, Benny Goodman, Bix Beiderbecke, are a few who helped along jazz in its 'teen's, and through the war years.

Then jazz fell in with bad companions. In the "roaring '20's", jazz became associated, inseparably in the minds of some, with liquor, vice, and by some sort of twisted reasoning, with crime. However, it has mostly outgrown its bad name and killed the unjust reputation it gained in its lusty, reckless youth.

Then jazz really grew up. It was polished,

smoothed out, and masterfully controlled so that its virtues were still present, but in a much more pleasant and subdued manner. In other words, it became swing.

There is quite a bit of dissension as to the real difference between jazz and swing; Louis Armstrong, in *Swing That Music* writes: "The swing music we have today is far more refined and subtle and more highly developed as an art because the swing men who learned to read and understand classical music have brought classical influences into it. I think that may be said to be the real difference between the original New Orleans 'jazz' and the swing music of today." And I agree with anything that great master of swing says about modern music.

Swing is a real art. Swing musicians must be highly educated in the technicalities of music. They must be masters of harmony and counterpoint and they must be able to do practically anything with their chosen instruments. They must have inbred rhythm and a real love of swing, and it takes years of experience in playing with others of their ilk to produce the finished products—good swingmen. Swing in its essence is music played by a group of men who more or less follow the score but who know when they can break away from it and "swing around" the melody without destroying the harmony. When twenty-five or more players can do that, you have a fine swing band. There are so few fine swing bands because most leaders do not dare let their men wander from the score, realizing that they are not able to do so successfully, for lack of one of the above named essentials.

This latter type band is known as a "straight band". But listen to a record by Jimmy Dorsey, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, or Glenn Miller, and then hear the same tune played by the band in person. Do you hear the difference? Even if you do not, you sense it, for you feel jumpy and tense, subconsciously realizing that you are hearing something creative, something you will not hear again ever. Music from the soul of good musicians is a rough definition of swing.

In the present day, swing has been accepted by several outstanding American music schools as an important development of man's most ancient heritage, and courses in it are not unusual in old and respected colleges. Swing is, at last, through its own struggles and merits, coming into its own.

RUTH LOONEY, '44.



THE WHOLE DUTY OF A CITIZEN

In these days of strife and suffering when humanitarian principles and democratic precepts are being threatened on all sides by militaristic states who would enslave all dissenters, the clear-thinking citizen should take time out to define clearly his rights and aims.

As any history book will tell you, our nation has been the first large-scale democracy which has flourished since Athenian times. Through decade after decade of our country's history, generation upon generation of Americans have gone about their business in an orderly way, engaging in war only as a self-defensive measure, and conducting their government in a responsible, pragmatic manner.

However, in recent times, our citizenry had become lax in guarding its fundamental rights, and probably, in its universal apathy, would not have cared whether the government was a well-ordered democracy or a despotic, nay nihilistic, oligarchy. This went on until December 7, 1941.

On that ill-fated morn, the Japanese nation showed its insidious fangs, and besmirched itself forever with the mire of perfidy. A new governmental form had been germinating for twenty years. Mussolini had established his socialist state in 1920 by his march on Rome; Adolf Hitler had converted his militaristic Germany to his Teutonified Fascism; in Japan, the military party had thoroughly eradicated any vestige of Liberalism left in her government.

The wave of totalitarianism slowly inundated world politics. Here at last was the challenge to American democracy, here was the final battle between collectivism and "laissez-faire" to be settled either by temporary appeasement or by belligerent coercion: the latter course has fallen to us.

Our duties as citizens and free-men are now clear. Ours is not merely a war to stop territorial aggrandizement; it is a war against an idea, an idea that men are created for the state, with no provision for the "hereafter," since religion is only considered superstition, and a psychological hindrance to the "New Order." We must carry on our government vigorously, and with a regard to our legal privileges, for it were mockery to fight a war for political freedom only to lay it aside after the peace. We should prize our rights, and jealously protect them as vehemently as we would our own lives.

In the face of adversity, the light of Freedom has flickered uncertainly, but has been revived by citizens cognizant of their rights and duties; we must never let our long-cherished freedom and rights of citizenship be taken from us because of our own lassitude.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '44.

ON PAINTING THE NAILS

IF natural beauty suffices, why do women paint their nails? The original purpose was to tint or encourage the true pink tone or to add a clear, healthy lustre. What is the aim today? Perhaps it is to frighten little children or to nauseate old folks or to repulse everybody in general. I do not think so, though. Young ladies, and those not so young too, are deceived into believing that hideous, frightful, sickening, glaring finger tips add grace to the hand. Evidently they are too blinded by misleading advertisements to hold up a mirror which reflects the reality rather than the dream or the hope.

I could probably approve of a soft, gentle, pink tone of lacquer but the crimson, purple, and black tones are somewhat too exaggerated. But, what is the explanation for the latest blue, yellow, and green shades? Probably the individual wishes to match each costume by accenting the tips of the fingers with a matching tone. That action is just about as sensible as tipping the nose, chin, and both ears with gay paint to brighten some garb.

While some ridiculous colors of polish are bad, even worse is the length of one's claws. If the horny substance was filed to a moderately brief existence, no doubt the fingers would not be so very noticeable even with a vivid lustre. But, it is utterly impossible to overlook the savagery when it extends for two inches to a very penetrating point.

GERALDINE NOLAN, '44.

KEEP PHYSICALLY FIT

FROM the hints and suggestions, dispensed so freely in the word-packed interims between the undulating ululations of swoon-crooners, it is obvious that broadcasting companies judge health a matter of purchasing the Right Products. Theirs to know what these products are. And theirs to inform the public for a price.

Doubtless, every evening the radio writers go to their slumber on a Beauty foam mattress, the type with no springs whatever, after a well-balanced meal of duly advertised foods, followed by a cigarette or two, indispensable for wrought up, wartime nerves. Their health is secure.

Even more helpful are the magazines. From them we discover just why we must prefer Billson's Tomato Juice to Bennett's. It's all a matter of alphabetical preference.

Like a professor, the more letters a cereal, or flour, or cocoa, flaunts after its name, the more estimable (and expensive, perhaps?) it becomes. Who enjoys a candy bar, until assured that it contains B or C, or at least three days' supply of D? Today's Hansel and Gretel would be enticed by the soya content of the little gingerbread house, not by its candy frosting. And no longer are

baking powders advertised by luscious chocolate cakes, painted temptingly and lovingly, but by virile vitamin elfs, who, in a few panels of advertising, conquer all the indigestion, blood pressure, and insomnia gremlins, inevitably red, and horned.

The magazines and radio are partially right. With their stress on health, they acknowledge its importance. They are mistaken, however, in two instances. They forget that the vitamins they boast of belong in foods. The presence of vitamins makes a food desirable, but the absence doesn't render it useless, or unable to be enjoyed. Vitamins are primarily a preventive of disease, not a cure-all.

Furthermore, physical fitness embraces more than nutrition. The "rule of eight" which every school child learned includes fresh air and exercise, vital to health, and as supplementary to diet as understanding and intelligence to reading.

Exercise ranges from baseball to discus throwing. Unfortunately, even the gymnastics of a reducing salon fall under the title. I say, unfortunately, because exercise should be fun, with no purpose but perfection of skill in the sport itself.

Lastly, sleep, the indispensable, and here we must leave the physical and turn to the mental. For with nutrition, fresh air, sports, we will sleep—if our minds are in as healthy condition as our bodies. Probably a self-satisfied person sleeps always, but the more humble must be at peace with himself, or an excellent compromiser of conscience, or so fatigued that thought is impossible. Which are you?

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

ON COMMON SUPERSTITIONS

IN this scientific, hygienic, prefabricated world of ours there are very few superstitions. They couldn't survive with our knowledge of how silly they are. Yet a few still linger on. I think the common beliefs that black cats and Friday the thirteenth are unlucky are the silliest. In order to prove how silly they are, last Friday, the thirteenth, I let a large black tabby parade back and forth in front of me. The next day I sprained my ankle. I still think these matters had nothing to do with each other.

And then there is this matter of good luck charms. To me one of the most inane sights in the world is a four-leaf clover or a rabbit's foot being clutched at frantically in order to insure good luck. It's my belief that what will happen will happen and there isn't a thing to be done about it. Of course there are several of my friends who say that they "could have passed that test, but I didn't have my charm." That's very silly, as they know they passed any way.

Another butt of many sour jokes is "walking under ladders." My belief is that the person *on* the ladder should worry, not you. However, a little boy on our street was very much startled when a bucket of green paint landed upside down on his head. He had been strolling under the ladder. I maintain this was pure coincidence, not his bad luck.

I know people who won't raise an umbrella in the house. My grandmother won't. To the best of my knowledge, that's because the last time she did it, a shower of rain water fell on the rug. I think a very superstitious person must have a very, very uncomfortable life, seeing bad omens in every thing around him. Perhaps I'm wrong; I don't know, but that's my idea on the subject.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

FREE SPEECH IN WARTIME

THERE is no doubt that freedom of speech is one of the main tenets of American Democracy—Nevertheless, there comes a time when the physical and idealistic survival of a nation and its inhabitants are imperilled. This situation is war and raises the question concerning to what extent our basic right may be employed under these circumstances.

When freedom of speech in wartime is discussed, it quite obviously implies that complete freedom of speech is taken for granted in peacetime. The crux of the matter is, therefore, how much it is to be curtailed when the nation fights for its life. War is an excuse for a good many arbitrary actions on the part of the national government, but I believe that when government interferes with the free expression of ideas, of course excluding treasonous statements, it is violating the essence of sound democratic government.

In the Constitution of the United States, the supreme law of the land, treason is defined as any act which gives aid or comfort to the enemy. This may well pertain to the statements uttered or written by Americans, but even on this point the American people and government should be very careful to draw a line. Criticisms of the actions of our president, of our State Department, or of Congress, can in no way be treated as treason. We Americans should take just as active a part in our national and international policies in time of war as in time of peace, for we continue to elect our representatives in the government. The Constitution still functions when America wars, and that being the case, it is our privilege and duty to pass judgment upon the problems of the day confronting the land. Any attempt to destroy the right of criticism of our elected officials or their associates in wartime is indeed an entering wedge, whereby

men with fascistic tendencies endeavor to usurp control over the masses.

However, it must still be kept in mind that when America struggles for existence, nothing must prevent her from attaining her objective. Constructive criticism is absolutely necessary for the intelligent conduct of the war at home and abroad. However, propaganda, which has as its aim the division of the nation or the weakening of the war effort must be treated as criminal acts against the people of the United States and the authors and sponsors of such propaganda must be punished accordingly.

In discussing the necessity of limiting free speech in wartime, we must be careful not to condemn constructive criticism, for constructive criticism is the basis not only of the democratic form of government which we are fighting to preserve, but also of prudent, sensible management of governmental affairs. Constructive criticisms in wartime must be safeguarded, for the good of the people and the good of the government.

PAUL HASKELL, '44.

GROWING PAINS

IT'S bound to happen sooner or later and there is nothing you or I can do about it. I refer to one of the many whims belonging to fond parents.—Dancing School. Every parent of the last generation is eager to have his pride and joy know how to waltz and to do the fox-trot. But he doesn't seem to realize that it's much more fun to "jive" to a fox-trot than to fox-trot to one.

So after much protesting on your part, you are ready to go to the class. The teacher is one of those uninhibited people who has mastered the difficulties in her field and tries to teach you the same. Then, as you are dancing with your partner and practicing what you have just been taught, a toe is stepped on.

"Pardon me," murmurs your partner, but you protest.

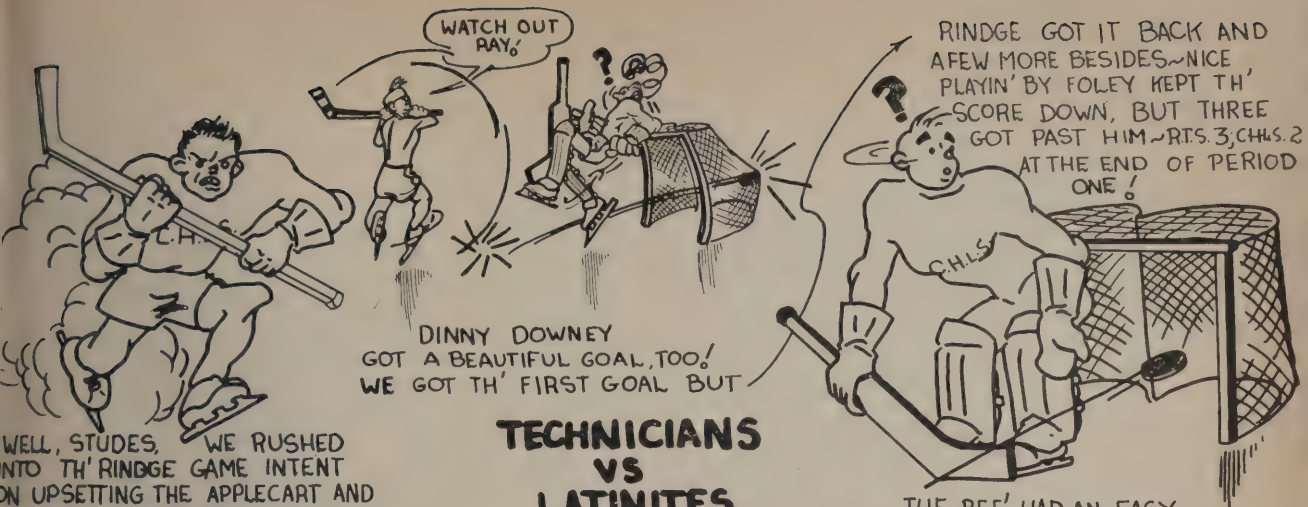
"Oh no, it was my fault entirely."

Finally, footsore and sick of it all, you wander home in search of sympathy. Instead Father and Mother greet you enthusiastically, asking that you please show them what you learned.

Here is your chance for revenge!

Gladly and willingly you put your fond parents through the exact paces with which you struggled. After an hour or so you leave the poor, weary souls sitting in the parlor, out of breath and oh so tired. As you trip gaily up the stairs to bed, in your heart you know that there will be no more said about dancing for a long, long time.

CONSTANCE PERIN, '47.



TECHNICIANS VS LATINITES

WELL, STUDES, WE RUSHED INTO TH' RINDGE GAME INTENT ON UPSETTING THE APPLE CART AND WINNING OUR FIRST GAME OF TH' YEAR~

EUGENE ZUBRINSKY, DEFENSE MAN AND BACKBONE OF TH' TEAM, IS GOING TO TRADE HIS 'ICK FOR A RIFLE! HE'S JOININ' UNCLE SAM'S NAVY!



JIM FITZGERALD, CAPTAIN, PLAYED HIS USUAL FINE GAME. HE SCORED ONE GOAL AND ASSISTED IN ANOTHER~

7-5



RINDGE TECH. EVENED THEIR SCORE WITH LATIN WHEN THEY PULLED A 7-5 VICTORY OUT OF THE FIRE. WE WON THE FOOTBALL GAME AND NOW THEY'VE WON THE HOCKEY!~

TOM SGOUROS '44

THE REF' HAD AN EASY TIME~THERE WERE NO PENALTIES IN THE ENTIRE GAME!

AFTER YOU ALPHONSE!



HOW'DYA LIKE THAT CURVE??



"TONY" FRASCA WAS SIZZLIN'! HE PUT 3 PAST TH' RINDGE GOALIE~

IN TH' THIRD PERIOD WE MUST HAVE SUDDENLY COME TO LIFE. FOR WE RUSHED IN AND SHOT FREELY AT GOALIE RAY PICARD! THE ALREADY FRENZIED CROWD WENT WILD, BUT TH' LATIN RALLY FELL SHORT~

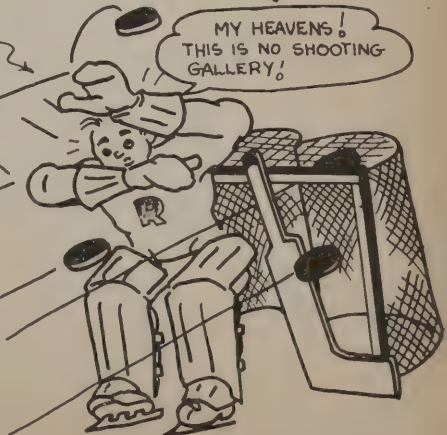


LEN PECK, SENIOR SS PRESIDENT, A STELLAR PLAYER, DID MUCH IN UPPING TH' SCORE AS USUALLY AS IT WAS~



CHLS RAH! FIGHT! YEAH TEAM!

RAH!



MY HEAVENS! THIS IS NO SHOOTING GALLERY!

**SKATING ON THE COMMON
WHERE MEMORIAL HALL LOOKS ON THE
TREE-TOPS
AND THE TREE-TOPS LOOK ON ME,
AS ONCE AGAIN I ATTEMPT IT,
I SUCCEED IN SKINNING MY KNEE**

YES, with all its vicissitudes (ups and downs to you, Joe) skating is the favorite winter sport of Latinites, and the Common is the place to gather on a pleasant afternoon. But whether you take it with sunny or star sprinkled skies, the Common is always only too well supplied with those over ardent whiz kids of the ice, armed with hockey sticks, who are always mistaking people's feet for the puck.

At any rate, my select group is of the opinion that hockey is the root of all evil, my select group consisting of anyone that I can grab hold of preferably by the neck, when I feel my feet slipping rapidly in opposite directions. I meet more people that way!

But if you'll excuse me, now, I just glimpsed a hockey stick looming in the east, and I am prone to take the well known advice of Horace Greeley, before I lie prone on the ice.

CAROLYN CREMENS, '47.

AWAKE, STRIKE, REDRESS!

WHETHER has journeyed through the peaceful French countryside before the war knows with what great beauty this land abounds. By day the languid streams that flow under the leafy boughs of great trees shimmer and glisten like precious gems beneath the strained sunlight that filters through the branches. At night, the brooks become opalescent mirrors and the stars become lithe fairies skipping, twirling, and dancing on an opaque dance-floor. On any peaceful afternoon, one could find on almost every bank of the streams a boy fishing or else a happy family picnicking.

On just such a day and in just such a setting, let us stroll through the sylvan paths. Ahead of us sits an old peasant fishing.

As we draw near, he hails us: "Hello, there, won't you come over and rest awhile?"

So we sit and talk with this hoary native about his land,—and this is the story we hear:—"Several years ago there lived in just such a setting as you see about you an old couple, Jean and Annette Bacque. Their home was a little chaumiere that snuggled in under the forest giants. Theirs was a happy life, carefree and gay. They had a son studying at the Sorbonne for a Professorship when the war broke out."

At this point our narrator stops to bait his hook and then he continues, "'Twas in the early spring

of 1940, when the ground was just starting to live again, that Pierre Bacque came home for the last time in his Army uniform. His mother was so proud of him! Then the Nazis came like locusts, swarming down over the country-sides, into towns and villages, to destroy in a few short months what nature and man had worked hand in hand for years to make. The peaceful chaumiere of the Bacques was not spared either, for instead of a small cottage in a forest glade surrounded by verdant gardens, there now stand two tombstones in a barren clearing with a few brief words on each of them. This is France today!"

Silently we depart for home and while walking through the forest, we hear a melody being whispered by the trees:

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!"

The Marseilles Hymn.

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

THE OYSTER WITHOUT A SHELL

ONE day, not so very long ago, when I happened to be exploring the gloomy recesses of my cellar in an endeavor to find scrap-paper for patriotic purposes, I inadvertently resurrected a pile of rather "ancient" reading matter from a very dusty grave. One book in particular caught my attention; it was an annual report of "The Society of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick," setting down, verbatim, the speeches of those present at a banquet of the society which took place back in nineteen hundred and nineteen, two years after the end of World War One. Among the speakers that evening was Irvin S. Cobb, whose entire discourse conveyed to me, perhaps more than anything else I have ever read, that history has repeated itself from time immemorial and will continue to do so, without doubt, until the day of judgment. Said brother Cobb at one point in his speech, referring to the condition of this country previous to the war from which it had just emerged, "I think we have all learned that never again, so long as we have got a land to love, and a flag to defend, should we suffer our country to lapse back again into her former state—that of a great, rich, ripe, flabby oyster without a shell on it."

Yet despite the admonitions of the Irvin S. Cobbs after the last war, we in America *did* allow ourselves to slip back into a dangerous state of complacency, into a feeling of "it can't happen over here." Probably as far back as the devastation of Manchuria in nineteen hundred and thirty-two, we might have seen that another world war was incipient, for Japan's move against China at

that time was actually the spark that started the present world-wide conflagration. Before the last war, a pitiful few went to-and-fro like "prophets calling in the wilderness with none to hear," warning us to arm ourselves for war to such an extent that Germany would not *dare* strike in Europe. Yet, nothing was done until it was too late. Germany *did* strike, and over sixty thousand of America's boys lie buried deep in the soil of France because of it. But did we profit by such costly experience? Again for many years before the actual outbreak of our present conflict, American militarists were screaming that we fortify Wake and other islands in the Pacific against possible invasion. And again nothing was done, this time for fear of offending our worthy neighbor in the East, Japan; as a result, the blood of American manhood is once more being spilled on foreign soil.

Yet there are some optimistic souls who are of the opinion that we shall never again become "an oyster without a shell." Well,—I hope so. But history always repeats itself.

CARTY LYNCH, '43.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Albert Amon	Anne Lyons
Ruth Benson	Ruth Marshall
Robert Berman	Virginia McCorison
Dorothy Bettencourt	Joan McPartlin
Ann Corcoran	Leslie Melville
Lorraine Costa	Sophie Miskevitch
Marion Crocker	Virginia Nikas
Dorothy Dinan	Olga Pimental
James Downey	Elizabeth Rich
Yola Forte	Helen Rimshaw
Jennie Frangioni	Leonard Roseman
Carol Gilbert	Marvin Rosenberg
Isabel Gudas	Rosemary Ryan
Marie Hastings	Herbert Schlein
Mary Herlihy	Patricia Shea
Margaret Hughes	Marilyn Shine
William Klopstock	Marie Silva
Lillian Levy	Louis Zacharakis
John Loofbourow	Elizabeth Zacharchuk



WHAT MAKES A GOOD NEIGHBOR

A GOOD neighbor is one who does not roll out his ash cans Wednesday mornings at five o'clock, arousing with their clatter not only his neighbor but every person in the block. Other factors also contribute in making the-fellow-next-door agreeable. His wife does not let her poodle gnaw on the stray clothes pins which have fallen in his yard. He lends butter, sugar, flour and cups of milk. Also he cheerfully hands over within two years the lawn-mower and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," which he has borrowed. And he never throws water on the cat.

A good neighbor is a good citizen. While being thoughtful and kind, he is contributing to the prestige of the city. It is difficult to be a good neighbor because some people just cannot distinguish between being a thoughtful person, and being a busy-body. They are either too warm or too cold as the song says. Mr. Potts, the old money bags, never speaks to a soul, whereas Mrs. Winthrop is always butting into someone's affairs, and Monday mornings spends more time gossiping over the back fence about Smith Street affairs than hanging out clothes.

In war-time the good neighbor is the one who is an air raid warden, who shares his car with fellow workers, and who gave his old suit to the War Drive. He had never liked it, anyway, wifey being along when he bought it! However, the point is that the "regular guy" is the one in the lingo of the day, who is in there pitching in times of stress. When the Mississippi flooded the Valley, he gave money first for the homeless thousands, and when a fire occurred up the street, he contributed his time and effort, more valuable perhaps than money, to help the homeless ones find temporary lodgings. The Golden Rule applies in the good neighbor policy as well as it applies in so many other cases.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

THESE COLD MORNINGS

HAVING no intention of keeping the reader in suspense about my opinions of cold, winter mornings, I shall state at the outset that I detest them. Then, in deference to the laws of logic, I shall proceed to enumerate the causes of this antipathy. Whenever the wind feels like so many thousands of tiny needles against my face, and the chill, despite all my efforts, succeeds in penetrating my tightly-buttoned overcoat, I become profoundly unhappy, nor does the arctic-seeming darkness of early Eastern War Time mornings help to cheer me; furthermore my way to school lies over a sizable hill, sizable for Cambridge, that is, where there seems to be a bitter, prevailing north wind from October to March.

In my extreme youth, certain unkind playmates used to warn me that my ears, placed at a slightly greater angle from my head than is usual, would some day cause me to "take off in a high wind." Although that dire prophecy has never been fulfilled those same ears, sticking out in the winter wind, have caused me untold agony by slowly, painfully freezing and as painfully thawing out again.

In the midst of my miseries I have been constantly amazed to see girls tripping gaily along bare-legged and wearing open-toed shoes. Brrr-rr! Another curiosity is the fresh-air lover, who approaches from behind and deals me a thump on the back exclaiming "Swell day, huh?" I never reply to this idiotic query and I should give him a chilling stare if I didn't think that under the circumstances it would be superfluous.

At no other time in the year does the old school building appear to such advantage, for then it is that its architectural faults, together with any unpleasant connotations, are hidden from my eye. I regard it longingly from a distance, and usually cover the last few yards in a sprint.

As I make my way toward my locker, breathing hard from my exertions and rubbing my finger-tips against my coat in an effort to restore circulation, it sometimes happens that I meet an earlier arrival, who observes my condition and smirks, "Cold enough for yuh?" I mutter something incoherent and hurry on.

WALTER S. CREMENS '43

THE RED CROSS WORKERS

THE contribution made by Cambridge High and Latin students to the work of the Red Cross in Cambridge was underlined by the events at the meeting of the Junior Red Cross Council on January 25. The speaker, Mrs. Harold S. Elliott, discussed the need of volunteers and the great demand for clothing, bandages, knitted goods, and workers to produce them.

To Peggy Puddister, chairman, and Rosemary Ryan, vice chairman of the Junior Red Cross in High and Latin School were presented service pins earned by at least 100 hours of Red Cross work. It was pointed out that each has nearly 200 hours of work to her credit.

Mrs. Elliott presented first aid standard certificates to five students: Miriam Boissoneau, Catherine Cooper, Barbara Rundlett, Virginia Scott and Iris Todd, and first aid junior certificates to 11 others: Aline Amon, Beverly Bruneau, Barbara Browne, Susan Hoban, Toulia Kiriagis, Christine Kokinakakis, Antoinette Ricci, Theresa Rotigliano, Helen Stone, Winifred Taylor and Alice Vasel.

Miss Fishman spoke on the need of surgical

dressings and Miss George on knitting. Many girls responded to the call for clerical workers to assist in the campaign for funds for the Red Cross.

The organization's current need is for knitters, and High and Latin girls are urged to give their names to Miss George in the gym. All students may study the Junior Red Cross work in the material posted on the bulletin board outside Miss Fishman's room, 105.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

EXCHANGES

CANARY and Blue, Allentown High School, Pennsylvania.

The colorful cover and attractive format herald your fine literary section. *Shooting Dogs* rang very true, for we have had similar experiences. The whole tone of your magazine seems to reflect an informal, pleasant Student-Teacher relationship, in which even a stranger seems to join.

Swampscotta, Swampscott High School, Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Judging from your *Literary*, the war has struck home at Swampscott High. The service has certainly been given ample space in *Swampscotta*. Ahh! *Sinatra* was a welcome note for us who are also pro-Bing. The sports section is one to be proud of. The excellent coverage seems to show an excellent student feeling on this score.

Red and Gray, English High School, Lynn, Massachusetts.

The size of your staff evinces considerable student backing and this staff has gotten together a fine magazine. We definitely envy your photos. Liked particularly were the poem, *The Creation*, and the essay *My Enemy, the Dentist*. The page *From Some Who Know* makes very clear the advisability of completing High School before "joining up". We feel that the space is well devoted to such an important topic.

The Student's Pen, Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Christmas a la Guerre sends a message which is worthy of the notice of all. *Who's Who* is a fine page; it makes outsiders, such as we are see a little of your school. *P. H. S. in Uniform* serves as a real link between your school and the Service. Congratulations on your Minute Man Flag.

Bryant Clipper, William Cullen Bryant High School, Long Island City, New York.

The Clipper, at first, appears to be merely a newspaper. However on more careful perusal, we find that it is an excellent school publication. Enjoyed most were your cartoon, *Strictly Official*, and the editorial *The Best Gift*. You have made us miss Mr. Barnes, too.

JAMES SILBERMAN '45.



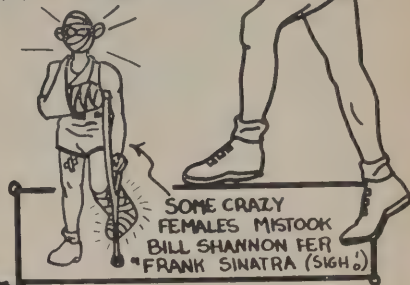
JOHN PAREDES, SOPH
STAR SINKS 'EM FROM
ANY ANGLE~ BY TH' TIME HE'S
A SENIOR~ WELL —

LATIN HOLIDAY

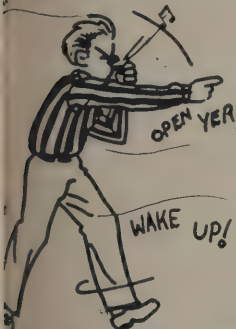
THE GAME STARTED
RATHER SLOWLY. RINDGE
PLAYED A DEFENSIVE GAME.
CO- CAPT. PAUL MAHONEY
SCORED NINE POINTS.
ALMOST AS MANY AS TH'
WHOLE RINDGE TEAM!

HAVING WON THREE CON-
SECUTIVE GAMES WE DASHED
OUT ON THE FLOOR READY
TO WIN NO. FOUR FROM OUR
TRADITIONAL RIVALS, RINDGE!

21 to 11



ALL THE BUM!



OME FELLOW, IN A STRIPED
SHIRT AND BLOWIN' A WHISTLE,
IS A VERY UN-POPULAR
GUY!



LATIN TOOK RINDGE TO TH'
WOODSHED AND REALLY CLEANED
'EM UP~ COACH KOZLOWSKY
IS TO BE CONGRATULATED FOR
TURNING OUT SUCH A GREAT
TEAM~ SCORE: C.H.L.S. 21, R.T.S. 11~!

"CHUB" KELLY CAN
HANDLE TH' BALL LIKE
A GRAPEFRUIT!

OMIGOSH!
HOUDINI'S
BROTHER!

"ANACHIERICO
HAD A CUT
ON HIS ANKLE SO HE
WASN'T AT HIS
BEST BUT HE WAS
THERE!"

BOB LAWRIE, THE HALF OF
TH' CAPTAIN TEAM, KEPT UP
HIS IRON-MAN RECORD
OF PLAYING ALMOST
ALL OF OUR FIVE
GAMES~ HE IS
JOINING TH' MARINES
VERY SOON~ MAY HE
DO AS WELL IN THE
MARINES AS HE'S DONE
HERE AT LATIN!

CHEE! A
BASKET!

WOTTA
CROWD!

"RALPHIE" SABATINO, A
WHIZ AT HANDLIN' TH' BALL
FOOLED EVERYBODY~ EVEN
HIS OWN TEAMATES~

TH' COACH
IS SAVIN'
ME~ I GUESS!



WE can now take our second breaths—report carditis more or less happily survived, now credits to the Seniors are of the topmost concern. Some approach the school year with mixed emotion. We are, we suppose, in the above category.

To begin:

The date was January 14, the place the Commander, and the people the "elite" of Cambridge Latin.

Seen and heard at the Formal 'n' afterwards: Peg Ciccola very lovely in ice blue, and gardenias in her hair . . . Rita Tager going out of her mind with a pink net bustle . . . Ruth Power's sage suggestions . . . Pollyanna D. Mahoney smiling prettily behind palms in the lobby . . . The "Belle of the Ball" June Becker, and the "Beau" Bud Reading tearing through the lobby . . . John Linehan slurping a coke after the ball . . . Barbara Cleary very sophisticated in black lace that went beautifully with her blonde hair . . . Bob Lowry (as usual) admiring things in general . . . Dick Leonard with all the comforts of home . . . Ray "Type" Foley waltzing bee-you-tifully with Jeanne Francouer, very petite in pink taffeta . . . Marie Sullivan stabbing herself with corsage pins (we had whole bouquets) Barb Rundlet and Mary Alice Bigler and escorts playing hide and go seek all evening. Noreen Buckley looking very much like "Miss Sophomore" . . . David Sheehan looking like Tom's big brother in a tux . . . Carty Lynch minus his school bag . . . Don Kurth wandering around looking for Chickland . . . Mary Barrett definitely "Miss Efficiency" with all the necessities. Doris Stratton beautifully gowned in black velvet. Christine Clements dressed in a Hattie Carneige original . . . Lenny Shrago very much upset about his car trouble . . . Fran Mullaney also having car trouble . . . Oh—that Chinese food! . . . Evelyn Mix having the time of her life . . . Anne Herlihy just her sweet little self . . . Virginia Scott slowing down her speed to seventy for the occasion . . . Virginia MacCauley with a Midshipman (her birthday, too!) . . . "The" Sheehan, very swish in blue velvet. . . . Paul Foley also putting in an appearance . . . Ray Trainor giving language lessons and other things . . . Young Dick Wadden and Dottie Sulli-

van the youngest and most serene couple there . . . Tom Sheehan with the most witty remarks of the evening . . . Marie Russell with one of the most beautiful gowns of blue, with silver trim.

Other data of the month.

Paul Sparges has very intelligent suggestions for advertising (after which you can neither walk nor talk) . . . Jean Cochrane racing around with a chem tube (attempting to blow up something, no doubt!) . . . Eva Bannier has led an exciting life abroad. Justine Powers . . . and Eva . . . always eat grapefruit in the theatre . . . Joanne MacConnell, leading an expedition to seats in the Opera House, fell off the balcony (she survived) . . . Charlotte Perry always gets on street cars and buses the hard way—via her knees . . . Senior Boys are annoying at times, but try to reverse this and annoy them! . . . Wonder who is sending valentines in 309 (Poor Paul!) . . . Bob Farrell just "Sweet Sixteen" the other day . . . Who whacked who in the locker room and when do they bury him? . . . Barbara Fitzgerald is about the most changeable person we've ever seen . . . Jim Fitzgerald played against Garrity of Medford in a hockey game better than any player in the Greater Boston League . . . George Saideh singing "My Heart Tells Me" at his locker in a husky baritone . . . Art Foster is quite the man about town . . . Ben Donahue, Paul Feloney, Alan Balsam, and Carty Lynch giving a heart-rending selection called "Genevieve" . . . Franny "Zebb" Donovan is at this point in the army . . . He was given parties by Evelyn Fitzpatrick, Barbara Cleary, and Rita Tager . . . The best, Zebb . . . Little Sam DeFeo wows 'em, we've heard . . . Verna J. Buckley took up a collection for a gift pipe, received several hundred pennies—George Costa and Tony Frasca are doing a great job on the hockey team. Dick Dale owns a vivid imagination.

Many well-known personalities, as glimpsed at the Rindge C. H. L. S. basketball game.

Paul Hathaway pleading with Moreen MacSorley to get off his feet (seems there was no other place to stand) . . . "Mousie" Kelly sitting quietly by during a hat destruction seige . . . "The Field Mouse" Horan, very businesslike about the whole thing . . . Stu Shane with his classic piece, "The

Movietown News" . . . Arthur Marainian's "Advice to the Lovelorn", recited with gusto (pancho being ill, I guess) . . . Bill Shannon playing one super game (as did they all!) . . . J. David Russell dangling his feet gracefully from a high perch . . . Barb Sheehan just stopping by . . . Loretta Sheehan ad-libbing while Jean Rose became witty . . . What's this about Theresa Downey and a Scotch employment agency?

We guess it's a matter of principle that Evelyn Fitzpatrick always pays her debts . . . Angelo Sullivan has a way of making all her friends happy—Then there's the opposite of happiness, with which we associate report cards.

Ruth Sandock never knows what to expect now in the mail . . . If you hear "Is that your face, etc." don't turn around—it's merely Glen Peck . . . Virginia Lyons has yet to put her speed down in the corridor . . . Quoth Barbara Modesta Sullivan (the finishing school Sullivan), "Your friends are your friends until," etc., etc. . . . "The Face" Tom Sheehan is letting his hair grow (have you seen the his one curl?) What hockey hero is accused of using his hockey stick for resting purposes?

Claude Doucette is quite like a professor in many ways . . . Jeanne Morrissey wouldn't even consider missing her chem period . . . Hilda Davis, Terry Dubuque, and Swish had a delightful lunch one intellectual day at Dinty Moore's (ugh stew!) . . . Chub Kelly can be so very nice if necessary, though at present he doesn't think it necessary . . . Tom Burke's questions in law always begin with "what if" and end with "Oh" Tom Hillery is a wizard at math if the figures don't go over 5 . . . Phyllis Stuart is all out for the Allies . . . It is always a question on the third floor what Pat Doyle intends to do next . . . Senior Class rings are on display and the line forms to the right . . . The ever-present Class Officers are working diligently . . . Louise Gaudette is the model for them; she is getting arthritis just from raising her arms three hundred times a day . . . Alice Shannon and Mary Shea walk slower than pupils on report card days . . . A few boys mistake 209 for a baseball diamond occasionally . . . Ralph Powers for some unknown reason, has changed his seat in his home-room (someone is going to have nervous prostration) . . . Rosemary Shannon oddly enough gets herself lost every day after fifth period . . . Esther Barr is always hungry (oh Miss Powers!) Janice Barker is the pride and joy of a gym class; her ambition is to be a teacher, we're told . . . Is Alice Barreira really shy—like Dinny Downey, say? Who frightened Jim Agnetta into wearing a necktie, or is it a special interest, Jim? What strange fascination has Norwood for Gladys Baker? We have Kenny Lewis to thank for a few of the above notes on Sophs . . . Ginny Braithwaite is still sing-

ing her favorite Blues songs every single Monday . . . Jim Finnigan, Jim Feloney and "Zebb" Donovan all left school this term, two for the Marines and one for the Army. We all miss them but our best wishes and luck go with them . . . Marie Shea and Muriel Scannel had a rather breathtaking trip from Arlington to Cambridge one evening . . . There is nothing that Bob Lowery likes to do better than to listen to symphonies at home evenings . . . After an extensive search we've found that girls take jokes much better than boys. (Surprising, isn't it?) Barb McKinnon tries so awfully hard to understand index numbers, but ohhh! Eugene "Zubby" Zubrinsky is another candidate for World War II; he left school for the Navy . . . Bill Shannon is a man of big responsibilities now . . . Things just won't be the same around the Hall of Latin without our "Terrors" . . . Vera Chvany saw "For Whom the Bells Toll," and took it to heart . . . Carl Bynoe has big plans for the future . . . Art Travers keeping an eye on the proceedings during ring sales—though he does trust his assistants . . . Joy and Stephen Biddle get along beautifully together cuz Joy is definitely a pacifist . . . Johnny Vigeron is making records of his voice for the public (his voice is very familiar to—gorsh, you know!) Our illustrious friend Walter Cremen is still adding to his collection . . . Geri Nolan has a logical explanation for everything (we think that she's the intelligent type.) Herman is still wandering around and causing everyone that knew him much heartache. (he's a monkey you know.) . . . The entire feminine population of the Senior class has entered the Charm class it seems . . . Barb Murphy overflowing with graciousness arrived late and just as graciously stepped on fifteen pairs of feet . . . Elaine E. Alexander must have a priority on charm—she bubbles over with it . . . Eddie Guiney is one Senior that is the mainstay of the Junior Class . . . Ann Donahue has the cutest set of giggles in the school . . . The 1944 edition of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs is as follows: "Doc"—"Zebb" Donovan, "Sleepy"—Eugene Zubrinsky, "Grumpy"—Glen Peck, "Happy"—Tom Sheehan, "Sneezy"—John Vigneron, "Dopey"—Paul Mahoney, "Bashful"—well, it's between Paul Hanlon and Jim Russell. The Snow White is as usual debatable . . . (Any ideas, kids?)

Jean O'Clair is a working girl . . . "Margate" O'Brien, after viewing "Happy Land" sniffled through a hot fudge sundae with much gusto . . . (her crying didn't hinder the eating at all) . . . An early bird at Purdy's was Ruth Sandock—her proofs are very lovely . . . The Misses Dynan, Emery, and Doyle find something to do at all times to keep themselves occupied . . . "Maxie" Maxwell is still in there pitching for a driver's license . . . Jimmy Nevins is now a proud member of the

Civil Air Patrol . . . (we've been flying since we were children) . . . Joe Winn is counting the days to the Formal . . . Mary Messinger at her usual best, vigorously leading a cheering section at the Hockey games . . . Eleanor Murphy finds a great many interesting things at Hockey games . . . Room 118 has two agents with charming personalities who are making the *Review* prosperous . . . Then we have Henry Servilis . . . Doris Wheeler is a whiz at Economics, she keeps telling us. (We are mean, aren't we?) Plans for a Junior Prom are very much under way . . .

I now take tender leave of those of you who have managed to survive the onslaught as far as this. Be see'n you!

CARMELINE ROSE, '44.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Alan Balsam	Helen Markiewicz
Robert Bane	Louise Montagna
Everett Cameron	Marie Montana
Ruth Coleman	Mary Mullaly
Marilyn Cook	Joseph Murphy
Catherine Cooper	Margaret Murphy
Mary Coughlin	Mary Nunes
Walter Cremens	Julia Oppedisano
Josephine Donato	Grace Parisi
Mary Donnelly	Walther Patacchiola
Anna Dunn	Anita Pepe
Thelma Ferdinand	Claire Porter
Ross Harris	Peggy Reynolds
Paul Haskell	Jacob Roseman
Martha Hoban	Marie Russell
Ethel Jensen	Nancy Salvato
Anne Krikorian	Stewart Shane
Mary Linsky	Alberta Silverman
Ruth Looney	James Sullivan
Carty Lynch	Josephine Trocki
Virginia Lyons	Ruth Wenskus

THREE DAISIES

IN the brown leaves I can see thrèe daisies
opening their petals in winged whitness,
Bending gracefully in the pale light of the sun.
The green mist of their leaves
caresses the earth beneath them.

Now the sun is brilliant,
and the daisies are hazed in light.
Their leaves are thin gauze
and the flowers glow as white
and the wings of the cabbage moth.
A dark shadow behind them
heightens the clean whiteness of their beauty.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Aline Amon	Geraldine Leech
Georgia Anestis	Catherine Marathos
Lydia Archigian	Carmen Martin
Lincoln Balcom	Beverley Milmore
Irene Barr	Chiarina Nicotera
Rosemary Botelho	Deidre O'Brien
Noreen Buckley	Lily Root
Elizabeth Camelio	Earle Rosenberg
Roy Cooper	Anne Rosie
Helen Culolias	Edna Sargent
Catherine Curtiss	Barbara Scanlon
Dorothy Dooley	Helen Scannell
Theodora Downer	Helen Trotsky
Theresa Fitzgerald	Gertrude Turner
Esther Fox	Alice Vasil
Peter Gomatos	Elizabeth Vaudo
Susan Hoban	Eleanor Wadden
Angus Hogg	Ruth Weisman
Charlotte Johnson	John Winn

"THE LORELEI"

I don't know why this sadness
Comes over me, but yet,
There is an ancient legend
That I can ne'er forget.

The air is cool and darkening.
The Rhine does softly flow.
A mountain peak is sparkling
In the evening sun's last glow.

Wonderful, most beautiful,
A maiden sits up there,
Her golden jewelry flashing
As she combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
While singing a haunting song,
Whose melody is wonderful
And, oh, so strangely strong!

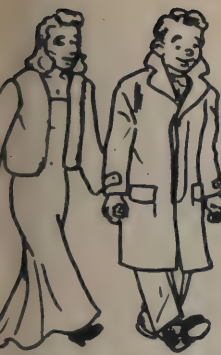
A boatman in his little craft
Is seized by wildest grief.
He only looks up to the heights;
He doesn't see the reef.

The river swallowed up his boat,
And thus he had to die.
All this was done by the magic song
Of the beautiful Lorelei!

HEINE

(Translated by ALINE AMON)





JOE QUINN AND ELEANOR CLAVIN SEEN UPON ARRIVING HAD A WONDERFUL TIME—

PRETTY JUNE BECKER AND ARTHUR READING TOOK THE FLOOR FIRST~ BUD NEEDS PLENTY O' ROOM WHEN HE "DANCES"~



MORE BOYS THAN USUAL WERE STANDING— STIFF, STUBBORN SHIRT FRONTS INSISTED ON POPPING OUT OF PLACE~ THE GRAND MARCH, DIRECTED BY MR. SANTORO AND MR. OLESON, WAS REALLY SOMETHING TO SEE!

MARY ANN BIGLER

BARBARA RUNDLET

MARY MESSINGER



PEN NOTES ON THE G.A.A. FORMAL

HERE WAS A SOLDIER BOY IN ATTENDANCE—



BOB LOWRY AND EVELYN MIX MADE A CHARMING COUPLE~ THEY GOT IN EARLY~ TH' NEXT MORNING~



WHAT DASHING GENTLEMAN WAS SEEN WITH AT LEAST A HALF DOZEN DIFFERENT DANCING PARTNERS?



Tom Scouras

THE G.A.A. FORMAL, UNDER THE ABLE SUPERVISION OF MISS BROWN, WAS AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS~

LOUISE GRUHN AND J. SHEPPARD WON THE WALTZ CONTEST! THEY SOLOED~ ARTHUR MURRAY COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER~



PAUL MAHONEY & ANN HERLIHY TOOK MORE THAN A FEW BREATHIN' SPELLS~ REASON? PAUL'S FEET HURT!

J. LYNCH AND P. LEONARD SLIPPED INTO A "LIL BIT OF BUGGIN'"



LANA TURNER? NEVER HEARD OF HER!



OUR POPULAR CUSTODIAN RECEIVED A GRACIOUS HAND FROM TH' DANCERS~



JOE SHEEHAN GOT TIRED OF "TRIPPING TH' LIGHT FANTASTIC"



SOME SHOULD HAVE TIPPED OFF THOSE GUM CHEWERS



"THE BALL WAS OVER" AND THUS ENDED A PERFECT EVENING~



FRESHMAN NOTES

It doesn't seem possible that the school year is more than one-half over (or does it?) — We hope the report cards were all right — Doris Redd spends at least two hours a day practicing at the piano — We are glad to see that the splint has been removed from Mary Keane's arm — A surprisingly large number of Freshmen are working after school. Every one wants to do his bit to bring this war to a quick finish — Lorraine Newell has hopes of being a doctor — Myrtle Billingsly always seems to be bubbling over with good spirits — Irene Bozyczko is now minus her appendix — Have you ever seen Claire Allen in a laughing spell? — Dorothy Amendola was really peeved before she discovered that one mark on her report card was put on lower than it should have been. Are you feeling better now Dorothy? — Paul Boudreau is doing a good job on the hockey team — Albert Boyle, the Harry James of C. H. L. S., is forming his own orchestra now — Francis Carberry has the shyest smile — Lorraine Duncan has made some fine drawings for her home room — Dolores Silva and Rose Santos really dig up the notes — The champ of the physical educational classes in "push-ups" is Donald Doyle with forty — The Russell School should be proud of the marks attained by Lois Morah and Gretchen Hartmann — Doris LeBlane is nominated for the freshman pin-up girl—One Freshman home room group has really been around; its had four different home rooms so far—Betty Monohan and Joan Kelly are in no great hurry to get away from here after school—We have had many guesses turned in as to Steve Biddle's middle name. We will try to publish it in the next issue — How did Rose Semprini earn the large sum of a penny? — Catherine Cunniff and Norma Cronin are always together—Jean Davies cuts a very pretty figure on ice — Room 126 had a large number on the Honor Roll—Tommy Campbell hopes to succeed Tommy Dorsey on the trombone. He has his own orchestra and we may have a battle of music between Tommy and Albert Boyle before the end of the year — With so many of us working part time, we should be able to buy more stamps and bonds.

John Donoghue seems to be popular with all the freshmen — Lucy Derderian has a different sweater for each day in the week—Look out for Paul Crowley when you're skating at the common, girls — Has Jean Emery sold any pencils yet? — Who is the gremlin in Room 119 who is always pestering the girls? — judging from the number of "Burns" there you would think there were many fires in Room 119 — Albert DeSimone thinks that our school day is supposed to last until 2:25 — Mickey Pahegian is always laughing even in 7th period — Florence Pryszynt writes some very in-

teresting essays — Dolores Harris is very fond of candy — Mary O'Rourke is a real comedienne. She keeps all her friends amused during lunch — R. W. doesn't like to wear hats—Barbara Toger and Lillian Peterson enjoy going to one of their classes more than to the others — Emma Thomas has been joshed about "Joshua" a great deal of late — As far as we can see, a good deal of Art McKenzie's artistic talent has gone into his ties — Phyllis Delaney is certainly doing her share in buying war stamps. We should follow her example and buy as many stamps and bonds as possible — Catherine Breen has a new teacher. Myrtle Billingsly is teaching her how to knit — Goldie Ballas is getting famous for her cooking. Have you sampled her chocolate cake yet? — Helen Coughlin likes to read mystery stories — Sylvia Hall, Gretchen Hartman and Donald Craig are outstanding members of the Debate Club. Sylvia and Gretchen will probably enter the Durrel Prize Debate, unusual for freshmen — By their nick-names you shall know them: "Frisco," "Lanky" and "Midish" — One girl believes in green vegetables. She brought a head of lettuce for her lunch — Angela Cotter is another noted for her skating — Lunch must give Paul Derby a great deal of energy. He gets to his fifth period class quickly now —

THAT IS ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS

K. B. REPORT

TO insure the well being and the sanity of our club members, we must ask that they be left undisturbed while they struggle to knit two, purl two. The bed socks being knit for convalescent servicemen are causing a great deal of difficulty. Many girls have stumbled upon new patterns which no one will ever be able to understand, but nevertheless we march valiantly on to our goal. The recipients must be patient, for we want to make masterpieces of our handwork. K. B. is attempting to carry a banner for the Red Cross beside its own, keeping the flag high with contributions of time and effort.

The Winter Formal is due on February 18th. We would like to see all of our friends there. A gay time has been prepared for all.

Goodbye for now,

BARBARA RUNDLET, '44.



YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON SEALTEST QUALITY

EAT SEALTEST ICE CREAM

General Ice Cream Corporation
183 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge

C. H. L. S. OUTING CLUB

BESIDES its many successful walks the Outing Club has had a "weenie roast" and is planning a skating party in the near future. Many students might like to take part in these social events. Membership is open to anyone in the school, and all new members will be welcome. There will be many more outings soon, so join up now.

C. BLAKNEY, '45, *Secretary*.

READ & WHITE



MEN'S and
WOMEN'S
**FORMAL
CLOTHES
RENTED**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS
"QUALITY ALWAYS"

111 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
WOOLWORTH BLDG., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



*THE SQUANDER BUG
WILL EAT YOUR DOUGH,
BUT BONDS & STAMPS
WILL LAY HIM LOW.*



FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Charlotte Alber	John McCarthy
Francis Bane	Theresa McDonald
Helen Bequaert	Frances McDonnell
June Burns	Dorothy McGovern
Eleanor Cardillo	Anne McMemimen
Barbara Carter	Francis McNamara
Marilyn Center	Eleanor Miner
Lenney Chao	Steve Minkiel
Katherine Connolly	Lois Moran
Lillian Connors	Marie Nichols
Carolyn Cremens	Eileen Obelsky
Ann Delaney	Lorraine O'Neil
Eileen Dinan	Catherine Panselinas
Evelyn Donoghue	Anita Payzant
Karin Enebuske	Constance Perin
Charles Fosgate	Mary Ellen Priester
Mary Giannotti	Edith Repshis
Burton Gross	Florence Ridlon
Sylvia Hall	Lorna Riley
Gretchen Hartmann	Rita Rosenberg
Saul Heller	Lillian Ruff
Eldoner Holley	Donald Ryan
Jennie Katsulis	Arthur Schatz
Margaret Kief	Glenna Slater
Frances Kirkklis	Alice Souza
Nellie Lee	Joanne Spitzer
Florence Lewis	Anne Sullivan
Herbert Lewis	Anna Survilas
Irene Lewis	Emma Thomas
Arthur MacKenzie	Sylvelin Walter
Doris MacLeod	Regina Winn
Martin Martinian	Theodore Zacharakis
Barbara Maxwell	

DEBATE CLUB NEWS

ON January 13th, the Durrell Debating Society had its first official debate of this year. The question for discussion was: "Resolved that a federal world government should be established." On the affirmative side were Sylvia Duncan Hall and Robert Di Comes. For the negative were John Conant and Robert Berman. The alternates on each side were Gretchen Hartmann and Noreen Buckley, respectively. Each side gave very interesting speeches on their points of view.

Already club members have been feverishly collecting material for the annual Durrell debate on "Proportional Representation". Mr. Sheehan spoke to the club and gave the members very good information on the PR plan of voting. After this James Nixon and Dallas Burrows conducted an election under the PR plan.

Any pupils in the school who would like to join the club will have their opportunity when the next tryouts are held on February 7th.

In the near future the club hopes to be honored

by having some distinguished speakers address it on proportional representation. This we hope to have before the debate, for we are sure that the information will prove to be valuable towards perfecting the speeches of the club members on this subject.

Well, I guess that is all for now on the Durrell Debate Club, so until the next copy of the *Review*, good-bye.

ROBERT DI COMES, '46.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE curtain rises on the third act of the Dramatic Club.

In the first scene Professor Packard from Harvard College gave a very inspiring lecture on Voice and Interpretation. The audience consisted of students and teachers, as well as our own members.

The seventh of February will be the first day for the Dramatic Club's bond drive. We will try to buy a \$100 war bond which will later be converted into a scholarship for one of the Seniors to go on with College work. During this Dramatic Club Fourth War Loan Bond Drive, the Dramatic Club will have a program which will include a Quiz game. The Committee consists of Diane Perin, Virginia McCauley, Eileen Toohey, Marjorie MacArthur, Thomas O'Loughlin, Jean Foley, Sylvia Hall, Donald Craig, and Alice Arentz, who has been especially helpful. The Chairmen for this drive are:

Walter Cremens in charge of Freshmen
Noreen Buckley in charge of Sophomores
Diane Perin in charge of Juniors
James Nixon in charge of Seniors

The next scene shifts to the February meeting of the Dramatic Club during which the semi-annual tryouts for new members were held.

We want to express our sympathy for the death of one of our former outstanding members.

Morris Burk, '38, was killed in action in Italy in December, 1943.

The American Legion Contest was held Wednesday, February 8, 1944. The winner from this school was James Nixon.

Before the curtain goes down on the third act, your secretary wishes to extend her apologies to those members of the cast for the Christmas play whose names did not appear in the December issue of the *Review*.

We have received cards and letters from several former members. Among those we have heard from are Lester Crowley and Phyllis Sheridan. We would like to hear from any others who are in a position to write.

Now the curtain goes down on the third act with a promise of better things to come.

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

In these times, the class ring takes on a newer and greater
significance, serving not only as a remembrance
of school associations but also as a
means of identification.

1944 CLASS RING
JEWELERS

Dieges & Clust

73 Tremont Street

Boston, Mass.

SHEA BROTHERS

PRINTERS

Printer of the Review



124 MT. AUBURN STREET

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360

At Harvard Square

PERMANENT WORK

for

Girls 16 Years or Older

Making Welch's 5c Candy Bars
for the Boys in Uniform

Light, pleasant day work with eight hours
overtime each week.

Experience Not Necessary

James O. Welch Co.

810 MAIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

CLASSES STARTING EVERY MONDAY

at Remington Rand School
Bookkeeping, Billing and Adding
Machine courses. Remington
operators in constant demand. Good
war and post-war field. Place-
ment in 3 to 15 weeks.

REMINGTON-RAND, Inc.

MISS G. G. BOYCE

114 FEDERAL STREET

BOSTON 6

LIBERTY 7830

DO YOU NEED A TUTOR?

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M.,
ED. M, formerly a teacher in C. H. L. S.,
more recently in Callan Hall School for
Girls, is prepared to give lessons at her
home, 361 Harvard St., in English,
French, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, and
Plane Geometry, For further information
Telephone TRO. 9642.

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

*School Supplies Greeting Cards
Periodicals*

Full Secretarial and
Intensive Short Courses

HICKOX
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Individualized
Progress and Attention

12 Huntington Ave.

KEN more 6040

UNIVERSITY THEATRE

HARVARD SQUARE

"The Best In Motion Pictures"

Sun., Mon., Tues., Feb. 20, 21, 22

30 STARS 3 GREAT BANDS!

"THOUSANDS CHEER"

with Kathyn Grayson — Mary Astor

John Boles — Gene Kelly

Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Feb. 23, 24, 25, 26

Bette Davis — Miriam Hopkins

Gig Young

"OLD ACQUAINTANCE"

"Gangway for Tomorrow"

Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Feb. 27, 28, 29, Mar. 1

Preston Foster — Lloyd Nolan

"GUADALCANAL DIARY"

"Henry Aldrich Haunts A House"

Corcoran's

A department store

established in 1881

CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE

AFTER 100 YEARS

• Benjamin Franklin's affection for Boston, the city of his birth and schooling, led him to will it the sum of one thousand pounds sterling, to be held at interest for one hundred years, then part of it to be used to meet some need of the city. That money built Franklin Technical Institute.

• This school is as practical in its teaching as its founder could wish. Since the Technical Institute is concerned chiefly with meeting the needs of its individual students, it places its emphasis on the essentials of education for a career concentrated into time-saving courses.

Write for Illustrated Catalog • Berkeley St., Boston 16, Han. 6590



FRANKLIN
Technical Institute

Industrial Engineering Courses in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Fields



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US



There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available.

Appropriate degrees conferred.

Earn While You Learn.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address
H-36 B (Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Numerals) (State)

The Review

APRIL 1944



In the Long Run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this “long run” Photography that PURDY success has been won. Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

160 Tremont Street, Boston

PURDY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Cambridge High and Latin School, Class of 1944

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

APRIL, 1944

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 58

NUMBER 4

Contents

Editorial	2
What Am I?	2
The Negro Choir	2
Storied Windows Richly Dight	3
Education In Wartime	3
The Giant Who Became King	4, 5
The Needs Of The Individual For Readjustment	5, 6
Cartoon	7
Cultural vs. Vocational Education	8
Advantages Of Being An Idler	8
Laurel	9
Outing Club	9
Literary Club	9
An Afternoon Coke	10
Faces	10
Cartoon	11
C. H. L. S. Spotlight	12, 13
Lap Me In Soft Lydian Airs	14
Dishpan Music	14
Freshman Notes	15
Books And People	15
G. A. A.	16
Red Cross Notes	16
In Liberty's Defence	17
Letters From Former Pupils	18, 19
Durrell Debate Club	19
Alumni Notes	20
Dramatic Club Notes	21
The Sportlite	21

Published five times a year: November, December, February,
April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Review Staff

Faculty Advisers

MISS ALICE KELLEY, *Literary*

MR. JEROME HIGGINS, *Business*

MR. JOSEPH SANTORO, *Art*

Editor

MARY ALICE BIGLER

Literary Staff

RUTH COLEMAN

WALTER CREMENS

ROBERT DICOMES

RUTH LOONEY

PEGGY REYNOLDS

MARIE RUSSELL

JAMES SILBERMAN

Art

VERA CHVANY

JEAN O'CLAIR

JOSEPH QUINN

THOMAS SCOUROS

Business Manager

LEO HOLLISIAN

Spotlite

CARMELINE ROSE

G. A. A.

EILEEN TOOHEY

Debate Club

ROBERT DICOMES

Outing Club

CHARLES BLACKNEY

K. B.

BARBARA RUNDLET

Dramatic Club

CATHERINE COOPER

Sports

GEORGE SAIDEH

Junior Red Cross

JOAN MCPARTLIN

Typists

VIRGINIA ACKERLEY

TERESA COTE

PATRICIA KENNEDY

DOROTHY KOOSHER

LOUISE MONTAGNA

JULIA OPPEDISANO

Editorial

THIS winter I know has sped by like wildfire for most of us. The reason is undoubtedly the quickened, almost feverish pace of a nation at war. Everything is accelerated; time is precious and fleeting in the best of times and conditions, but when the element becomes as evaporative and as elusive as it has during the past year, it is no longer merely precious; its value surpasses that of the rarest perfumes of Araby, the jewels of the Madonna, or an original of Rembrandt. We no sooner return to school on Monday after an eventful week-end than we are startled (and pleased) to find that Friday has rolled around again and we rush outdoors full of high hopes and expectations of an unencumbered two days which are too soon gone.

But now, an awakening! The vernal equinox has come and gone like a shadow, and a new, glorious spring waits upon us—a younger, greener, more miraculous spring than the world has ever seen, for each spring is more beautiful than the last, and more full of promise and resolutions than all those preceding; a sweeter dawn than ever before. It is always that way, but even more so now because of a harried winter that spent itself too rapidly. Now I would advise you—implore you to take time out to relax for a while, and enjoy this loveliest of seasons now upon us.

"But," you cry, "one cannot relax with the snap of a finger!"

Of course not. That is why spring is ushered in so quietly and so gradually. Perhaps because of this slow-working process, only poets and lovers take worthy notice of it. Don't let it escape *you*, but keep your eyes open and don't miss the most wonderful sight in the world—that of the earth returning to life again.

If you have a memory passage to commit, unchain yourself from your study, go out of doors and recite it to tiny, bright green leaves, peeking crocuses and as yet unopened buds. If you are reading for an examination, heaven forbid that you hunch over a Governor Winthrop all afternoon. Instead, take up your books, if the weather is balmy, and go down to the river; enjoy that peace that comes of stimulating intellectual activity and joyful consciousness of surrounding loveliness and beauty.

WHAT AM I?

A small fly . . .
June bug . . .
crawled on my paper.
Lacquered, lacy wings,
long and frondlike;
tiny perfection.

A bird sailed in the air,
graceful winged and black in the clouds.
Moving grace.

A dandelion stands beside me,
Its head, a glorious, golden magnificence.

I lie on the ground, watching.
I wonder, in this scheme,
In which they are,
In which I am,
I wonder, in this scheme,
what am I?

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.



THE NEGRO CHOIR

A mass of voices wails.
Darkly the basses,
warmly the tenors,
harshness and pathos.

High above the others
is the cry of the woman;
piercing sadness,
thin and sorrowing.

In the full chords,
rough, weary,
is the rich fruit
of the sadness of centuries.

STORIED WINDOWS RICHLY DIGHT

OF all the arts which have enriched life on this whizzing planet, that of making stained-glass windows enjoys the least renown. To meet a painter is a fairly thrilling experience; painters, the soulful-eyed, tweedy Hollywood variety are most glamorous personages, particularly at Bohemian cocktail parties. When a window stainer is introduced, however, one doesn't know what to expect. The title is uninspired, to say the least.

In spite of its name, glass staining has had as colorful a past as Cleopatra. Perhaps the earliest known application of painted glass to window decoration in Europe is that of the monastery of Jergensee, in Bavaria. Its windows, executed in the latter part of the tenth century, were, like all first attempts, only tasteful arrangements of tinted glass in mosaic. During the thirteenth century the stiff patterns gave way to more elaborate designs in beautiful arabesques and even in pictorial composition. Among the finest English examples of this early mosaic work were at Canterbury Cathedral, now a shambles.

If the men who spend tireless patience in producing their masterpieces could see them to-day, broken and scattered in a million jewel-like bits, would they consider their lifetimes wasted? Perhaps, but theirs would be the satisfaction of having lived creatively, not destructively, of having cherished and developed a God-given talent, of having well presented their true account.

The first period of the art reached its culminating point early in the fourteen hundreds, and with the passing of Gothic architecture it became apparent that the skill was lost. Although windows continued to be painted, only a few artists acquired celebrity. Cologne Cathedral had the best windows made during the fifteenth century.

About sixteen hundred, Bernhard vonLinge, the father of modern glass-staining, established in London a school, whose influence is evident in the work of the present day. The true renaissance of the art did not occur until the revival of Gothic architecture at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and not until fairly late in this century did window painting obtain a place in the United States. Only a few years ago, Americans were content with poor imitations, which showed advancement over the work of the Middle Ages neither in artistic qualities nor improvement of method. Nevertheless, with characteristic enthusiasm, the country began staining glass, and American windows have become famous for color values and color relations.

Like most arts, that of painting glass achieved its highest form in religious vein. Nature, as if

in approval, intensifies the beauty of the windows. Sunbeams stream through the rich colors, throwing delicate tints of pink and violet on linen altar cloths, and striking fire into graceful candlesticks.

Of course, during a war, most skills, except those which hasten victory, are momentarily laid aside. It will be unfortunate, however, if, on returning home from battle, the glass stainers forsake their ancient art. Perhaps an enterprising advertiser will find a new field for the men. The de-luxe helicopters of to-morrow may feature stained-glass windows. Who knows?

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

EDUCATION IN WARTIME

MANY teen-age boys and girls consider education during the time of war unimportant, simply because they feel that they must do their share towards gaining victory by doing war work or enlisting in the armed forces; however, they do not realize how valuable an education will be to them after the war, when learned men and women will be called upon to unravel the knotted threads of foreign affairs.

Because of the urgent demand for war workers and the opportunity to earn large sums of money, young people naturally find it difficult to restrain themselves from accepting such offers. Consequently many students leave school with a slight hope of returning to complete their education after the war. Moreover, young boys especially, who have seen and talked to their friends in the armed forces, are easily persuaded into joining the service before graduating from school.

Although many parents beseech their children to remain in school, they know how hopeless it is to compel a child to concentrate on school work when his only wish is to go to war. Fortunately, not all high school students feel that war work and enlisting are the only ways to help end the war. They know that to be educated today will aid greatly in making a better world in the future.

Education in wartime may seem a waste of time to many boys and girls, but, perhaps, if they stopped to consider how useless and lost they will be after the war without even a high school background, they would appreciate the advantage of being allowed to complete their studies. In many foreign countries today, children are forced to go to war at an early age, whereas in America youths can be educated first.

CLAIRE GALLOP, '44.

THE GIANT WHO BECAME KING

ONCE upon a time there lived in the heart of a great city an evil giant, who hid himself from daylight and only came out at night to gorge himself on the hearts of men. His hunger was never satisfied, and he grew and grew till all the people were afraid.

Some rich and powerful men thought to use this fear to make themselves more powerful, and some old warriors thought to use this fear to goad the people into war against their old enemies. So it came about that the two groups joined forces to have the giant crowned king, but they intended that he should remain their servant.

The giant knew that he could be king only so long as the people feared him. Therefore, as soon as he came to the throne, he ordered a great number of them killed and many others imprisoned. He justified himself by saying that they were "traitors" to their country, while in fact their only crime was that of speaking out against his tyrannical rule. Fearing the giant's wrath, some of his followers sought to appease him by worshipping him as a god. The giant was very much pleased, not because of the flattery but because he saw a way to make his position more secure. He had already forbidden the teaching of any ideas but his own, and he had ordered that all books in the country that disagreed with him should be burned. Now there remained only the Church to speak against his doctrine of hate. The giant chuckled silently and gloated to himself. Then he set to work with terrible energy, proclaiming that there was to be no religion save the worship of himself, ordering his soldiers to board up the churches and imprison the priests. In a very short time, there could be heard throughout the land only the mocking laughter of the giant. His voice was like thunder and those who did not serve him willingly could only tremble and be silent. The people had allowed him to be made king; now they must be content to serve him.

At first the giant was well pleased with this state of affairs. He feasted and bade the people be merry. He ordered dances and great public feasts and he sent his officers among the revelers to say that he was not such a bad fellow after all, and some of them believed it.

But after a time, the giant king grew restive. His element was strife and bloodshed; the ways of peace and happiness were strange to him. He gazed at the fat countrysides of the surrounding nations with eyes of envy. Then the old warriors who had helped to make him king, came to him with maps and clever plans for easy conquest. They paraded before him a splendid army which they had been building for many years, and they

its scabbard as he spoke. "Never again will our rights be infringed." He sent out officers to boast publicly of his army's might. He gave the common citizens impressive uniforms and taught them to stand at attention and give a warlike salute as the army tramped by on parade.

Then one day he seized upon a trifling argument with a small bordering nation as an excuse for war. His battalions raced across the frontier in a dozen places and by nightfall his banner was raised in the little nation's capital. The old warriors now advised him to halt and reorganize but he disregarded them, and, hardly pausing for breath, he attacked two more small nations, which he accused of having aided the first. "Nothing can stand against our terrible might," he boasted to his people. And he toasted his soldiers in stolen wine, "Plunder! Ravage! Destroy!—Take what you will." Now was the giant exultant. He wrapped himself up in battle-smoke and bathed his great sword in blood. His armies swept forward like a flame. Nation after nation fell before him and was trampled under foot, until at last there remained only a dim, little-known land to the east and a tiny island.

This island was the home of a sea-faring people, at whose hands the giant's country had once suffered a terrible defeat. When he had first come to power, the giant had sworn a secret oath to take revenge for that defeat and now he was ready to do so. Day after day his men hurled missiles across the narrow channel that separated the island from the mainland. A fleet of warships was sent out to engage and destroy the fleet of the Islanders. But month after weary month dragged by, and still the brave people of the island resisted the siege.

The giant's people, become used to quick victories, began to be restless; the army muttered and told him it was invincible. When the wealthy merchants who had had no less a hand in making the giant king, heard what was being planned, they hurried to the court to protest. War would ruin their trade. They said war always made a country poor. The giant roared at them, called them cowards, and threatened to throw them into prison if they did not back his venture. And, as they could not oppose him with an army at his back, they agreed to help.

The giant king revealed his cunning in the subtle way he went about preparing the nation for war. He said he desired only peace, but he was building this tremendous army to prevent the repetition of the wrongs which had been heaped on his poor country in the past. He groaned at the thought of those terrible wrongs. "Let the world beware," he shouted, rattling his great sword in

the giant king himself became discouraged with this fruitless war; so, leaving a part of his army to harass the island, he set out to subdue the eastern land.

For a while he seemed to be having an easy time of it. Mile after mile he marched, easily overcoming whatever resistance he met and capturing many towns and a few rich cities. As he marched on, however, the towns became fewer, the land became marshy and barren, and at night bands of Easterners stole silently in from the darkness, killing a few sentries, stealing supplies, and keeping the whole camp in an uproar. By morning they had always disappeared, fading like ghosts in the dawn. It was no wonder that the men came to have a superstitious fear of them. The giant roared his chagrin, baffled and enraged.

After several grueling weeks of such campaigning, there came a scout riding hard into camp to report that the enemy was in sight. The giant climbed a high hill and stared for a time in amazement at the long line of fortifications extending from one end of the horizon to the other. Then he smiled grimly and his eyes narrowed to slits. Here was something tangible. Here was something he might take into his hands and crush.

For a whole summer his troops locked in battle with their implacable foe, neither side able to gain an advantage. When winter came the Easterners conducted a campaign which forced him back almost to his own borders, and, leaving the war in the hands of his generals, the giant went back to his capitol to sulk in his magnificent palace and quell the disorders which rose out of the discontent of his people.

The following Spring things became blacker still for the giant and his country. The Islanders, reinforced by an army from a sympathetic nation across the ocean, forced a landing on the partially defended coast, and the Easterners continued to push ahead. His country's resources began to give out and people began to revolt openly against his rule. Soldiers deserted to the enemy. Whole cities declared themselves ready to make peace. But the giant was not yet ready to relinquish his waning power. Ruthlessly he stamped out signs of mutiny, executing soldiers on suspicion of intent to surrender, burning the offending cities and putting their inhabitants to the sword. In this reign of terror ended the reign of the giant.

A pitched battle occurred in which his army was routed by the Islanders and their allies, and shortly afterwards the Eastern front collapsed. Two great forces began a converging march on the capitol, but they could not reach it before the broken remnants of the defeated army. These embittered men blamed their giant king for all their troubles. They willfully forgot how willingly

they had marched out at his command. Now all they wanted was his death.

Long before the vanguard of the conquerors sighted the walls of the capitol, the defeated troops raced through its streets to storm the palace. For all his might the giant could not resist them, careless as they were of their own lives and intent upon his destruction. Like ants attacking a spider, they pulled him down and hacked his body to pieces. Then they roamed about the city seeking out his old favorites and chief officers. For one night the city was red with blood and flame.

When the victorious allies came and restored some semblance of order, a man came to them to surrender and beg for protection. He had been a fanatic follower of the fallen king and had in fact been second in command under him. The military court heard the complaints of his people against him and he was executed forthwith.

Now it is a curious fact that few foreigners had ever seen the giant, and they chose to attribute to this puny, fanatic lieutenant the powers that had caused all the trouble rather than credit tales of a giant king. But there were a few wise men who heard and believed and were troubled. For they argued that such a monster well might grow wherever the people were too weak-willed to oppose him at the start, and where there were greedy men and vengeful men to succor him. The wise men, for such is the way of philosophers, invented long, queer-sounding names for this monster. Some called him Fascism, others called him totalitarianism, but all agreed that the only way to prevent the growth of another such a one was to stamp out in the hearts of men the conditions which favor his growth: fear, greed and hatred.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44.

THE NEEDS OF THE INDIVIDUAL FOR PERSONAL AND SOCIAL READJUSTMENT

AMERICA, and the hundred thirty million people who constitute her vast population, are confronted today with the problems of brutal, savage warfare. This nation has waged war at other periods of her history, but never a war as devastating, or one which affects every and all of her people to so great an extent.

From the peaceful, happy-go-lucky people of nineteen forty, we have changed to a people grim, hardened, and determined to exert every ounce of energy to the successful conclusion of this mad conflict, ravaging the entire world. Instead of planning picnics and gay parties, our young people are either in the armed forces or working in war plants. Our young wives are breaking up their homes and following adored husbands from one

army camp to another. Our 'teen agers are being taken out of school to work, or are moving to new communities where better opportunities are offered to their parents. These youngsters who will soon be needed for government service are learning for the most part of the lust to kill—the desire that has conquered mankind.

The above mentioned classes constitute only a few that the war has brought forth. However, they will prove sufficient to be used as examples of the need for individual social and personal readjustment. In studying this problem, we must realize that we must deal not only with conditions during war time, but also with those directly following the war, during reconstruction, when the finer things in life will have to be relearned by many, and taught to the new youth growing up.

It is well to begin with the problems facing the young men and women in the armed forces, since these youths are the backbone of the nation's on the far distant battlefields of the world, fighting strength. At the present time, they are scattered not only for their ideals, but for their very lives. To many of these boys, hatred, death, and destruction were things to be abhorred, yet now after active combat they seem to have become hardened to them and to have lost a great deal of brotherly love. This is not a supposition; this is fact. Already there have been evidences of this brought before the religious leaders of all faiths in an effort to curb this sentiment. In answer the chaplains say that before going to battle men who have not prayed or felt kinship with God, have suddenly become humbled before His mighty presence. This is a good sign, a sign that those who will return will have had religion instilled in them, and will be ready to take an active part in the religious life of the community.

Another problem confronting our men is the problem of the handicapped soldier who has lost an arm or leg or an eye in the service of his country. These men face a two-fold problem, not only the economic problem, that of finding an opening in some industry or business, but also the problem of the adjustment of mind and body to their new situation. Many boys who have been thus injured have lost all faith in the future and have no desire to continue living. These must be made to realize that they, too, have their place in the American community and can spend the remainder of their lives as useful, energetic citizens.

Let us next consider the young wives whose husbands have been inducted into military life. Many of these young women have broken up their homes to follow their husbands all over the country. This practise, the Army rather disapproves of, because it constitutes a serious housing shortage, and also provides many problems to the soldier when he is on manoeuvres, and his wife must remain

behind. For these women some sort of work should be assigned in which they can be kept busy as well as actively serving the war. Everyone realizes that it is difficult to be separated from the family, but we all must make sacrifices now, and by remaining at home, the war bride is helping her fighting man mentally.

Next we discuss the problem of the 'teen agers. This group, particularly the girls, are becoming restless and in many cases desperate. Wherever you go, the first topic of conversation is the man shortage. However, since nothing can be done about it, be thankful for the dates one has, and "let it go at that." Not so with the majority of girls. The child delinquency officials report a rise of at least sixty percent in immoral practices. Much of the trouble lies directly in the home. Father, mother, and big sister are too busy earning what is known as "big money" to bother much about what little sister does with her spare moments. Only when little sister comes home in desperate trouble does mamma take heed. Many other youngsters who live in trailer camps are not getting the proper schooling and are meeting bad company. The citizens themselves must take a hand to stop this by providing adequate schooling and adequate recreational facilities.

We must also consider the mental development of our up and coming generation. These children, now five to eleven years old, have for the most part been subjected to the glories of war and bloodshed. Though anxious parents have been quick to point out the wrong of this, constant repetition on the radio and in every day conversation have brought the horrors of war nearer. Many children are developing either a fear complex, fear of bombing, sudden night attacks, and the like, or just the opposite—a desire to be old enough to kill. This generation will have to be trained, not to avenge the cruelties done their fathers, brothers, and relatives across the sea, but rather trained to fulfill the gigantic tasks of planning rehabilitation intelligently to prevent further wars. It seems as though the youngsters of today are growing up before their time—so many of the joys of youth are being denied them. However, they are proving themselves up to it, and on the average few complaints have been raised.

What of the civilian population? Will we be able to readjust ourselves to peacetime conditions after the rapid strained pace of war? This is what only the future will tell us. Now it is our duty to provide for the armed forces, and deny ourselves any and all luxuries. Also, we must be prepared for the day when the boys will be home—to stay. Their lives must continue as normal as our own, though they have a greater adjustment to make after the rigid military training to which they have become accustomed.

MARILYN LANDAU, '44.

ONE WEEK BEFORE TH' K.B. FORMAL, BOYS ALL OVER CAMBRIDGE LIKE PAUL FOLEY AND JOE WINN WERE AS BUSY AS BEAVERS DOIN' ODD JOBS BY TH' DOZEN AND, INCIDENTALLY, DOIN' A LITTLE DANCING PRACTICE ON TH' SLY—

FIGURIN' EXPENSES WAS A NERVE RACKING JOB!

CORSAGE \$3.00!
DINNER \$2.00!
TAXI \$2.00!
TUX \$4.00!

MONNY BABIN HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH TH' TAILOR.....!

PAUL HATHAWAY "NICKED" HIMSELF A COUPLE O' TIMES, BUT HE FINISHED TH' JOB AND HAD A SWELL TIME WITH CHARLOTTE CHRISTIAN!

TWEEDLE-DEE
TWEEDLE-D-
OUCH!

AND SO TO TH' FORMAL

MOTEL COMMANDER

RE THERE
O BE SEEN
AT FOLLOWS

"JAWGE" SEIDEH AND LOIS CLARK WERE IN DREAMLAND. TH' MUSIC STOPPED AT 12:00. THEY STOPPED DANCING AT 1:00 A.M.!

WERE YOU AT TH'?

K.B.

WINTER FORMAL?
IF YOU WERE, YOU HAD
A SWELL TIME! IF YOU
WEREN'T, HERE ARE SOME
OF TH' HAPPENINGS!

"PEGGY" CICOLA HAD HER HANDS FULL WITH "JIMMY" FRASCA, HOCKEY STAR. SHE SHOWED HER SOME NEW STEPS!

"CHARLEY" SULLAVAN OF TH' MARINES HAD TH' SITUATION WELL IN HAND

"CLIFF" HERMAN AND "DOTTY" BUTLER WERE QUITE THE THING.....!

A SLIGHT EXAGGERATION OF ONE OF THOSE "JITTERBUG" ROUTINES WHICH WERE PROMINENT DURING TH' COURSE OF TH' EVENING!

JOHNNY CAULFIELD AND MARY RYAN ALONG WITH JOHN PARADESAN, J. ARMSTRONG CAME AFTER LATIN BEAT RINDGE 35-18 IN BASKETBALL!

SOME FELLA'S HAD TIGHT SHOES, BUT THEY STUCK IT OUT WITH A GRIN (OR A GROAN)

ELIZABETH ZACHARCHUK AND MARY O'BRIEN AN' ESCORTS WENT TO CHINA-TOWN FOR CHOP SUEY!

WHERE CAN I GET A FORK?

SOMEBODY STARTED A CONGA LINE THAT ENDED IN A GENERAL MIX-UP

PAGIN' ARTHUR READING!

DURIN' INTERMISSION—WOT A CROWD! TH' ONLY PLACE TO SIT WASTH' CHANDELIER'S! NO FOOLIN'!

HAS ANYBODY SEEN HARRY?

1-2-3 KICK! 1-2-3 KICK! 1-2-3 KICK!



CULTURAL VERSUS VOCATIONAL EDUCATION

WITH the rise of industrialism and our modern "machine age," certain profound educational changes have taken place with a suddenness only comparable to that of the industrial revolution itself. One might even add as a historical corollary to the industrial revolution the "educational revolution."

Since time immemorial, education had been mainly humanistic in aspect, with vocational training being usually found in the form of apprenticeship in some guild. As a matter of fact, this vocational training was not even considered actual education, but more in the form of work; education, except in the higher scientific branches, consisted mainly of Greek, Latin, Romance Languages, history, and other branches of "polite learning."

But, since the evolution of industrialization, trade schools and vocational centers have vied with the classically inclined schools in the field of education. Nowhere is this condition better typified than in our native city of Cambridge, where boys at Cambridge High and Latin School are given the opportunity of instruction in the humanities, though we have separate commercial courses also; while our neighbor, Rindge Technical School, offers vocational courses for boys technically inclined. This dual existence of both technical and classical education can be found everywhere throughout the world since the inception of the "age of invention."

In an unbiased critical appraisal of modern education in these two primary aspects, I must state that I consider both forms of education necessary for the best interests of the common weal. A definite historical example may be found by tracing education in two nations, Germany and France. Germany, for the past ten years, bent every educational effort in the vocational direction; National Socialism thought that military advancement and industrial perfection were their chief aims, and therefore, they were anti-classical, since Erasmus' "In Praise of Folly" and Virgil's "Eclogues" could not wield as much power as a one hundred and fifty-five millimeter howitzer or a Messerschmitt 109 F fighter plane. Thus we see the result of total vocational education; an aggressive, hyper-imperialistic nihilism. Now as to France, known universally as the most cultured country in the pre-war world. However, France, though cultured, lived as it were in another age, and did not have a chance to defend herself against the new world menace until the "fifth columnists" had irreparably disunified her. Thus again we see the ill-effects of educational extrem-

ism. I think that education should play a dual role as a cultural and vocational aid. The vocational education should help prepare a person for a technical position in the future world while the cultural education should help the student retain his Judaeo-Graeco-Roman educational heritage, and give the individual that "savoir-faire" that distinguishes the cultured person in any group. This dual existence of both vocational and cultured education is a simple formula for the well-being of any nation.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '44

ADVANTAGES OF BEING AN IDLER

CERTAINLY there are advantages to being an idler. The idler avoids any feeling of fatigue; he experiences boredom, perhaps, but never physical exhaustion. The idler doesn't worry about meals; if they come, they come; if they don't, hard luck. The idler doesn't have to worry about his income tax; this is, no doubt, the greatest advantage of all, this year.

One does not find many prominent idlers in history or literature. In history, the lazy fellows are pushed aside by those who are less lazy. An author likes to have lively, ambitious characters in his books, perhaps because he knows that people would rather read about wealthy, successful fellow-men than about their idle, though happy, contemporaries. Washington Irving has given us the classic idler tale, *Rip Van Winkle*. Surely, any man who can sleep for twenty years deserves more than an honorable mention in the "Do Nothing Department."

Each of us has a time at which he realizes particularly these advantages of idling. Mine seems to be Saturday morning, sometimes extending into the afternoon. I sleep late in the morning, and when I do get up, I simply roam about the house wondering what I ought to do, but not doing it. Another time which I can strongly recommend to prospective idlers is Friday afternoon. Just think; no school until Monday; lots of time for homework!

In the above paragraphs I have been speaking of ordinary times. Today there are no real "Advantages of Being an Idler," for we are living in extraordinary times. Now each of us has a task. It may be overseas; it may be in the factory or perhaps at school. Whatever this work is, it must be well done to justify our existence in a war-torn world.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.



LAUREL

AS I sit here beside my younger sister, both of us occupied with English homework, I give a little sigh of triumph to think how unaware Laurel is of the fact that she is the subject of my theme.

In analyzing Laurel's outstanding characteristics, I should place a sense of humor first. She has been responsible for quite a few extra laughs in our household just by being her natural, full-of-fun self. This quality, a great asset to her in understanding people, better enables her to cope with such problems as her older sister. Most of her witty ways are quite unconsciously affected, although sometimes they are the outcome of her sense of tact.

The next trait of character which I shall discuss (but briefly) can be classified under the general heading, "Don't mention it." A glance at her dressing table, or rather her top dresser drawer, reveals it immediately. Of course, a loyal friend could argue that the pile of "junk" which must have been thrown, to say the least, into the top drawer is a result of her attempts at making the general appearance of the dresser tidier; but we both know deep in our hearts that the truth of the matter is that Laurel is always in too much of a hurry to be thoroughly neat. I must say, however, that I admire her little efforts at being more systematic, especially when I see her long list of New Year's resolutions with each item followed by five expressive exclamation points.

Another quality that I notice in Laurel is her intelligence, which is not always appreciated, particularly by an older sister. Her power of reasoning sometimes amazes me, for more than once have I been left without a comeback during one of our not too frequent disagreements. I suppose I should mention here that she has also been gifted with an excellent memory; I have been reminded of this on several occasions.

In conclusion, I should like to say that because this is merely a bird's-eye view of my sister, I don't expect you to pick her out of the hundreds of freshmen roaming our corridors and shout vehemently into her ear, "Well, hello, Laurel!"

M. BARBARA COOK, '44.

THE OUTING CLUB

IN spite of the cold winter weather, we have been enjoying a great many trips. One afternoon the club hiked out to Leverett Pond in Jamaica Plain. Here we saw the Redhead, a grayish duck with a brown-red head. This duck is extremely rare around Massachusetts. In fact, Lev-

erett Pond is about the only spot in which it is found in this state. Here, also, we discovered the graceful American Female Merganser.

The Saturday trips of the Brookline Bird Club and those of the Audubon Society have become especially popular with our members. The trips particularly enjoyed were those at Plum Island and the Wayside Inn in Sudbury.

Recently we visited the new Audubon Society rooms and afterwards saw at the Natural History Museum a movie about the Gannet, a large bird, similar to the gull.

The club has lost two of its most active members, Charles Blakeney and Richard Fleming. In their place, Paul Williams and Richard Wood became members.

This spring we are planning various activities such as picnics, supper walks, and bicycle trips. Non-members who enjoy out-door activities are invited to join us in our trips.

CLAIRE MORAN, '44

RAYMOND HILL, '44.

LITERARY CLUB

JOIN the Literary Club! Read a book and tell everyone about it!

We have already had four meetings at which we have discussed the works of the writers: A. Conan Doyle, Quentin Reynolds, and Charlotte Brontë.

A list of many types of books has just been made out by our faculty advisor, Miss Kelly, and all members received a copy.

Only seven boys belong to the club, about one-third the number of girls. What's the matter? Where's your virile courage? Are you afraid of a book?

GRETCHEN HARTMANN, *Secretary*.

HEAT

The heat beats down
in luminous pulsing.
The trees shine fierily
against the glitter.

The air is bursting with heat
and the leaves on the Ginkgo tree
rattle incessantly.

The greedy vines grasp at the bricks
of the house
and rasp in their dryness.

Surely the world is sick.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

AN AFTERNOON COKE

THE music came out of the juke box softly. It was late afternoon and there weren't many people in the back of the store, only two girls and a boy. They didn't seem to be paying any attention to the music. The eyes of the girls were intent on the boy, and his were riveted to the empty coco-cola glass that he held in his hand. The murmur of the customers in the front of the store penetrated the booth only as a low monotone beneath the sound of the juke box.

Finally the silence was broken when the boy spoke. "Yeah, I heard it from his parents themselves. I guess it's the real dope. You hear so many rumors you don't know what to believe, but this is it, I guess."

"I heard it a long time ago but I didn't know whether to believe it or not. I'd heard the same thing about some of the other kids and it wasn't so," one of the girls volunteered. She looked vaguely disturbed as though what he had heard bothered her, but she didn't know quite why or how. "I don't know him very well."

"Neither did I," said the other girl. "But it makes you feel funny just the same. He's the first of the boys I know," she hesitated, "to die. His family must feel awful."

The boy looked up as if he were eager to donate something new. "Yeah, especially his mother. Oh, and his brother's at Fort Bragg," he added as an after thought.

The last remark seemed to provide them all with another sobering idea. They sat and eyed their cigarette smoke a while in silence. Suddenly the music from the juke box stopped. One of the girls looked up. "Gee, I love that. Play it again, Bob."

The voice from the record sang again. "Oh, give me something to remember you by—"

"He was a good guy," Bob began. "I didn't go around with him much but he was a good guy. He was home once last spring. He had just finished officers' training school and he had on his uniform."

"I remember," said the girl who had requested the recording. "He looked nice and he was proud of it, too. He came up once to show it to me. Where did it happen?" she asked, abruptly switching the subject.

"On the way home from Africa as far as anybody can make out," the boy spoke authoritatively.

They were silent again. The tune played on, "when you are far away from me—"

The girl gulped down her coco-cola quickly and said, "It makes it seem awfully close. Think of all the kids we graduated with. I wonder where they'll be a year from now, or where they are now

for that matter. None of us ever thought that this would happen. I didn't know him too well but it makes me feel funny anyway."

For a minute nobody said anything. Then the boy stood up. "Well, I've got to go. Coming?"

The girls arose and the three walked slowly out of the store. Behind them the juke box played on to the empty glasses and the still burning cigarette butts. "Just something to remember you by."

THERESA DUBUQUE, '44.

FACES

It has often been remarked that the face is the key to character. This saying is so applicable that I may almost assert that I can divine the character of a person unknown to me merely by a study of his features. If I do not allow myself to be misled by the beauty or the ugliness of a face, my judgments are often quite accurate.

A large part of facial character depends upon the shape of the face. It may be oval, square, or round; it may have a more unusual shape. When oval, a face has grace, elegance. This shape is the most fit for description by a poet, and the most feminine; a square face is more rugged, more masculine; and a round face is likely to be a weak one, lacking the lines of strength given by a firm outline. The bony structure of a face, that is, the cheekbones, the nose, the forehead, plays an important part in the general impression. Prominent, high cheekbones give a determined look, and make interesting shadows in the cheeks. A slim nose is said to indicate aristocracy, and a turned-up nose is "cute". A too rugged nose may overshadow all the other features.

The lines of a face are even more definitely etched by the personality. Discontented lines crease the forehead unattractively, and droop about the mouth. Selfish lines, hard and compressed, pinch the mouth. On the other hand, generous, humorous lines may add spice and interest to a face otherwise homely. The mouth and eyes are the most expressive features, retaining not a fixed mold, but expressing transitory emotions. Watching closely the eyes and mouth, one can guess the emotions and thoughts passing through the mind of an acquaintance, and determine at least the mood even of a complete stranger.

Faces pass before me, bearing the life stories of their owners written plainly on them. Volumes of human material are there. Sorrow and happiness, hardship and luxury pass in review, a revealing fact inscribed in every line, every shape, every peculiarity. It seems to me that in a single human face there may be subject matter for a hundred books.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.



CHEE! JUS' LIKE I HAD WINGS!

MUR GEO LEAL WAS ALWAYS READY, WILLIN' AND ABLE TO ASSIST!

ART SCALISE AND BILL BRATHWAITE TOOK 2ND AND 3RD RESPECTIVELY. KANGAROOS THAT WERE PRESENT WERE GREEN WITH ENVY!

LATIN STARTED IN A VICTORIOUS SHION WHEN BIG JOHN GRIFFIN, ER TWO POOR THROWS, FLIPPED SHOT PUT 42 FEET FOR AN EASY SECOND PLACE! GIL SILVESTRI, WHO TO COMPETED, FINISHED A STRONG FIFTH!

C.H.L.S. STATE CLASS B CHAMPS

LEO HOLLISIAN GETS HATS OFF FOR PLUCK AND DETERMINATION. HE RAN A FINE RACE AGAINST GREAT ODDS!

M CAME SECOND
JAMES DOWNEY, CAME OUT FOR K LATE IN THE SON, DID SUR- INGLY WELL IN TH' O YD. RUN! WITH CONSTANT INING, HE'LL BE A BIG AT IN SPRING TRACK!

FOR TH' FIRST TIME! AN' HOW! C.H.L.S. WON TH' STATE CHAMPIONSHIP IN TRACK. OUTS' ANDING WAS BILL RATHWAITE, A JUNIOR, WHO TOOK 1ST IN TH' 600, 3RD IN TH' BROADJUMP, AND PACED TH' RELAY TEAM TO VICTORY! MR MURPHY CAN BE JUSTLY PROUD OF BILL BRATHWAITE!

HENRY PETROW, TH' FLASH OF TH' TEAM, WAS JUST A BREEZE ALL AFTER- NOON! HE WAS 3RD IN TH' 300 AND LEADOFF IN TH' RELAY!

AWR! NUTTIN' TO IT!

EASY AS PIE!

HERE THEY ARE! THE CHAMPIONSHIP RELAY TEAM! A TEAM OF FOUR UNBEATABLES! HENRY PETROW, JAMES DOWNEY, JOHN HARRINGTON, AND BILL BRATHWAITE. THEY QUALIFIED TO RUN IN B.A.A. GAMES LATER THE SAME NIGHT WHERE THEY GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES —

ED CONLEY AND STEVE HARRINGTON REPRESENTED CAMBRIDGE IN TH' HURDLES! THEY ARE A COUPLE OF FLASHY JUMPERS!

TH' TRACK TEAM WAS PRESENTED WITH A NEW TRACK!



Spring! And a young person's thoughts turn to things of beauty like diplomas, pictures, and deportment marks . . . So on to the news of the term, with our slogan—"Affection toward All."

A new club called "Seventh Heaven" has just been started—to join it please go to room 304 . . . Charlotte Perry has started a circulating library of her wistful expression pictures . . . To put it extremely libelous, Paul Hanlon is now using "Pretty Boy" for a nickname . . . A certain well known senior is reported to have chased a dog a six ayem with her hair done in rags (just a rumor, you know!) Terry Murray is singing "From the Halls of Montezuma" at all times and places . . . Eileen O'Rourke knows a place where one can procure Hershey bars with almonds in case one is hungry . . . Hugh O'Rourke is a casualty of the after-school-tardy-or-absence-Club. (He tried to go to two places at once, homeroom and dean's office.) . . . Doris Murphy now has a press agent all her own . . . Because of her ambition we think that there should be no question of Evelyn Fitzpatrick's going to Radcliffe. Eileen Fitzgerald is deciding at the moment on whether to let her nails grow . . . (three inches more won't be noticed) . . . Marcus McCorison is debating on whether to invest in a prize fighter or a diamond bracelet . . . Ruth Sandock had a long distance call t'other night; she says that nothing was said. (That's a lot of money to be quiet on) . . . Christine Clements is in the midst of a dilemma, the old Eternal Quadruple, y'know . . . Shirley Finstein diligently counting votes of the people, by the people, and for the people. Beverly Taylor also a member of the throng . . . Louise Gaudette is thinking of joining the Girl Scouts, her good deed every day you know . . . Helen Lee, Carolyn Cremens, and Virginia King won honors for making Red Cross posters, as did Barbara Wentzell, Elaine Speros, and Marie Robinson . . . Here it is Report Card Time and Bill Shannon is still wearing that happy grin . . . Little Ole Latin made a good showing at the Totem Pole one evening recently . . . Barber Sheehan, Barb Cleary, Bess Amidon, Terry Dubuque, Jimmy Sullivan, Christine Clements, and the male platoon Tony Frasca, Art Connelly, Tom

Sheehan, Jimmy Sullivan, and Charlie Mains all put in an appearance . . . The Junior Prom is a cause for worry in some circles . . . They're either too young or too old . . . Estelle Morris is such a lovely sympathetic soul . . . Justine Powers had a disagreement with a tree that just "happened" to get in *her* way . . . Paul Sproges so-o-o patient . . . Elaine Alexander got the giggles at an assembly because of poor Mable Carter's sneezes . . . Barbara Sullivan is going to join the Russian Ballet any day now . . . Dot Grenier never divulges any information as to her whereabouts . . . Gert MacCarthy is going to come to school someday with her hair out of pin curls. (so the roof does cave in!) Murile Scannel is Irish right up to her Eye Glasses . . . Leo Hollisian is trying futilely to take off in his model plane . . . Theresa Mazza declined an invitation to the Seventh Heaven Club (no appreciation there!) Seems that no one thinks that his own picture does him or her justice . . . mostly him . . . Joy Biddle seen bicycling by the Charles one lovely day. Kay Tilson definitely should go out for track. Eileen Toohey at a talk recently about women almost fell out of her seat (interested, you know). Year book pictures were taken though not without much laughter and ridiculous antics. Peg Reynolds arrived at the scene of action with a shopping bag of food. Marie Russell also there with her Class Poem—(beautiful, too!) Seen also Jim Fitzgerald, classic in a hockey suit . . . Myra Ayres keeping the Home Committee waiting while she looked for food . . . Chub Kelly getting a kick out of the Outing Club pictures . . . Carty Lynch getting an itchy nose during the picture . . . Stu Shane dimming his tie . . . Prudy Santoro hysterical . . . Nancy Conway worrying about missing a study period . . . Rose Bottari, our new secretary, happy about the whole thing . . . Mary Alice Bigler getting slightly cross-eyed keeping the Review staff together . . . Ed Anacherico whipping around minus basketball . . . Alan Balsam and Walter Cremens also putting in an appearance . . . and just hundreds of others!!!!

Then there was the K. B. Formal, a huge success with the usual corsage trouble, chicken dribbling, and sneaking in at an unreasonable hour. Lois

Clarke is another protector of law and order. Those three ham-lets John Vignernon, Charles Kelly (pronounced Boyer) and Paul Mahoney are C. H. L. S.'s gift to the world of drama. Marcine Karon almost lost a leg when she collided with a fast door. Paul Feloney and Ben(jamin) Donohue are studying for Ph.D.'s in the art of jiu-jitsu. . . . Margaret Tobin accommodating her elders in typing . . . Joe Sheehan, the Senior, secretly relishes *all* our mistakes . . . We greet a new partner in crime in one June Beldon (reportedly a Texan but in reality a New Jersey native) . . . Art Foster was voted in the Senior Poll unanimously "the boy most likely to stay here" . . . Eva Bannier is going to write a book on her experiences in Germany. . . . The outstanding man of 1944 in the Seniors' opinion is "Flat Top" . . . Doris Stukey always has what everyone lacks—pencils! . . . Tom Maloney is always the one to juggle books to the bookroom . . . Evelyn Mossman wears a surprised look every morning . . . (then around noon she wakes up) . . . Our pride and joy from the Senior Class who are in the service have been home this term—Charlie Sullivan, Marines; Don Monroe, Marines; Eugene Zubrinsky, Joe Nestor, Joe Libitz, Charlie Billings, and Bernie Alden, Navy.

From whence did Loretto Sheehan's new nickname come? . . . Anyone having "info" on rummage sales will please see Joan Howard or Lois Hanlon . . . Marge Learnard's private party developed into a rather large revolution . . . Jeanne Francoeur finds fainting a very convenient blind for other things . . . John MacCarthy (that freshman hero) is the coming Glen Peck (meaning, of course, intelligent) . . . The Sophomore "Elite" headed, of course, by Dick Wadden and John Good, have all one target—food . . . Terry Dubuque has an offer from Vogue to model—sez a Sullivan descendant . . . Anne Caperonis is doing well—only two fractured skulls this month from fast doors . . . The coming generation (Sophs, y'know) consisting of the Misses Sheehan, Howard, Sargeant, McSorley, Dawe, Je Rose, Jo Rose, and Jea Francoeur, positively insist no mention of their names appear here! (so what's a knife 'n'way) . . . Steven Mortimer Biddle is the custodian of the portals lately (lunchroom to you illiterates) . . . Bob Hughes (the housewife) beats rugs with a professional skill . . . Dinny Downey seen one eve racing around with a hot iron (branding dumb animals) . . . Patsy Shea caroling in chorus at the top of her lungs . . . Theresa Marshall and Nancy Conway doo-re-mi-ing themselves hoarse . . . Eleanor Wallace is going to hire a secretary to answer or tear up her fan mail . . . A beautiful song was ruined the other day—Ruth Powers sang the Concord Hymn (no connection, of course!) . . . Eileen Dwyer is going to go to

blows over the window situation—open or shut.

Claude Doucette is completely wrapped up in Science . . . Billy Riley and chop suey do not, we regret to say, agree . . . Bill Farrel is the silent partner in a blackmailing concern . . . Our deepest apologies to Stan Brinkerhoff for not using his eminent name in this lowly column (and to you!) . . . Jim Nixon has a fondness for New Jersey oranges . . . Terry Downey has solved her post-war transportation problem—a ticket for a helicopter . . . Marsha Karls was an unexpected hostess to throngs of Latinites . . . Joanne MacConnell weeps buckets at trains, seeing people off . . . (we're the unsentimental type!) . . . Fran Mullaney's resemblance is in Purdy's window (sigh! sigh!) . . . Don Kurth has his miseries (uncompleted homework included) . . . Any minute now Verna Buckley is going to rush into joining the Wacs . . . And then Arthur Miranian, the Wags; oh, not to forget David Russell and the Woofs.

Bob Lowry (that man about Latin) is now a man about the U. S. Army (a marvelous person!) . . . Paul Hathaway is a music lover . . . every day before school bang, bang on the piano! . . . Joanne Regillo is the Red Cross Worker from 310 . . . Annie Sullivan is definitely *not* a fresh air fiend. "I didn't sleep a wink last night" means Bessie Amidon. Esther Pickler has a generous brother (he sends her wings 'n' everything.)

Well that completes the Dean's List for now. Send those notes in early and send them in legibly. 'Bye now . . .

EXCHANGES

The Student's Pen

Pittsfield High School

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Once again we are favorably impressed by the interesting "Who's Who" section of the "Student's Pen." We also liked the sports and humor pages. The editorial is an effective opening. We do suggest that a couple of shorter articles or poems would lend more variety, although the literary contributions are very good.

Canary and Blue

Allentown High School

Allentown, Pennsylvania

If we are to judge by the "Canary and Blue", there must certainly be a variety of activities and interests at A. H. S. We like your literary articles, though we think they could be longer sometimes. Do you ever use short biographies on leaders of activities? We would like very much to see more of those highly amusing cartoons.

RUTH COLEMAN, '44.

LAP ME IN SOFT LYDIAN AIRS

MILTON! Thou shouldst be living at this hour! Not only hath England need of thee, but the whole world of swing music. The modern bands all play so *loud*. Perhaps with something of your immortal scope, you could upbraid them to push the little valve down—but softly.

Even Duke Ellington, a most distinguished musician in the eyes of classical music authorities as well as swing experts, makes too much noise. Other offenders are Artie Shaw, Erskine Hawkins, and Harry James. What a contrast between the primitive din of the latter and the quiet sophistication of Fred Waring with his Pennsylvanians. Harry James' trumpet playing may be unique, but I've never been able to get beyond the uproar to find out.

Do not misunderstand me. I like swing music as well as classical music but I like it *quiet*. However, I could listen to the Delta Rhythm Boys, the Golden Gate Quartet, the Eva Jessyl Choir, or the Hall Johnson Choir all day without a pang. When anyone of them reaches a climax, I get shivers, not an earache.

I would give almost anything to spend a day with wealthy King Croesus of old Lydia. I should like to visit not only for the wealth of historical interest, but for the melodies of that age. I could even withstand the dancing girls, if I might hear some quiet, graceful music. During the early part of December, when the London String Quartet was here at Harvard, I escaped from my sister's blaring phonograph to a few quiet hours of Beethoven's immortal music. That was almost as enjoyable as seeing King Croesus!

And as for the vocalists! I am firmly convinced that if the loudness of the accompanying orchestra did not sustain them, such singers as Bea Wayne and Betty Hutton would have a break-down after each song. Bob Eberley and Barry Wood strain themselves to the breaking point. But as the saying goes, there is only one Bing. When he sings, out it comes, sweet, easy, and restrained. Dinah Shore, Bing's feminine counterpart, sings Gershwin and the blues beautifully. Let us, for once, just skip over Frank Sinatra.

Music, like all the arts, requires justice and restraint. If more musicians would recognize this fact, and perform accordingly with less noise, I should stop and listen to my sister's phonograph with pleasure, instead of tearing by it, my tympanic membrane in agony.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.



DISHPAN MUSIC

AT the extremely mature age of two, I was, unintentionally of course, the originator of "Dishpan Music". This astounding phenomenon occurred as soon as I was able to wield a spoon. My baton was the spoon, and intermittent pounding on a dishpan was the music. One day while I was in the midst of "The Finished Symphony in B Flat" by "Franz" Sgouros, my mother came upon me. To say there was murder in her eye, would be a stark understatement. She was, indeed, amazed, for I was playing on her new dishpan which now was not so new.

My career as a soloist and a composer cut short, I turned to the research field. The first dishpan music, as it is known to us, I discovered, was played by that quaint people, the hill-billys. It is common knowledge that hill-billys are notoriously lazy, so when the need of entertainment arose, they either blew into the nearest "moonshine" jug or pounded on the nearest handy dishpan. The resulting sounds, incorporated with a squeaking violin, were quite harmonious, if one had an imagination. And since Americans are imaginative people, thousands of hill-billy bands appeared on the American stage overnight. Hill-billy bands sprouted like weeds from anywhere from Sycamore Ridge, Montana to 42nd Street, New York, to 55 South Ugh Street in Nome, Alaska. These bands were small, usually four in number. An example of this sort of band is the "Hoosier Hotshots", who still enjoy popularity on the "Saturday Night Barn Dance." A few farsighted men, as there are in every field, envisioned the future of this "Dishpan Music" and organized complete fifteen-piece bands. The best of these is undoubtedly "Spike Jones and his City Slickers," fifteen musicians, who can squeeze, coax, or force some sort of music out of anything from mother's new enamel dishpan to father's old rusty monkey wrench, size 7 $\frac{7}{8}$. Into the mind of one who sees a band such as this for the first time, invariably seeps the impression that he is seeing fifteen incurable madmen perform. But it is music, nevertheless.

From such a meagre origin, "Dishpan Music" has grown to an enormous and profitable industry. I smile, modestly . . .

THOMAS SGOUROS, '45.

MEASURING UP

An inch-worm, inching on his way
To another worm did say
"Are you feeling up to par?"

The other groaned and gazed afar
With misty eyes, and in dismay
He said:
"Just seven-eighths today."

FRESHMAN NOTES

HERE we are in the last quarter of the year and only one more chance to bring up that lagging mark—or are you one of those who could coast in from here? (They could but never do)—Shirley Nicoll carries quite a large picture with her—Why do so many freshmen think that we are interested in that fact that Joe, Tom, Harry or Dick are that way about Helen, Mary, Ann or whomsoever it may be?—Did you ever notice the way Evelyn Donoghue mothers Dorothy Donovan?—The board track certainly entertains the boys during lunch period. Some great races have been run there—Some of our boys enjoy giving boxing exhibitions, especially when the girls are watching—It is nice to have Lorraine O'Neil back with us again.—

Lorreto Sheehan enjoys walking back from lunch days—Jackie Donohue and Paul Boudreau became star hockey players before the season finished—Julia George and Mary Glennon are great pals—Phyllis Delaney and Lillian Connors have a common dislike—Some of the girls are already making plans for the Junior Prom—Jennie Sinoviski's Easter outfit was purchased in New York—What has happened to all that Sinatra hysteria?—The girls in the gym class in Room 124 really did their exercises in fast tempo one day—John Leary and Frances Lindstrom have become very clever artists. They practice enough in some classes—Louis Morosini entertains with his guitar—Bangs are back again it seems. Mary DeYoung is one of those converted to the new style—Ruth Cosgro and Lucia Derderiam were prominent at the K. B. Formal—Did you ever see anyone blush as much as Katherine Connolly?—The report is that Steve Minkiel is quite a ball player—Rosemary Corkery changes her hair style frequently—all nice—Dolores Harris and Rita Dottin entertain frequently in Room 120—Marilyn Center can really give out in Spanish—Myrtle Billingsley was quite provoked because the "E" was left out of her name in the last issue. Is this better, Myrtle?—It is strange how Evelyn Colisimo, Evelyn Clark, and Evelyn Butt, who sit side by side, can each be so unconcerned when the teacher calls the name "Evelyn"—Warning, folks. One of our girls really enjoys putting on boxing gloves and slugging it out—Irene Lewis is getting accustomed to being used as an example—

Mary Morosas looks stunning with her new up-do hair style—Sparkie Miele and James Xaglakos are seldom apart—Caluin Tassinari has difficulty holding on to his blocks—Many notes have been sent in concerning Gaston Moran—Barbara Richardson has a very pleasing voice.

We have done very well with war bonds and stamps, but let us keep buying until the victory is ours.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

IT has been said that dogs reflect their masters, i. e., a surly man has a mean and vicious dog, whereas a kind man has an even tempered, likeable pup. From my seat in this fifth period English class, I can see that this applies not only to dogs, but also to books.

In front of me sits a mild, inoffensive-looking young man who is very conscientious about himself and his work. In later years, he will probably become a purchaser of dry but well-thought-out and carefully written books. Even now, his books have a certain air of orderliness which I greatly envy. There are no loose papers hanging from them; they are never lost or misplaced. The books reflect the motto of their owner, "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

Carrying this idea to an extreme is a girl in my mathematics class. Her masculine equivalent would be "Spic and Span Dan". Her algebra is kept scrupulously clean and covered. I would not be surprised if, someday, she came into class with her books covered with ruffles. She, herself, is an over-sweet, fawning young lady. She fawns, that is, only on those who are above her in the complex social system of the school: teachers, seniors, and favored pupils of the teachers. Again the masculine equivalent of this type would be a prig.

I find actual proof of this thesis occupying a seat two rows over on my left. The occupant of this seat is a young man. At one time he was considered quite bright, but now he has fallen deep into the quagmires of disordered living and thinking. He dresses in a slovenly manner, and his ragtailed books have whiskers of old papers hanging over the edges. He is a shadow of his former self; his books are reminders of better days.

A sub-type of this last species is another boy, seated diagonally across from me. He, dear reader, is a thinker, meditating deeply on the follies of man. He is also an uninitiated poet. Since this boy's books are also burdened with his deep and heavy thoughts, they, like him, have stopped caring about what the world says or thinks. They wander aimlessly over the school gathering dirt and dust.

In this way, I think that books, being close personal friends of their owner, after a short time take on all the physical and mental characteristics of their owner.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '43.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

HELLO, "gals!" Here I am again with all the "latest" news—not to mention the "past".

Our girl-boy dance of February was a splendid success. We had a magnificent orchestra, which aimed to please everyone; consequently they were found not only drumming out the latest boogie-woogie, but also playing an everlasting favorite, "The Viennese Waltz". We were complimented by having as our hostesses, Miss Feeley, Miss MacDonald, Miss MacLaughlin, Miss Miles, and Miss Parsons. In the latter part of the evening everyone was served refreshments in the boys' lunch-room.

The graduate game which closes the basketball season was held Friday evening, March 24th in the gym. Twenty-three past graduates attended, three of whom were past presidents of the G. A. A. Many old acquaintances are renewed by this annual game. A true feeling of friendship was displayed—a typical G. A. A. quality. The games ended with tying scores of 23 to 23 and 16 to 16. This was the first graduate game that has ever ended in a tie. After the game everyone was served ice cream and cookies in the boys' lunch-room, where many memories were revived by the graduates. Our senior basketball team, which consists of six girls, deserves a hearty cheer. They have played outstanding games and have justly earned endless praise for their co-operation and loyalty. We are anxiously looking forward to a possible senior team in the graduating class of '45. Yvonne Bulger, a Junior, has been untiring in her support of basketball. The scores for the latest games were as follows:

On March 6th we lost at Waltham with the amazing score of 61 to 37. On March 14th the Seniors played the Sophomores, ending with a tie of 16 to 16. March 15th was the date of another Senior-Sophomore game. This score was in favor of the Seniors—18 to 14.

Now that basketball has closed with winter, we are looking forward to the opening of baseball with spring. We are scheduled for games with Arlington, Belmont, Somerville, Waltham, etc.; We are counting on a victorious baseball season as our players are red-blooded recruits.

From six to seven o'clock on Thursday evenings at the Y. M. C. A. many of our members indulge in strenuous exercise—that of swimming. We have a well known swimming instructor, who not only teaches us the fundamentals of swimming, but also how to protect ourselves in time of danger.

Here is something to add to your social list. We are planning to have a Spring Dance in the Rindge Gym after vacation. The price of admis-

sion is estimated at \$1.00 per couple. The date has been planned for May 12th.

With Spring in the air we are looking forward to our spring recess; so have a good vacation that will pep you up—as your last term will be ahead of you upon your return.

'Till later,

EILEEN TOOHEY, '44.



Red Cross



PREPARATIONS for Red Cross Day in the Schools were made at a meeting of the Junior Red Cross Council, March 3rd. Members were instructed by Miss Duff as to the talks they would give in home rooms and in the distribution of Red Cross literature.

On March 7, Red Cross Day, there were home room programs. A member of the Junior Council spoke in each room. Pupils were given addresses describing the work of the Red Cross at home and abroad, to be carried to their homes in connection with the appeal for funds, which was then being made by the senior organization.

Among those who have volunteered to fill emergency kits for the Red Cross are Mary Antonis, Lydia Archigian, Rose Bottani, Theodora Dawns, Edna Fairbairn, Ingrid Jacobson, Barbara Karbaum, Christine Kokinakis, Deidre O'Brien, Julia Oppedisano, Mary Reilly, Barbara Rundlett, Marie Russell, and Elizabeth Vanido.

Miss Barry's Junior Red Cross Class in home nursing is full to capacity. Mr. Duffy is teaching six first aid classes for boys each Friday: two credits are being given for this course.

Congratulations are deserved by Marie Callahan, of the Sophomore class, first student to finish a pair of New Havens—"New Havens" are a kind of knitted bed sock, which take their name from the Connecticut city in which they were designed—though Marie has not been able to attend school because of illness.

The girls of Miss Dodge's room, 128, have completed one afghan and have nearly completed another. The girls of Miss Willoughby's room, 301, are also making an afghan.

A Red Cross honor roll will be displayed in Mr. Oleson's room, 118, because so many of the girls in that room have been active in Red Cross work. Among the names to appear will be those of Naomi Atwood, Helen Bequaert, Myrtle Billingsly, Irene Bozyczko, Catherine Breen, Mary Becker, Edith Aylward.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

IN LIBERTY'S DEFENSE

THERE comes a time in the life of every 'teen ager when he or she asks that long-awaited question, "Now that I'm grown up shouldn't I be allowed more freedom of thought and action?" It is logical to suppose that his query was put to bewildered parents as far back as the Stone Age, for though customs and habits have changed, human nature always remains the same. How the mammas and papas in B. C. handled this situation we have no way of knowing, but it might prove interesting to picture the Stone Age papa patting Junior lightly on the head with his club, thereby stifling any spark of resistance, or any hope of resuming the conversation. Of course, the parents of today would use a method not so crude, but quite as effective to gain their point, for many staunchly believe that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child." (It is interesting to note here what one psychiatrist has ventured to say—that parents who resort to whippings and severe discipline are no further advanced mentally than their Stone Age ancestors.) Fortunately the majority of parents today realize that much more can be gained by kindness and understanding than by harsher methods. "Approach the problem scientifically, psychologically," states the student of human nature, and every offspring is quick to reaffirm the statement. Yet, many remember the woodshed, and the traditional cat-of-nine-tails hanging on the kitchen wall, always in evidence, to remind sonny boy that he must be mamma's little angel, not Peck's bad boy.

Coming back to the original question of how much freedom the average adolescent should have mamma smiles and fumbles with the collar on her dress, while papa growls and glares from behind his cigar and newspaper—both of them failing to realize that it takes a well-ordered, mature mind to plan the proper psychological moment—usually after a hearty meal when the family is relaxing—and failing to realize also that at times Junior actually can be right in his ideas, even though they differ from those of the head of the house. By the time a boy or girl has reached the adolescent period he is sufficiently developed mentally and morally to be allowed more privileges, particularly in the choosing of clothes, friends, and a profession, for he must wear the clothes, be in the company of the friends, and like his life's work to become successful and happy in it.

I, for one, have parents who believe I should have a free hand in all matters concerning myself. I am asked to give my opinion on family affairs, thereby making me feel really a part of the family, not just a child to be seen and not heard. My parents try indirectly, of course, to improve my

mind by discussing intellectual topics at the dinner table asking my opinion and venturing their own. They are also careful to put within my path the very best in literature and art, particularly in the field of music, so that I am made aware of the finer things in life. My choice of a profession is left entirely to me, something for which I am most grateful. I choose my own friends who are welcomed at my home at any and all times. Because my parents realize that they, too, at times can be wrong, I respect their opinions all the more. Most important of all, my parents always find time to listen to my problems, big or small, and instead of laughing or regarding them lightly, offer both sympathy and advice.

I have digressed, but only in one sense, from the original topic, that being I have made the 'teen ager personal. I believe it has been proven through reports of medical journals, temperance societies, social workers, and psychologists that better character development—the most important obligation of the parent to the child—is accomplished by love, understanding, kindness, and a large portion of individual freedom of ideas. Parents are faced with a tremendous responsibility in fulfilling their obligation to society—this responsibility so much greater than many realize. It must also be remembered that a boy or girl may be grateful for the material, but not always has he the opportunity to be grateful for the spiritual—here, parents please note—love, trust, and genuine respect are not bought, but earned.

MARILYN LANELAU.



**The Squander Bug thinks it's just dandy
When you spend all your money
on candy.
He shouts in high glee,
"How jolly for me,
Uncle Sam would have found that
money handy."**

LETTERS FROM FORMER PUPILS

THE following are taken at random from letters coming in from former pupils now in service:

From Pfc Ray R. Louf, 105 Gen. Hosp. APO 923, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

I was hit by shrapnel from a 90 mm. Jap mortar shell. I guess I'll get the Purple Heart soon. How's the old school getting along without me? Nice and quiet, I suppose. I'm still in the hospital but don't know for how long. I sent you a Jap post card from Cape Gloucester—did you get it?

From S/Sgt R. P. Borzakian, Hq Btry 776 AAA-AW-BN, APO 506, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Received your V-mail. Have been unable to answer till now. Haven't as yet received the Review, but as soon as I do I will pass it around to some of the other boys from Latin—Arthur Shea, Edward Bulger, and several others are with me. We are now somewhere in England. This is a very nice place.

From Bill Keough, U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island

It's swell to know that the folks at home are with us 100%. Keep up the good work and good luck.

From L. A. C., Westaway, R. J., M. P. O. 105, R. C. A. F., Guelph, Ontario, Canada

As you probably know, since I have joined the Royal Canadian Air Force I have done nothing except take Aircrew Educational courses and that has been nine months. I had a three-month course in Vancouver, B. C., a two-month course, almost the same and now I am on a seven-month course for a W. A. G., of which two months have gone.

On this Wireless Air Gunner's Course we study Radio Theory, Procedure, Morse, Navigation and Aircraft Recognition for seven months here in Guelph. When our entry, which is the 87th to pass through this school, graduates we will take an eight-week course in gunnery and then be posted for Operational Training Unit.

From Sgt. H. D. Campbell, 3671 Q.M.Tn.K. Co., APO 322 c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California

Thank you very much for that little folder. I appreciate it immensely. If it is possible, I would like to know Eugene Gilmore's address. Last I heard from him before I left the States, he was in Camp Stewart, Georgia. Also I would like to hear from the teacher who taught law. I don't remember his name.

At present I'm in New Guinea. I have seen quite a lot of the States and Australia during my stay in the army.

From Johnny Dwyer, U. S. Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

I would appreciate it if I got the Review once in a while, because I would like to hear some of the news about people I know. Tell Miss McCaffrey I was asking for her and all her children in Room 304.

From Henry F. Daley, Camp Ellis, Illinois

The subjects that I took up in school have helped me immensely in this branch of the service. All the Mathematics that I took up while attending the school have helped me immensely in map reading and compass readings.

From the Anzio Beachhead—C. G. Christopher, C. G. RM 2/c LCT (5) 152 Flotilla No. 10, c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

There is nothing I would like any better than being back with you. It took a war to make me realize what better opportunities the American boys and girls are presented. When you see the conditions over here and all that the people are going through, you thank the Lord that you were born an American.

From Anna (Hyland) Zimmerman,

My first thought when I got the "letter" was how much I would like to hear of what had happened to various teachers I had had. Probably in the group of 20 or more, the only one who would remember me would be Mr. Sheehan.

Miss Morse, Miss Hagerty (Latin), Miss Baldwin, Mr. Olesen, Miss Miles, the names and various incidents concerning the people come back to mind. Why that "letter" has brought back so much I thought was forgotten.

From Cpl. Tom Messoro 31305027, Med. Det., Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado

It is no longer funny to us who are in the ranks to think of school as something that we were forced to attend and we now regard it as one of the major issues for which we fight.

From S/Sgt. James Gallagher, 450 Bomb Group, 723 Bomb Sqdn., APO 520, c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

I received the card you sent and it was swell to hear from you all again and also to see once more a picture of our school. It's certainly an impressive picture and brings back fond memories to all the boys receiving them.

I'm sorry I have to report myself as a casualty, but nevertheless it's true. I was wounded the 16th of January but I'm coming along fine now. I'm in a hospital here in Italy and receiving wonderful care. The doctors and nurses over here are doing a grand job and deserve a multitude of praise. I've run across some Cambridge boys over here and they are all doing a swell job. We are

giving the Krauts a blasting they'll remember for a long time to come—you can be sure of that fact. From Willis A. Soper, S 2/c, Box 7, U. S. Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut

It is necessary to learn so much in so short a time that, here at the submarine school, no time is left to do many of the things we wish to do. I have a chance to try for a commission through the Navy College Training Program. That is why I am writing at this moment. I would like for you to send me a *transcript of my high school record*.

From Charles R. Smith, United States Air Forces

It was nice to hear from you and to know that my old school hasn't forgotten me, for I can assure you that I will never forget the many happy hours I passed in it.

My job here in the Air Forces consists of being one of the gunners aboard a B-17 (Flying Fortress). To be specific my position is in the waist of the ship. Besides myself there are four more gunners. These are an upper turret gunner, ball turret gunner, another waist gunner, and last but not least, a tail gunner.

The rest of the crew consists of the pilot, co-pilot, bombardier, navigator, and radio operator. So you can see that we have a fairly large crew. Our duties here consist of flying every day, either on gunnery or bombing missions. We also have ground school where we take up aircraft recognition, and a turret school where we learn how to operate all the turrets on the ship, for everybody is supposed to know everybody else's job aboard the ship.

Now we are starting on formation flying at high altitude and of course we have to wear oxygen masks. After one of these missions everyone is exhausted and all we can do is flop on our bunks as soon as we come down. But still we love it.

That is a brief summary of what I am doing in the Army. I'm afraid that it is not very well written, for I am not very good at writing letters, but I do hope that it will give you at least a rough idea of what we are doing here at Avon Park.

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

DURING the past semester, the members of the debate club participated in many activities. Among these were a Round Table discussion on the question: "Which country should be defeated first, Germany or Japan?" Trials for new members were held on January 31, and the trials for the Durrell Debate were held on February 7.

The question for the Durrell Debate was: "Resolved: That the American system of Proportional

Representation be generally adopted by American cities."

On February 14, the club was honored to have Professor Charles Porter speak on the Affirmative side of the question. The professor's speech was very enlightening and was enjoyed by all. After his lecture, Professor Porter gave an example of Proportional Representation at work by means of a mock election.

On February 15th, Mr. Joseph DeGuglielmo spoke on the Negative side of Proportional Representation. I hope that the members of the club will have the pleasure of hearing these gentlemen again at some future date.

We are most grateful to Mr. William M. Hogan, assistant United States Attorney, for his valuable comments on the briefs prepared by the debaters. Mr. Hogan came to the school March 30th to listen to both teams.

We also wish to thank Mr. Everetts for his valuable assistance, which he gave to a negative team when he twice spoke to the club.

The debaters in the Durrell Prize Debate were as follows:

Affirmative

John O'Brien—1st speaker
Gretchen Hartmann—2nd speaker
Elizabeth Vaudo—alternate

Negative

Sylvia Duncan Hall—1st speaker
James Nixon—2nd speaker
Dallas Burrows—alternate

Gloria Smith officiated as chairman.
Roberta Jackson was timekeeper.

Our affirmative and negative teams debated Arlington High School in April on the question: "Resolved: That the United States Should Join In Constituting a New League of Nations."

Our debaters were:

Affirmative

John Conant—1st speaker
Donald Craig—2nd speaker
Anna Leccese—alternate

Negative

Robert Berman—1st speaker
Anthony Travers—2nd speaker
David Walsh—alternate
Elizabeth Vaudo was chairman.
Earl Hagstrom was timekeeper.

The next edition of the Review will contain the names of the two best debaters in the Durrell Prize Debate and the winning teams of the debates.

ROBERT DICOMES, '46.

Alumni Notes



To begin with, we have lots of news of the doings of the good old class of '43, out in *The World* for almost a year now—Ted Wadden, Army, was home on leave a few weeks ago . . . Charlie Maine, still in New York, flits in occasionally . . . Harvard shelters Charlie Herlihey, V-12, and Jack Delaney, A-12, within its hallowed halls . . . Also at Harvard is Eppie Dowling, whom we remember chiefly as the boy who wants to write a book on history, of all things . . . Farther from home are Shortly Morrison, Army, stationed in Mississippi, and Dick Ernest, in the South Pacific, with the Navy.

Joseph Goulart, '40, has been assigned to the Technical School, A. A. F. T. C., Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for training as a radio operator-mechanic . . . John Sheehan, recently graduated from the Aviation Radio School at Jacksonville, Fla., as a corporal in the Marines . . . Coralie Metcalfe, Army Nurses Corps, is stationed in North Africa . . . until a little while ago she was living with the other nurses in tents, but likes her present quarters, in a hospital, much better . . . Her post-war plans include a "whole dishpan-full of ice-cream and a bath tub full of scented warm water".

Hugh Reynolds has been graduated from the advanced naval flight training school at Pensacola, Florida, and commissioned a second lieutenant in the U. S. Marine Corps air force. . . Francis McGloin has completed the intensive 11-week course at the Navy Pre-Flight school at Chapel Hill, and has been promoted to primary flight training at the Naval Air Station at Bunker Hill, Ind. . . Ellen Gorman has just finished basic training and indoctrination course at the Naval Training School for the Women's Reserve in the Bronx, N. Y., and received orders to report for duty at the Bainbridge, Md., Naval Hospital . . . Her three brothers are in Africa, Hawaii, and Australia.

Pfc. John Haverty has received his promotion to corporal . . . Barnard O'Dea is in Texas, aspiring to a bombardier's wings . . . lots of luck, Bernie . . . two more aviation cadets are Paul Moody and Earl Sullivan . . . Phillip Strowman is in the A. S. T. P. at Ohio State.

And here's some really good news: Lt Donald Lackey, U. S. A. F., reported missing in action, is safe and sound after ten anxious days in the Asiatic area.

Pvt. Eugene Flynn has graduated from Radio Specialists School at Fort Eustis.

Bill—G. O. P.—Collins recently graduated from the Army Air Forces Advanced Pilot School at Pecos, Texas, as a lieutenant and pilot in the Air Forces. He was home a little while ago and graced the good old alma mater with his resplendent presence.

A graduate of the class of '40, Charles Dann has been promoted to sergeant. He is an aviation radioman and received his wings at St. Joseph, Mo. . . his brother, Robert, with the SeaBees, is now stationed in the Aleutians . . . Carmelita Dynan, a brand new Wave, began her training a few days ago at Hunter College, in New York (the Bronx, to be exact) . . . Albert Doyle has been promoted to the grade of corporal . . . Joseph Bane was graduated in January from the U. S. Naval Reserve Midshipman's School on the campus of Notre Dame, with a commission of ensign . . . Robert Leary spent his 19th birthday, on February 8, somewhere overseas with the U. S. Army Airforces Transport Command . . . A star hockey player at C. H. L. S., he's been in the Army more than ten months . . . Sergeant George Dynan will soon complete an intensive course in combat flying at the Alexandria Army Air Base, La., and in the near future will go overseas to a combat area . . . Stanislaus Burbul left recently for the U. S. Maritime Service Officers School at Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn., where he will take a four months' course preparing him for a license as Third Mate or Third Assistant Engineer, and a commission in the Maritime Service . . . Warren Melanson has been home for two weeks, having completed his boot training at Sampson, N. Y., before entering the Naval Reserve.

Mrs. Beatrice Fitzmaurice, wife of Vincent Fitzmaurice, officer in the Army Transport Service, has been notified by the War Department that her husband is missing since December 15, when his ship, the U. S. Army Transport Nevada went down in North Atlantic waters. A member of the swimming and football teams at Cambridge Latin, he graduated with the class of 1929. To his family the class of 1944 extends its deepest sympathy.

The memory of Robert Paine, '41, has been honored by the Navy with the launching of a destroyer escort bearing his name. Paine, a member of the Marine Corps' First Raider Division Reinforced gave his life in the Solomons. Of Paine, and the many graduates taking part in the war, we're all very proud.

RUTH LOONEY, '44

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.



DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE curtain opens again followed by a din of applause and cheering, for the Dramatic Club has reached its goal in the Scholarship Bond Drive, thanks to the support of the entire school. We are especially proud of the members who assisted in the Drive by selling the tickets.

The first act was the acceptance of new members. We welcome you into the Dramatic Club.

Arline Amon	Norma Higgins
Albert Amon	Beatrice Joughin
Helen Bequart	Jean LeCorbeller
Lensey Chao	John Linehan
Angelo Contieri	Robert McGuire
Helen Culolias	Carolyn Townsend
Robert Di Comes	Helen Zinford

The Prize Speaking Contest will be held April 18th in the auditorium. This year the contestants for the Liberty Prize Speaking Medal are all Seniors and veteran members of the club. They are Vera Chvany, Carty Lynch, James Nixon, and Gloria Smith.

In our monthly meetings we have been doing dramatic work. In March we varied the work from plays to a talent afternoon, which was directed by Catherine Cooper. Several of the members sang and others gave selections.

In April the Dramatic Club will be present at the Debate between Arlington and the members of our own Debate Club on the subject, "Resolved that the United States should join in constituting a new League of Nations."

In May the scene changes and our monthly meeting will consist of three one-act plays. One of these plays will be put on and directed by members of the Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior classes.

The chairmen are:

FRESHMEN: Sylvia Hall, assisted by Lensey Chao and Donald Craig. Their play is, "The Florist Shop" by Winifred Hawkrigide.

JUNIORS: Thomas O'Laughlin, assisted by Ann Corcoran and Mary Herlihy. The play is "Arctic Spring" by Robert Nail.

On May 19th the Dramatic Club will present a Drama Night which we hope will be of assistance to the next War Bond Drive. And so the footlights dim as the curtain closes on another act of the Dramatic Club.

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

THE SPOTLIGHT

IT is with great pleasure and satisfaction that I write the sport news. Our track team won the State Class B Championship, and how! Our team not only won the championship, but they won it running away.

Led by Co-Captain Bill Braithwaite, who won the 600-yd. dash in 1.20:6, the team slowly pulled ahead. Henry Petrow, Co-Captain, placed third in the 300-yd. dash, being barely nosed out. Jimmy Downey, with a final burst of speed, fell short of winning, but placed second. The shot put contest was extremely close, Johnny Griffin coming in second with a throw of 41 ft. 5½ in. If you think that is not much, just try it.

The standing broad jump contest was a WOW, with Art Scalise jumping 9 ft. 17⁄8 in. for a good second. He was closely followed by Bill Braithwaite, who jumped 9 ft. 1½ in. for a third place.

Our relay team fairly flew around the track in the almost record time of 2.30:5. The boys on the relay team who came within two seconds of the school boy record were Co-Captain Henry Petrow and Bill Braithwaite. Also on the team were Jim Downey and John Harrington.

Our total points were 23. Next came Weymouth with 18 and Melrose with 16. Twenty schools participated.

Other boys who participated and reached the semi-finals were Steve Harrington, hurdles, Tom Sgouros and Art Scalise, dash, Gil Sylvester, shot put, Leo Hollisian, fourth in the 100-yd. dash. Our hats came off to them and we wish them a successful spring season. This is the first time in history that Cambridge Latin has won a State Track Championship.

The baseball team was called out and many eager and hopeful boys answered the call. It is too early to say how the team will fare, but looking over the material we feel that we should have a successful season.

Please support your teams. They will not let you down unless you let them down. Until next time, this is your sports reporter signing off.

GEORGE SAIDEH, '44.

REVIEW NOTES

Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer—

Martha Koulouras

My Ideal—Frank Sinatra

I'll Be Around—Report Cards

This Is Worth Fighting For—Lunch Recess

I Didn't Sleep a Wink Last Night—Study Period

Night and Day—Homework

The Same Old Story—Failure Slips

Speak Low—In the Corridors

I'm Beginning to Care—End of Term

The Dreamer—Honor Pupil

For The First Time—Passing Mark

Be Honest With Me—Reason for Absence

Wait for Me, Mary—Corner Ellery and Broadway

Chinatown, My Chinatown—After the Formal

Close to You—Air Raid Drill

KATHLEEN KORENTHAL, '46.

In these times, the class ring takes on a newer and greater significance, becoming not only a remembrance of school associations but also a means of identification . .

1944 CLASS RING JEWELERS

Dieges & Clust

73 Tremont Street
Boston, Mass.

Full Secretarial and
Intensive Short Courses

HICKOX
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Individualized
Progress and Attention

12 Huntington Ave.

KEN more 6040

READ & WHITE



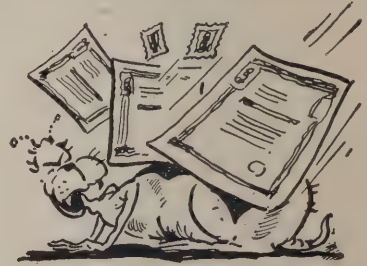
MEN'S and
WOMEN'S
**FORMAL
CLOTHES
RENTED**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS
"QUALITY ALWAYS"

111 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
WOOLWORTH BLDG., PROVIDENCE, R. I.



*THE SQUANDER BUG
WILL EAT YOUR DOUGH,
BUT BONDS & STAMPS
WILL LAY HIM LOW.*



**CLASSES STARTING
EVERY MONDAY**

at Remington Rand School

Bookkeeping, Billing and Adding
Machine courses. Remington
operators in constant demand. Good
war and post-war field. Place-
ment in 3 to 15 weeks.

REMINGTON-RAND, Inc.

Miss G. G. BOYCE

114 FEDERAL STREET

BOSTON 6

LIBERTY 7830

SCHOOL OF VETERINARY MEDICINE

SESSIONS BEGIN APRIL 5

Pre-Veterinary School Sessions Begin April 5 and August 7

• • •

Prepare for a successful career in Veterinary Medicine! High school graduates may enroll in the one-year pre-veterinary course. Middlesex offers standard courses leading to D.V.M. degree. Veterinary Medicine will present attractive opportunities in private practice after the war.

Write for catalog: EDGAR A. CROSSMAN, M.D.V., Dean, Waltham, Mass.

MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY

PERMANENT WORK

for

Girls 16 Years or Older

**Making Welch's 5c Candy Bars
for the Boys in Uniform**

Light, pleasant day work with eight hours
overtime each week.
Experience Not Necessary

James O. Welch Co.

810 MAIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



HIGGINS

**Commercial
Machine School**

VICTORY COURSES

All Business Machines, Comptometers,
Burroughs, Electric I. B. M., Typewriting and
Billing Machines.

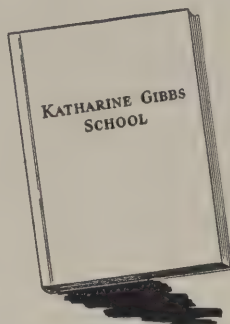
Enroll any Monday - Day and Evening

*Largest equipped Business Machine School
in New England.*

Students placed in positions after completing
8 to 12 week courses

393 Boylston Street

Kenmore 7696



Passport to Promising Positions

• Young women who go into business properly trained command the respect of employers and associates from the outset and advance farthest. Executives have the highest regard for Katharine Gibbs secretarial training—asked for 6716 Gibbs secretaries during the past year. Let Gibbs training be *your* passport to opportunity. Free placement in four cities. Send today for illustrated catalog. Address Enrollment Committee.

Katharine Gibbs

90 MARLBOROUGH ST., BOSTON 16

NEW YORK 17
230 Park Avenue

CHICAGO 11

720 N. Michigan Ave.

PROVIDENCE 6
155 Angell St.



DO YOU NEED A TUTOR?

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M., ED. M., formerly a teacher in C. H. L. S., more recently in Callan Hall School for Girls, is prepared to give lessons at her home, 361 Harvard St., in English, French, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, and Plane Geometry, For further information Telephone TRO. 9642.

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

*School Supplies Greeting Cards
Periodicals*

SHEA BROTHERS PRINTERS

Printer of the Review



124 MT. AUBURN STREET

Telephone: TROwbridge 1360
At Harvard Square

UNIVERSITY THEATRE

HARVARD SQUARE

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 20, 21, 22

Maria Montez

Jon Hall

"ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES"

Ann Harding and Evelyn Keyes

"NINE GIRLS"

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, April 23, 24, 25

Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

"THE MARCH OF TIME"

"South American Front"

Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., April 26, 27, 28, 29

Dennis Morgan — Irene Manning

"DESERT SONG"

"THE MEMPHIS BELLE"

Corcoran's

A department store

established in 1881

CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE

YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON

SEALTEST QUALITY

EAT SEALTEST ICE CREAM

General Ice Cream Corporation

183 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US

There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available.

Appropriate degrees conferred.

Earn While You Learn.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

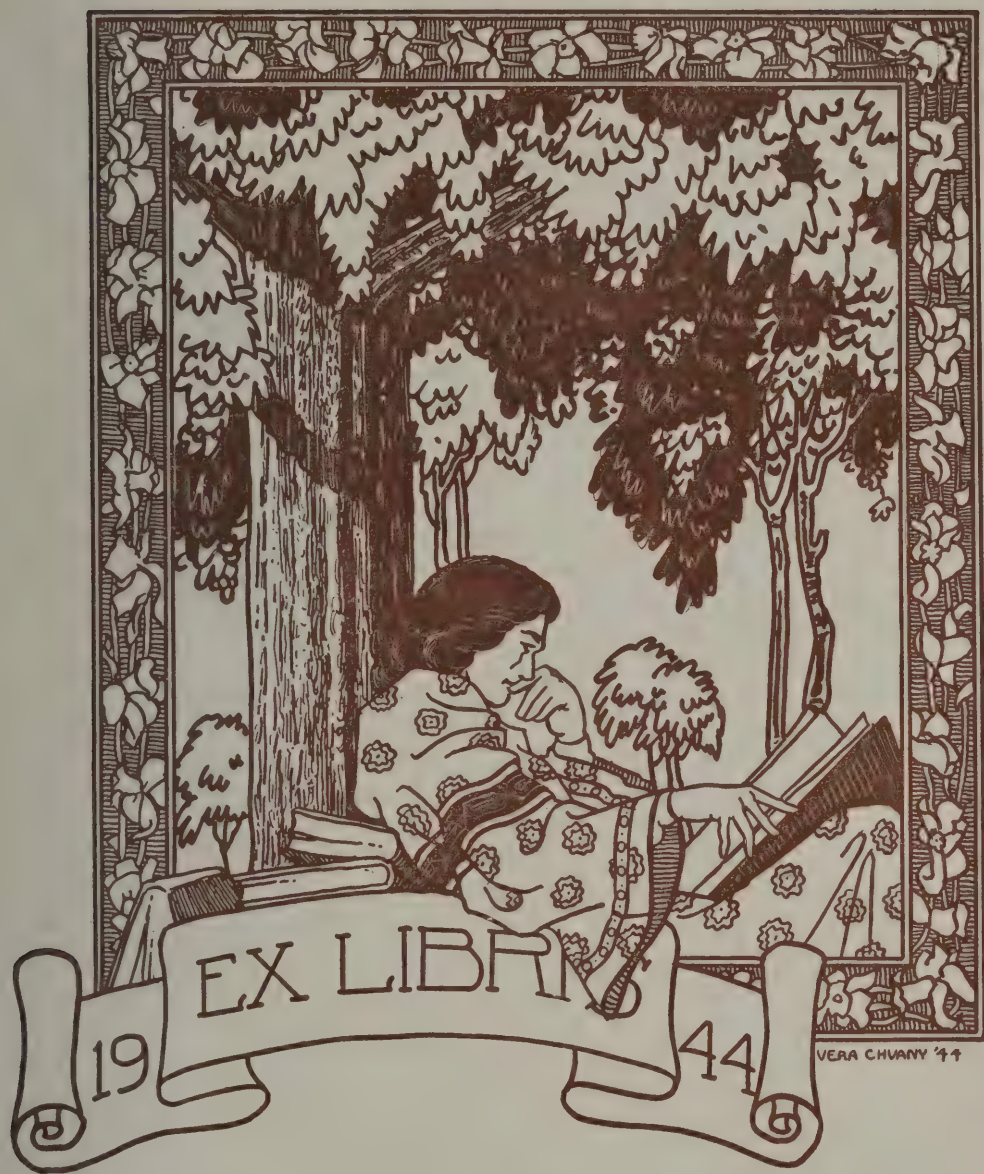
- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address
H-36 B (Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Numerals) (State)

Commencement Number



The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

In the Long Run

you and your friends will prize the portrait that looks like you—your truest self, free from stage effects and little conceits. It is in this “long run” Photography that PURDY success has been won. Portraiture by the camera that one cannot laugh at or cry over in later years.

For present pleasure and future pride protect your photographic self by having PURDY make the portraits.

160 Tremont Street, Boston

PURDY

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Cambridge High and Latin School, Class of 1944

Special Discount Rates to all Students of C. H. L. S.

The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE, 1944

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 58

NUMBER 5

Contents

Editorial	2
My First Party	2
The Moon Looks Everywhere	2
Woman's Place in the World Today	3
Careers Today	3
V For Victory	4
On Unanswering Letters	5
Adventuring by Map	5
Mob Mesmerism	6
Spring Bonnets	7
Freshman Notes	7
On Nationalism	8
Cartoon	9
C. H. L. S. Spotlight	10, 11, 12
Pictures	13, 14, 15, 16
Alumni Column	17
Modern Midas	17
Cartoon	18
Literary Club	19
Dramatic Club	19
SPORTLITE	20
Book Review	21
Ideal States	21
We Turn Away Down Steps Well Trod	21
People I'd Like To Be	22

Published five times a year: November, December, February,
April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.



The Review Staff

Faculty Advisers

MISS ALICE KELLEY, *Literary*

MR. JEROME HIGGINS, *Business*

MR. JOSEPH SANTORO, *Art*

Editor

MARY ALICE BIGLER

Literary Staff

RUTH COLEMAN

WALTER CREMENS

ROBERT DiCOMES

RUTH LOONEY

PEGGY REYNOLDS

MARIE RUSSELL

JAMES SILBERMAN

Art

VERA CHVANY

JEAN O'CLAIR

JOSEPH QUINN

THOMAS SCOUROS

Business Manager

LEO HOLLISIAN

Spotlite

CARMELINE ROSE

G. A. A.

EILEEN TOOHEY

Debate Club

ROBERT DiCOMES

Outing Club

CHARLES BLACKNEY

K. B.

BARBARA RUNDLET

Dramatic Club

CATHERINE COOPER

Sports

GEORGE SAIDEH

Junior Red Cross

JOAN McPARTLIN

Typists

VIRGINIA ACKERLEY

TERESA COTE

PATRICIA KENNEDY

DOROTHY KOOSHER

LOUISE MONTAGNA

JULIA OPPEDISANO

Editorial

SO it's come at last! To those of us who have vaguely and consistently thought of themselves in terms of "the class of '44" as though it were a mere state of being dimly associated with some big day in the future, it comes with a shock of mingled happy pride and regret. To those to whom these four years have been nothing but a stepping stone over which they plod from grade school into an institution of higher learning and thence into a comfortable profession, graduation day brings a certain satisfaction of four years thoroughly spent, tinged with a bit of nostalgia. There are dozens of us who never knew what we wanted but dreamed of recognition for it, and dozens of us who know what we want but will never be willing to work for it, and for these students, graduation holds an uncertain sensation of freedom and fear entwined.

What mingled sensations, vague and unknown desires, varied emotions, dreams, and ephemeral ambitions! And above all, what fears, of not attaining greatness, of making mistakes, and of mediocrity! Silly fears, because we've such a long road of trial and error ahead of us and are still so young. There are a great number of us, but few will earn that recognition we all seek.

True, we will have our freedom, we will be rid of that constant taking of orders from many superiors, whose superiority we are wont to doubt and resent, but once we break away from the society of school, the burden of responsibility as an individual sets in. We are to become components of a bigger, greater society than we have ever participated wholly in before, and Heaven help him whose wits are not about him.

What ever we do, though, whatever walk of life we wish to choose, to make our humble contributions to the never-ceasing drama of humanity, I hope we never disgrace this school, the importance of which we like too well to minimize.

CAROLINE CLOSE ESSAY CONTEST

We take pleasure in printing the prize winning essays in the Annual Caroline Close Essay Contest.

English I	Caroline Townsend
English II	Aline Amon
English III	James Silberman
English IV	James Sullivan

MY FIRST PARTY

THE smells of cookies, cakes, and other delicacies filled the house. Ballons popped up and down in the air and occasionally there was a large bang as one broke into many little pieces of what was once some small child's delight.

To me this was all a terrifying experience. There were so very many strange people and so many queer noises. Everyone laughed and joked with each other but never seemed to remember me in my new party dress made just for this occasion. Yes, it was my first party but everyone had forgotten the frightened little girl in her new pink dress. Perhaps it was in this, my first real moment of terror, that I was drawn to him.

There were games, but they were not games that I could play. Mother noticed this and asked the guests if they would mind very much if she had a game of Pin the Tail on the Donkey especially for me. I was so humiliated that I would never have played the game if it had not been for him. He said that he had been looking forward to playing this game with me.

Yes, he was my first real love and I've made certain ever since that he has been at all my parties. He is not exceptionally handsome but anything he does is perfect with me. I want you to meet the man I have been referring to, the only man of my dreams, my father.

CAROLYN TOWNSEND, '47.

THE MOON LOOKS EVERYWHERE

IN an English country village the smoke blackened walls of a tiny church rose away from the burned pit that once was the interior. These sides were silhouetted unevenly against the night sky, for a bomb had ruined most of the structure and there was no roof. Already, tender strands of ivy had ventured to cover this ugliness that man's fury had made. Part of a stained-glass window was still set in one wall and through this the moon shone, changing it to a beautiful medley of tinted tones. Its pools of colored light fell on the shoulders of a single woman kneeling amidst the wreckage. When she raised her eyes, she saw the window glowing with gem-like fire, and above its jagged, broken edge, the silver, radiant purity of the moon poured in. "Perhaps," she thought, as its light fell like a healing balm on her upturned face, "the moon has gazed this very night on my baby in America. How I wish I could see her and kiss her again!"

Far across the billowing sea a little child rose in her bed, rubbing sleep-filled eyes with a small, round fist. Peeking through the leaves that rustled outside her window, the moon sent shafts of light into the room. As the rays moved slowly, like

fairy figures dancing a stately waltz, they blended and parted to the music of the breezes with a magic motion that turned them into lithe, graceful nymphs, laughing in tune with the wind. Their beautiful rhythm seemed to enchant the watching girl!

Then a cloud muffled the shining face of the moon and the sprites melted into nameless nothingness as darkness covered the scene. One last, lingering beam caressed the little face before turning to shadow and the child, a refugee from England, dreamily imagined that its touch was a kiss from her mother in Britain.

ALINE AMON, '46.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD TODAY

"A WOMAN'S place is in the home," so said a wise man, worried, perhaps, by his wife's ambition. This simple sentence expresses exactly the place of woman in our world until very recently. Women were created to cook, wash, bring up a family, and oppose their husbands in all household disputes. During the early part of this century womanhood began to clamor and to gain; the woman became a voter; she obtained a place in the business world, and she was permitted to walk the streets, chaperoned of course. In the thirties, the depression came upon us; then many women had to find work to help keep the family alive, but many women were turned down.

It took a war to get womanhood out of the home. In many industries, she was not wanted, but the men were away at war; someone had to turn the wheels of industry. The business world, too, has let down some of the barriers. Women are employed in many semi-executive positions, but in very few cases does a woman hold a position at the top of the ladder.

On the battle front, the woman has come into her own. The nurse corps has always served our fighting men. The WACS, the WAVES, and in England, the WAAFS are taking a great part in this global war. Perhaps after the war, we will hear of women military heroes. When speaking of wartime women, one must not omit the gallant Russian guerillas. I believe one visited this country two winters ago. She told us something of the battle behind the lines and of the heroic part women sharpshooters were playing. Women war correspondents cover the front in this war. No doubt you have heard of Margaret Bourke-White, who is a superb photographer. Even if you are not familiar with her name, you are acquainted with her pictures, for she is on the staff of *Life* magazine.

The war has snatched every woman from her home. Many women are still rulers of their house-

holds. The Lord save this country, if they were not! Who would mend the clothes? Who would cook the dinner? Who would raise the family? This last question is by far the hardest to answer. Every child needs the guidance of a mother; a guidance which could not be supplied by a nursery school or by a playground instructor. The delinquency which has arisen since Pearl Harbor shows us that a sane home life for every American is a prime requisite, if we wish to become a happy prosperous nation.

What is in store for the future? There is no doubt that women wish to remain in industry. In a recent poll, ninety per cent of those with husbands wished to remain at their lathes after the armistice. I think that this poll reveals the general sentiments of American women, for they know the thrill of power, but women will have to realize that they must not allow their homes to suffer through neglect.

JAMES SILBERMAN, '45.

CAREERS TODAY

TODAY in our world torn by strife and suffering the iron hand of War has substantially changed all our ways of life, and with them our professions and careers.

Even before the war, the highly progressive advancements brought about by technologists the world over had changed the highly predominant position retained by other occupations since time immemorial. Chemistry, physics, mechanical, electrical, and civil engineering: all of these studies have opened new fields of endeavor for the ambitious youth.

And this occupational transformation is merely the working of a scientific tendency of this age. In the past century and a half, science has gained a nearly omnipotent position in man's opinion. With new inventions in every field, the citizens of every nation have received comfort and aid which, if mentioned even a short time before, would have seemed "chimerical, fanciful." Thus, as a logical corollary, the occupations of people who have been employed in other fields are now changed; chemists, electricians, and other artisans now challenge the supremacy of the lawyer, statesman, and merchant.

It is axiomatic that war is an intensifier of scientific advancement. In their effort to conquer each other, nations further any and every plausible invention made by aspiring scientists. Thus, in the flaming crucible of war are perfected instruments of good to be used in the aftermath. Though the negative goods of war far exceed the positive, some

advancements, notably in the medical branch of science, emerge as aids in the post-war world.

In this conflict we see the light of intensification flashed upon the occupations of medicine, technology, electronics, and other such *modi vivendi*. The boy or girl leaving school, or entering school, is made to deliberate carefully on the possibility of his becoming a mechanic, electrician or scientist.

This glorification of science, I think, is quite good, nay imperative, in these our turbulent times. But I think that it should be taken down from its pedestal of godliness in the post-war and placed on an equal position with other occupational fields. Though I might be considered a reactionary infidel whose thoughts are in the Middle Ages by advocates of scientific deification, I do think that too much science is definitely bad. The adoration of science and reason has brought about the materialistic and agnostic tendencies of our age. Unless God and religion itself has a chemical formula or a scientific cause d'être, the rationalists naturally deny its existence. The tendency is to deny abstraction, one of man's greatest gifts, and to worship facts and actuality.

However, I do feel confident that America, in effecting the inevitable occupational readjustments after this terrible war, will see to it that careers, both scientific and non-scientific, are equally provided for. Science has a very important part to play in the future, in reconstructing the depopulated regions of the world, and in raising the living standard throughout the world to the highest point yet reached; therefore, in co-operation and mutual aid, I feel that lawyer, farmer, and artisan will combine in making our world a far, far better place in which to live, a world in which militarism and barbarity is disdained, in which the long-awaited "cosmos" shall finally remain.

JAMES SULLIVAN, '44.

SPRING

How is it
that as the spring
creeps in
softly,
fragrant,
I feel the clutching of fear . . .

I smell the moist warmth,
and in the moment of enjoyment
pain stabs me . . .

In the deathly soft peace
of the air
my heart beats faster . . .
I do not know
what it is
that frightens me.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

V FOR VICTORY

LONG, long ago in the days when England was prefixed by Merrie, she suffered from a long and arduous war with a great fleet of dragons, who flew over London Town every Saturday night. Naturally this disrupted the Saturday night merry-making, so every man, woman and child settled down to the grim task of either manufacturing anti-dragon sling-shots or else firing them. The anti-dragon men were regarded as great heroes, since they sacrificed their Saturday evenings. One or two had hair and eyebrows scorched by a particularly enterprising dragon who, in a most unsportsmanlike way resented being pebble-peppered.

I have been greatly shocked to realize that many people have not even heard of this great war. All I can say is that if they doubt my word, they have only to descend into the cellars of that redoubtable building in which are housed the records of England from the beginning of time, go to shelf 6900, pull down ledger 5863, open to page 1162 and there you are.

During this troubled period in the history of England there lived a wizard who would certainly have gone down in history except for the fact that he annoyed the wizards' union by insisting upon riding about on a carpet-sweeper which rolled on little wheels. This really unnerved the country-folk, who were used to brooms.

Things were going from bad to worse for this unfortunate magician. He was frozen out of the Friday Evening Literary Circle because he always wanted a happy ending. His grotto, which he occupied only at times of great sorrow, and in March when he made out his income tax, was scorched by the incendiary breath of a presumptuous dragon. His beloved daughter, Rosie, had but lately been the mainstay of the younger set, wearing a wimple embroidered with inquiries as to "What Cooketh?", and causing every young wolf from Land's End to John O'Groats' house to murmur "Gadzooks" admiringly when she passed. She had now left him to cut notches in sling shots at the "Earn While You Learn" Scrudsmore, Scraggsmore and Scripsmore Company. What is more, Rosie had flunked her incantation course and the way she handled a broomstick made her father writhe in agony. Like all women drivers she insisted upon coming out of a cloud at a hundred miles an hour, always blaming the gremlins. All in all, it was enough to get any wizard down. He retired to his crystal ball to see what the future held in store for him.

Now I must explain that his crystal ball was not a very high powered crystal ball as our enchanter was not a very high powered enchanter.

It only showed a very blurred and imperfect picture of the next week or month. Still, in the mail order catalogue there had been a note to the effect that this model had been known to foretell events milleniums ahead in time and that perhaps it might do it again. Practically every wizard had bought one and kept it in his attic. On rainy days they would hopefully climb up and peer but nothing ever happened. They would then sit down and typewrite indignant letters to the mail order house. So our wizard drew up his piano stool, delightedly twirled it up and down, looked for moths in the upholstery, and sat down.

His ears slowly flapped back and forth at what he saw. He muttered "Abracadabra" three times and looked again. Yes, it was a mighty conflict with dragons, the likes of which he had never seen before. These dragons were noisier and faster than the ones he knew and spelled death for their opponents. Shuddering, he continued to gaze and saw these mighty dragons spiraling earthward with smoke trailing from their nostrils, their sound and fury stilled. How did mere man conquer these monsters? Then a gleam came into his eyes and he bent closer over the crystal. Every time men downed one of these weird creatures of the sky, a magic sign was made with the fingers. "V for Victory" they called it. Carefully, as the crystal hazed over, he memorized this gesture and wondered at its awful spell. Now, is anyone able to doubt the efficacy of this symbol? There has never been a dragon reported in England since that day.

ANN WALKER, '45.

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS

IN these days of strife, we are expected to help the Army, which has burst into the ken of the homefront as a star newly-found in the heavens bursts into an astronomer's eyes. We, here, at home are expected to help keep up the Army's morale by writing letters containing chatty information about the girl next door, Aunt Sarah, Mom and Pop, and others. I wonder how I can do this great service because my own "unanswered correspondence" file already fills one desk.

Take for an example the letter to Uncle Jack, owed since last September. This letter is to thank him for a gift of some money. My feeling on the matter is that if the money was already spent for me by my brother, even before its arrival, why shouldn't he write the letter of thanks? And so an impasse results in the Schlein household and the letter gathers dust.

As another example there is the letter to Joe Wenistein in New Haven which has been promised since Christmas. As one day rolls into an-

other, the letter still sits in its pigeon-hole. Why don't I answer that letter? Is it because I haven't got the quarter I owe him? Is it because I haven't the time? But I work after school and make at least thirty times that quarter in a week and I spend night after night playing cribbage and reading Elle Stanley Gardner. The answer is obvious, and it applies to all people who don't promptly respond after receipt of a letter. The reason is, here I blush, that we procrastinators are lazy. Joe probably thinks that I have had some horrible accident because I don't write. Knowing myself as I do, I think that the letter will remain unanswered and the debt unpaid until I go to visit him this summer.

In an attempt at self-vindication I quote George M. Cohan, whose literary output was huge. "The sight in this world that I most dread is a blank sheet of paper. "Because I, myself, dread this sight I try to keep blank paper as far away from me as possible. As a result, my unanswered correspondence piles up.

HERBERT SCHLEIN, '46.

ADVENTURING BY MAP

LISTENING to the murmurous accents of a radio announcers' voice, telling me in a matter-of-fact way that R. A. F. planes raided the French "invasion coast" again last night, I slowly trace with the tip of my finger a course from a point in Southern England to a place just south of Calais. I close my eyes, and the walls of my room fade away to reveal a black, starless sky seen above the glow of an instrument panel. Everything is very dark until search-lights winking on far down below, send up long fingers of light to grope for our squadron. The bombs are already curving lazily down to earth. We see them burst in points of crimson as we turn back into the darkness and head for home. The hum of motors gradually dies away, and I am once more in my own room, seated in an easy chair with a big world map spread out on my knees.

Or perhaps I am tired of the war, and wish to turn to something else for a while. With my pencil I make a tiny dot in the Caribbean waters off Hispaniola. As I watch, the blue of the map deepens and begins to undulate softly; the dot has grown into a trim little schooner racing before the breeze under a head of billowing white canvas. If I lean far out, I can catch a glimpse of the creamy foam curling back luxuriantly from the bow, hissing and bubbling as if the little ship were singing to herself. The deck moves rhythmically up and down. The sun is very warm, and it is pleasant to lean against the rail and watch the gulls dip low over the sparkling water.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44.

MOB MESMERISM

A CROWD of people collected together is an explosive, dangerous thing, as unpredictable as gun-powder. Such a mob has a mass intelligence lower than that of its stupidest member, providing, of course, that it is not some specialized group. People thus collected are easily led by any good leader with a persuasive personality, and the crudest instincts of mankind are easily excited in them.

To illustrate this statement, I can recall an incident that occurred in 1939 when my family and I were traveling through Germany to reach our ship, which was to sail from Denmark. Since this was about a week before the war started, everyone was nervous and on edge. We were hurrying through the country as fast as possible, but since it was necessary for us to have a supply of ready money, we stopped to cash some travel marks in a small town near Hamburg. There, as my mother and I were waiting for father's return in our parked car, a young man came up, and began talking to us in English. He insisted that we were English, and his statement seemed to be backed up by the fact that since we had landed in England, our license-plates were English. He refused to credit our American passports, and told us that all Britishers had been ordered out of the country. Not yet satisfied he proceeded to deliver a long, loud harangue on the faults of the English. A crowd collected about our car, a seething, curious, hostile crowd. For no reason except the shouting of the man beside us, they conceived a hate for us, a feeling that showed in their cold eyes and in the hardness of their mouths. When my father returned, the aspect of the crowd was threatening. Hoping that, used to domination, they might respect high-handed treatment, he started the car, and drove straight ahead. Luckily our denouncer had left the scene, and with no one to egg it on, the mob allowed us to leave in peace.

This is, I think, a very good instance of the way mobs allow themselves to be swayed; their thinking is illogical, their will easily led. Even the most intelligent people, when immersed in such a crowd, will feel its emotions, and be lead into the same gross errors. It is a peculiar and frightening phenomenon, this mob spirit, and one which has played a great part in establishing a Hitler in Germany.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

"LITTLE THINGS"

THE art of observation consists in these: The seeing of great things in little things, the whole in the part. If we consider little things in this

way an entirely new concept opens before our eyes. Through little things we may realize best the ingenuity and persistence, the courage and faith of mankind, the wonders of the universe, and, most important the power of God.

An every-day "little thing" to us is the switch which snaps on the light bulb. Yet behind this switch are the gathering curiosity and observation of such men as Benjamin Franklin, the skill and patience of Thomas Edison, who spent years harnessing the mysterious energy called electricity, making it perform easily tasks arduous for man and beast.

Not only may we recognize skill of mind in seeming trivial, but actual spiritual greatness. I remember a cleverly woven basket that I saw the other day. It was colorful, but not wonderfully artistic and certainly not valuable. I thought, "How pretty" and casually dismissed it, not realizing the significance of the sign "Made by the Blind." This unprepossessing basket was the product of someone who could not see. What mental obstacles he must have overcome, especially if he was born with sight, before he made this basket! It represented victory over his natural promptings to draw back into a defensive shell of unhappiness and darkness. And his symbol of triumph was the woven object which I had not even deigned worthy of a second glance.

The hidden potentialities of the earth are also to be found in little things. A slender match is the result of the cave man's grinding on flint, of the alchemist's experiments with phogiston, magical "fire stuff," of intensive research and industry. A bit of metal, tinier than a pebble, is invested with the power to cure cancer—one of man's most dread diseases. From the air we breathe scientists have been able to produce health-giving compounds; from far beneath the earth comes the lump of coal so vital to industry.

With the worldly significance of "little things," however, their importance merely begins. The lovely dandelion, which, so any gardener could tell you, is absolutely of no material value or use, except in the making of a rather bitter food, is a manifestation of God's greatness. The little weed helps continue the endless cycle of nature and life. A rivulet on the mountainside forms part of the perfectly balance plan in which no substance on earth is ever lost. Perhaps the gardener, scorning the dandelion, uproots it, but could he make anything half so perfect? Behind the electricity of Edison, the courage of a human being, the fire of a match, the radium of Marie Curie, the coal of the miner are nature, and nature, as Buffon says, is the worker of God.

MARIE RUSSELL, '44.

SPRING BONNETS

"BEAUTY is truth, truth beauty." Sometimes I wonder whether that controversial statement applies to women's spring hats. Certainly their flowers bedecked creations are beautiful, but, as far as authenticity is concerned, whoever saw a green bird with purple bill reposing on what looks like a banana split, but which, on closer inspection, proves to be two daisies surrounding a cardinal flower?

But spring would not be spring without milady's crazy new chapeau. In fact, we would not know it was spring, without the appearance of a walking flower garden or fish pool. Let us now observe more closely some of these strange creations which have in their time bolstered woman's ego and driven man to drink.

First comes the perennial broadbrimmed bonnet which is always popular, and which is worn at angles ranging from ten to one hundred eighty degrees. Some women wear it perfectly flat on top, like a phonograph record. Others push it to the back of their heads and tie it beneath their chins with a ribbon. This concoction makes them look either like Scarlett O'Hara or the hired girl. But I take my hat off to those who wear this versatile number at such an angle that it completely obliterates their eyes and nose. All the while you are conversing with their mouths, you wonder whether they have had a bad night, or are incredibly shy.

Then, there is the hat that is not there. The one that plays tricks on you. You are sitting behind a woman in church admiring her hair-do, when suddenly you realize she is without a hat. You spend all sermon time speculating. Did she dash off in a hurry and forget? How shameful! Or is there something tantalizing over her left eye, invisible from the rear? Or do your glasses need changing? At last the benediction is said, and with unholy haste, you lean over her pew to solve the mystery. One small white flower nestles between two rolls of hair from which drifts a length of black veil. She winks at you through one of the polka dots, and becoming scarlet, you vanish.

Even the nurses on islands, and the Wacs in England must give a thought to their headgear at this season. The service women at home certainly, must give their hats extra attention and gloss on spring mornings. Perhaps the shy girl balances hers a bit more rakishly while the clown of the corps sets hers over one eye. Recently I saw a Wave looking wistfully into Gray's window at a minute bit of fluff. I could sympathize when I thought of the delectable bit of lace at home in my best hat box.

PEGGY REYNOLDS, '44.

FRESHMAN NOTES

REWARD! To any Freshmen who thought the pictures did them justice—Mary Donahue was signed up way in advance for the Senior Prom—Catherine Cuniff seems to like the programs at the University Theatre—Phillis Lewis is very cute in her pig tails—Dottie H. never is without chocolate cake—Who are the locker gremlins in Room 226?—Clara Z. shoots through the corridors like a rocket. Probably hurrying to her classes—Angelo Contieri is a great one for breaking chairs—Marcia Lewis enjoys roller skating tremendously—Lucille Godding should be careful about chewing gum during the 6th period—Katherine Connelly is looking for a good photographer—With summer comes the crew haircut. The latest so sheared are Richard Scannell, Steve Biddle and Teddy Zacharakus. By the way, Loretta Sheehan's name for the wearers of such styles is "Skinheads"—John Santoro really wears "sharp" bow ties—Jean Shallow's pocket-book is similar to the travelling trunk—Mary Sateriale always has an enthusiastic greeting for everyone—Leona (Lee to her friends) is still trying to obtain that picture—Bev Seymore rushes to her Algebra class now—Elviva Shephard has her old seat back again—Have you noticed Connie Moreau's head hunter ear-rings?—Barbara Wentzell is extremely popular judging from the number and type of notes turned in concerning her—We were sorry that Richard Woodward had to leave school—It is reported that Mary Morosas has a beautiful diamond—Lucia Derderian is really serious doing exercises—George Francis is the champion in push-ups-120 times—Angelo Contieri still tried to sell track tickets long after the meet was over—Patt Doliber hopes all the girls will turn out for the G. A. A. picnic at Kendal Green—Ann Delaney's feather-cut must be outstanding since so many people have mentioned it—One of Mary Derkrikorian's hobbies is eating—Mary Ellen Priester has so many different ways of doing her hair, she keeps the home room guessing—Margery Neale and Lilliam Ruff are great pals—Sherlock Holmes is needed in room 126 to solve the mystery of the flowers—Mary Ann Francis gets an ice cream soda for every home run she hits. Every one around gets a taste of them—Lillian Winkler reminds some people of a radio—Where you find Sarah Ferolito you find Tillie Foti—Edward Sullivan feels bad over the loss of his war dog Prince—Jackie Barry expects to make his letter on the baseball team—Regina Winn and Glenna Slater are very quiet-in school—Roland Neves is the outstanding boy of his Spanish class—What is this we hear about Florence Ridlon painting a boat?—Wilma Coutoumas has a contagious laugh—Barbara Martin, Francis Kirkliis, Jerry Sinavska

and Mary Francis are all members of the girls' baseball team—Sylvia Hall and Gretchen Hartman received unusual honors by being members of the competing teams in the Durrell Debate. Gretchen won a medal for her outstanding ability—Among the members of the cast for the War Bond Play were Donald Craig, Sylvia Hall, Deidre O'Brien, Claire Rodgers, Gretchen Hartman, Robert McGuire and Angelo Contiere.

We sincerely thank those people who helped this column in any way and hope that they will continue their work in other parts of the Review.

So long, now, until next fall and we hope you have a very pleasant vacation.

ON NATIONALISM

TOWARD every kind of national efficiency, discipline is good and co-operation is good. It might well be said that unified co-operation is the essence of good government.

It has always been a moot point concerning how much discipline should be exercised in a democracy. The sovereignty of the individual has always been held inviolate under a democratic form of government, and therefore discipline as such cannot be exercised too freely, which is all to the good. This question of individual sovereignty was, in the era of Calhoun, transferred from the personal concept to that of the state. The South held that the rights of the individual state were more important than those of the federal government, and that nullification was the natural result of federal legislation incongruous with the state's ideas. Thus by a bitterly salient example, the result of national disagreement, namely, a civil war, unfortunately occurred. Brother fought brother, families were rent asunder because of contrasting political convictions; the United States dropped into an abyss of hate and chaos and suffering from which now, eighty years later, we have not yet completely extricated ourselves.

In France, in the decade preceding the war, another example of co-operation being essential for the existence of any nation was strikingly demonstrated. France, the cultural and fashionable nucleus of the whole world, was for years a political hot-bed of monarchists, liberals, socialists, republicans, social democrats, and a haven for people professing every kind of political allegiance. In such a dissenting nation, then, one can easily see why the Nazi "fifth-column" worked so efficiently. Defeatism pro-Nazism, and other Hitlerite traits could easily be imposed on such an impressionable crowd of "liberals."

As far as co-operation and discipline is concerned, I think that a good comparison between

the dictatorship and the democracy may be drawn. In Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, an iron discipline is placed on the populace by the despotic governments now in power. The discipline placed on the individual is tremendously greater than that placed on the American, but is the co-operation very much greater? It is true that strikes are non-existent in those countries, since the political police would hardly deal with the agitators in a very conciliatory manner. However, though the production-halting strikes do not occur, the grievances unmitigated by such a strike do not make for higher production. It is this spirit of compromise going hand in hand with discipline and co-operation that makes the United States, the greatest of the democracies, the largest producer in the world, and which makes our government one of the most efficient in the world.

Discipline and co-operation are necessary for success in any endeavor. This treatise has dealt mainly with the political aspect of the maxim, but systematic co-operation is the quintessence of success in all fields. Therefore, we should always see to it that for the well being of both nation and people, our laws and acts are effected with that sense of unity and harmony characteristic of the American people.

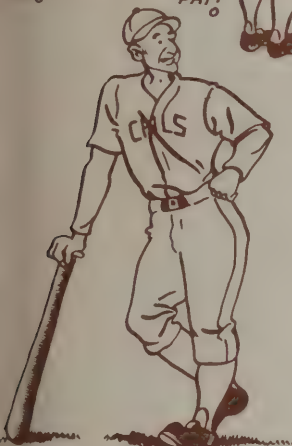
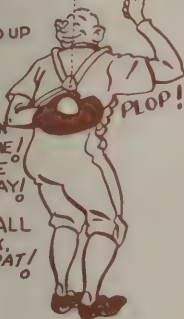
JAMES SULLIVAN, '44.

GRADUATION HONORS

Cameron, Everett	Levine, Estelle
Carlson, Barbara	Lewis, Mark E.
Coleman, Ruth J.	Linskey, Mary
Cook, Marilyn B.	Looney, Ruth
Cooney, Frances	Markiewicz, Helen
Cooper, Catherine	Montana, Marie
Coughlin, Mary	Oppedisano, Julia
Cremens, Walter S.	Perry, Eleanor
Donato, Josephine	Reynolds, Peggy
Donnelly, Mary	Rose, Mary D.
Harris, Stanley	Rundlet, Barbara
Haskell, Paul	Russell, Marie
Hill, Raymond	Salvato, Nancy
Jensen, Ethel	Silva, Lydia
Krikorian, Anne	Spence, Dorothy
Kvetkas, Bertha	Wenskus, Ruth T.
First Honors	



NGE SCORED IN TH'
AND THEN RACKED UP
BUNCH O' GOOSE-
EGGS! RAY FOLEY
AYED THIRD LIKE
VET! PATTY
ARDILLO WAS BATTIN'
6 BEFORE TH' GAME!
E LOOKS MORE LIKE
K ERNEST EVERY DAY!
S CAPT. ELECT OF
X' YEAR'S BASKETBALL
TEAM! LOTSA O' LUCK,
PAT!



SLUGGER JOE BREEN CAN
REALLY POUND THAT PELLET!
HE HAD TROUBLE KEEPIN'
AWAKE BECAUSE RINDGE
SLUGGIN' WAS SO LIGHT!



PLAY BALL!



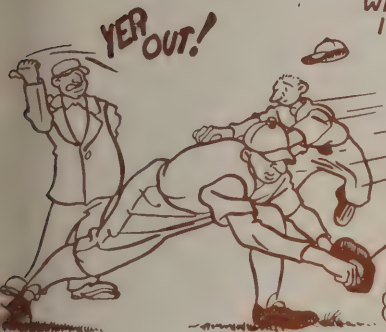
PLAY BALL!! ONCE MORE THAT
FAMILIAR CRY RESOUNDS THROUGH
TH' LAND! AND IN CAMBRIDGE, C.H.L.S.
HAS STARTED LIKE A HOUSE O' FIRE!
WITH 4 WINS AND 1 LOSS THUS FAR,
IT LOOKS LIKE A TROPHY FOR LATIN!



RALPH SABATINO AND "TONY"
FRASCA MAKE UP ONE FLASHY KEY-
STONE COMBINATION, IN TH' 5TH
INNING "TONY" UNCORKED TH' LONGEST
HIT OF TH' DAY, A DOUBLE OVER TH' LEFT
FIELDER'S HEAD! THEN "SAB" CAME UP
AN' KNOCKED ANOTHER DOUBLE TO
SCORE FRASCA WITH TH' 4TH RUN FOR
LATIN!



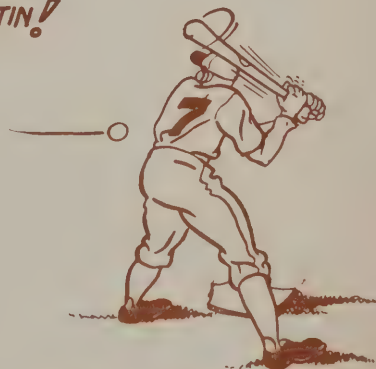
"ED" ANACHIERICO HAD TH' RINDGE-ITES
FOOLED, BUT THEY GOT A FEW LUCKY
BLOOPERS SO "ED" LEARY WENT IN
IN TH' 5TH AN' HANDCUFFED RINDGE
WITH ONLY 2 HITS FOR TH' REST
OF THE GAME!



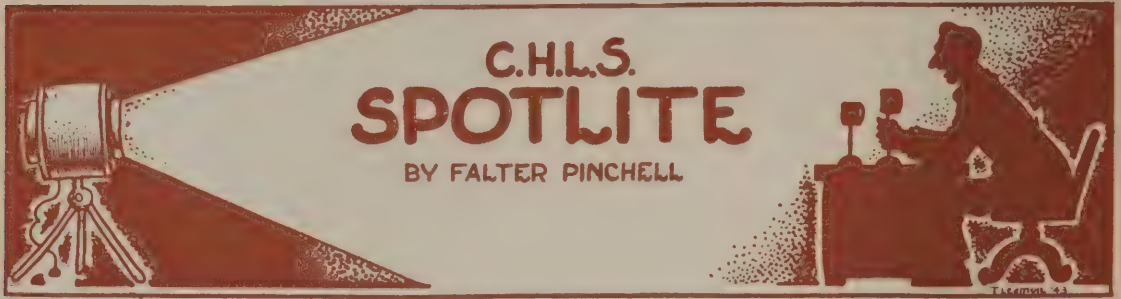
200 LB. "CHUB" KELLY MOVES
AROUND THE "INITIAL" SACK LIKE
A FAIRY! ALL CLOSE PLAYS WERE
CALLED FOR LATIN 'CAUSE "CHUB"
WAS BIGGER'N ALL THE UMPs!



"STAN" BRINKERHOFF MADE TH'
DEFENSIVE PLAY OF TH' GAME
WHEN HE SNAGGED "TONY"
ARENA'S HOMERUN BALL ON
TH' DEAD RUN! "BRINK" CERTAINLY
DOESN'T LACK FIELDING ABILITY!



"JOHNNY" CAULFIELD IS REALLY A BORN
BALL PLAYER! BOSTON SPORTS-WRITERS
COMPARED HIM WITH JOHN COONEY! HE
LIVED UP TO TH' COMPARISON BY
POUNDING OUT 3 VICIOUS HITS
DURIN' THE AFTERNOON!



ALL at once the year is 1944, and we are seniors. We long to be Freshman again and have only Freshman worries such as clean gym suits, Latin trots, single filing, and teachers who are unaware of our many talents. But that cannot be. So we wish "youse" underclassmen luck with your 160 credits. We now take our cane in hand and trudge on.

In four years the class of '44 knows itself inside out. We have, in this time found the most endearing qualities that people possess and things that they do to make themselves a prominent part of the Senior Class. Here below, through fair means and foul, we have listed some of them.

Paul Sproges' ideas that generally result in a conference in 318A . . . June Becker's dignity of manner . . . Mary Barrett's cheerfulness under fire . . . Ed Guiney's smile that seems to cheer you up enormously . . . Marcus McCorrison's Yankee ways and knowledge of farms . . . Myra Ayres' "Now for heaven's sake, don't say that I've told you" . . . Stan Brinkerhoff's athletic ability in practically all sports . . . Pat Frazier's puppy dog affection . . . George Saideh's store of humor, gum, and cupid ideas . . . Dot Arthur's cooking which she can't even give away . . . Louise Gaudette's indignation when caught doing something wrong . . . Justine Powers' uncontrollable giggles which break out in the worst possible places . . . Sam DeFeo's frankness and helplessness . . . Steve Harrington and his various complexes . . . John Griffin's eyes which are honestly pretty . . . Phillip Andleman's quick comebacks which he never uses . . . Tom Burke's "What if's" in Law . . . Bertha Kvetkas' serene and intelligent aspect . . . Ronny Creedon's "Turtle that beat the Hare walk" . . . Ruth Sandock's "Love Your Neighbor" views which she actually practices . . . Charlotte Wiseman's innocence which she uses daily in "Ec" . . . Marjorie Fitzgerald's forgetfulness with homework . . . Oh Jeepers, Stu Shane's ties . . . Mary Alice Bigler's popularity which is an inspiration to underclassmen . . . Peg Reynold's laundry troubles with clean shirts . . . Franny Donavon's naturalness and sense

of humor which makes him one of the Senior Legends . . . Eugene Zubrinsky's very original excuses and wit which make him first in the Hall of Fame (Latin Version) . . . Joe Nestor's "Oh Criminy, am I in a jam!" . . . Joe Libitz' grin that extends from ear to ear . . . Jim Finnigan's many many friends and his brilliant sayings make him No. 2 in the H of F . . . Don Kurth's one track mind . . . Glen Peck's love of flying and his respect for the class which elected him president . . . Len Shrago's Scrooge attitude on lending pencils—Dot Grenier's French Navy. (Never heard of it, have you?) . . . Barb Hollian's need for a C.H.L.S. Mr. Anthony . . . Tom Maloney's lack of speed in hurrying to classes . . . Roy Traynor's inability to understand the weaker sex . . . Barb McKinnon's inside information (as such!) . . . Bill Shannon's habit of never being where he is expected . . . Barb Rundlet's inventions, such as the combination V neck, cardigan style sweater . . . Virginia MacCauley's interest in the Naval Air Corps . . . Barb Murphy's striving to meet someone that really understands her . . . Verna Buckley's book of gags that she intends to write one day . . . Terry Dubuque's ability to pick nice friends . . . Nancy Conway's speeches with absolutely no prompting pul-eeze . . . Paul Holland's lack of domestic ability . . . There's Grogan's amazing tid-bits about the age of one Bing Crosby . . . Eileen Dynan's taking blames . . . Barb Cleary's troubles of the heart, brain, her humor, and her "Duke" . . . Tom Sheehan's love for music, especially drums and pianos . . . Bess Amidon's public and her "Foreign" pronunciation . . . Vera Chvany's early morning serenades . . . Ed Anacherico's duty as press agent for Stan Brinkerhoff . . . Gere Nolan's opinions which are always logical and correct . . . Fran Mullaney's rare understanding and genuine trustfulness . . . Leona Pansy's early morning dashes to homeroom and locker at 8:29 . . . Paul Mahoney's fixing ups of impossibilities and his classic smile equipped with dimple . . . Chub Kelly's "I'll toss you out that third story floor, so help me" . . . Jim Fitzgerald's face that looks like

a poster captioned "Typical American Boy" . . . Ben Donahue's unfunny jokes which sound hilarious when he tells them . . . Marie Russell's friendliness and talents too numerous to mention . . . Walter Cremen's voice sounding on a foggy day like Orson Welles . . . Rose Bottarie's complacency . . . Evelyn Fitzpatrick's "Oh, I've never been so hungry in my life." (Meanwhile swiping everything on the table) . . . He man Wally Lyons has been seen maliciously pulling buttons off Buzzy Cullen's coat . . . Big Chief Frasc has been patronizing the Totem Pole with a certain squaw . . . Shirley Cramer is known by a very nice nickname, which we think inadvisable to print right now . . . What's this mystery package from West Roxbury that Tom Hillings is bragging about . . . Maralyne Greenburg is really going in for war bond buying . . . Bill Braithwaite and Henry Petro are really walking away with honors for the track team. Harriet McClaud's middle name is a secret *but* it is spelled Matilda . . . Sonny Curchio has been beset by girls since his New York trip at which time he had an audience with the "VOICE" . . . If you see a mild cyclone that is wearing a green jacket, it's merely Mary Messenger on a trial run . . . Jim Lakis at this point wants to teach Geometry (it's undoubtedly the air around here.) . . . A certain miss in 217 has a rather bad time getting her thoughts together before 6th period . . . Fred Sateriale for some inane reason would like to be a printer . . . Phyllis L. Kelly is going to be sued for assault any day now . . . Evelyn Fitzpatrick is graduating Cum Laude . . . Bee Cleary is graduating . . . Chub Kelly has been offered a position with the firm of Mahoney, Lowery, Farrell and Vigneron Exterminators . . . Glen Peck and Paul "P. B." Hanlon are going to sing a duet at the Senior Reception. (Paul by the way is being signed by the Walt Disney Studios . . . Paul Mahoney is going to be a model in the Pep-sodent adds after graduation.

Seen around at the G. A. A. Informal and after . . .

Art Foster and Rita Tager were knocking themselves out during a "Jit" number. (as well as several innocent bystanders.) . . . Christine Clements was dressed Chinese Coolie Style . . . Then afterwards a few of the more hearty souls headed toward Revere Beach and the Cyclone. Din Downey and the "Mouse" Kelly sat through five rides on the above mentioned. Barb Kelly was positively green (and not with envy, after one ride.)

Odds and ends . . .

Bud Redding was sporting and we do mean sporting an Egyptian ring of gold. (we look well in green!) Helen Iozza can get away with veritable murder because she seems to be sooo innocent . . . Evelyn Mix can flounder through puddles

much more gracefully than you or I. (guess she's the champ in that division.) . . . Barb Fitzgerald and Terry Donavon are up to something about which everyone is curious . . . Barbara Tager (who knows Rita but slightly) juggles ink better than anyone . . . Maralyne Vering is the best street car getter onner we've ever seen during the rush hour . . . Mabel Carter always informs us when she has money. (just in case, you know!) . . . Tom Tobin was home on leave not so long ago looking very fit.

Charlotte Perry never fails to get people laughing when solemnity is desired . . . Florence Owens is the soul of dignity during such occasions . . . The charge of the Light Brigade after fourth period is beginning to wear on people's shoe leather . . . John Lyons is in need of a string to tie around his finger for first period. (that is if he needs his right arm.) . . . Everett Cameron is the custodian of the blocks. (and he never allows a friendship to come between them and the home-room.) . . . Mary Ryan is carrying around her newest trophy—a broken arm to be exact . . . Ida Jacobs should definitely go in for grand opera. (you should hear her in type Class) . . . Ray Foley is as usual enwrapped in sports, this time baseball, (and as usual he shines) . . .

Shirley Cochrane's bodyguard to first period . . . Mildred Hurt's poise . . . Doris Stukey's camera mania . . . Charlie Sullivan's powerful whiffles . . . Carty Lynch's desire for all sorts of things, the latest one—a sun lamp . . . Prudy Santoro's love of art . . . Jean O'Clairs attachment for her jewelry, especially one gold bar . . . Theresa Marshall's first period Monday snoozes . . . Doris Nelson's sources of information on everything and everybody . . . Bob Lowery's many admirers among the weaker sex, and his super sportsmanship . . . Johnny Dwyer's Irish temperament . . . Bob Farrells' mysterious "Way of Life" . . .

Eva Bannier gave a first rate speech on the French underground. Virginia Scott never gives us ice cream . . . (just cuz we won't give her potato chips!) . . . A third floor corridor resembled Niagara Falls during a difference of opinion near a water fountain . . . Paul Feloney is perfectly content to let people drink his coke—and then we have Luke Maher . . . Anne Cash strictly endorses Adams hats! . . . It's every woman for herself to get an escort for the Senior Reception (we've already seen some talent scouts peering here 'n' there.) . . . That senior that was seen at 6 A. Yem with her hair in rags chasing a dog was actually B. A. Clary. That famous Frenchman Claude Doucette got a whiffle recently *without* consulting his fan club ! ! ! . . . Hollis Browne was almost last near Memorial Hall (when he was wandering in the direction of school!) . . . Art Foster amazed

his public recently when he gave an exhibition playing the drums . . .

Anne Sullivan's nick-name—"Anngelo Gugeliamo" . . . Joanne MacConnell's generosity about "Lind" . . . Paul Ericson's fiery red hair and nice personality . . . Rita O'Connell's extra energy spent on Economics . . . Joe Quinn's sketches . . . Claire Moran's feather bob . . . John Le Corbeillier who gives the Senior Class a Cosmopolitan aspect . . . Mary Rose's shyness and modesty . . . William Maytem and his unconscious facial expressions. Louise Shine's petiteness. Pat Doyle's "Whoops, don't look now" . . . Charlotte Perry's energy in putting 310 through its exercises . . . Poppy Gomatos' proving that modesty follows intelligence . . . Alice Finnigan's taste for clothes . . . Jeanne Faulkner and her K. B. Ann and Dot Donahue and their homework . . . Joe Horan and his busy-bee existence . . . Henry Petro's "Road of Life" . . . John Skahan's favorite song, "On the Road to Mandalay" . . . Charlie Saunders and his complete oblivion . . . Gert MacCarthy's belief that all good things come to those who wait . . . Arthur Morainian's complete madness resulting from too many jokes . . .

That's all in this department. It's been fun writing for you, of you. To the Seniors sincere wishes for a successful career and a speedy victory under God's guidance.

CARMELINE E. ROSE, '44.

A LETTER of thanks from Mrs. H. F. Elliott, Cambridge chairman of the Junior Red Cross, has been received by Miss Ward for the work of the Junior Red Cross in Cambridge High and Latin School.

"This is by way of an official thank you for several items of production which have come in to the Junior Red Cross from the C. H. L. S. since I last wrote you." Mrs. Elliott's letter says, "May I list the items received and indicate where each was sent:

"One afghan—held to use for displays.

"One lap robe—to Old Colony Camp and Hospital Council.

"Five men's bed jackets—to Old Colony Camp and Hospital Council.

"One sweater and one pair of socks—senior production.

"Thirteen pairs of New Havens—Area headquarters, New York.

"Please convey our real appreciation to all the persons involved in the making of these articles. We have had very favorable comments on production of this nature, and we know that what we are doing is very much worthwhile."

A poster drawn by Tom Sgouros, '45, is now on display at Cambridge Red Cross headquarters, 53 Church Street. Tom utilized the hours when the school was open for night sessions, to work on this poster and did a fine piece of work.

The girls of Miss Willoughby's room, 301, have finished the afghan on which they have been working. Each girl furnished her own yarn.

On May 11, three members of the Junior Red Cross Council served at a meeting of School Sponsors of the Junior Red Cross. Miss Duffy and Miss Ward were among the guests. The Council was represented by Peggy Puddister, president; Rosemary Ryan, vice-president, and the undersigned reporter for the Review.

A new surgical dressings unit has been formed, meeting on Mondays from 2 to 4.

Senior members of the Junior Red Cross Council have been looking forward to seeing their photographs in this number of the Review.

JOAN MCPARTLIN, '45.

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

Anderson, Virienne	McCarthy, John
Bane, Francis	McDonald, Theresa
Bequaert, Helen	McDonnell, Frances
Bozyczko, Irene J.	McGovern, Dorothy
Burns, June	McGrath, Leonard
Cardillo, Eleanor	McMenimen, Anne
Carter, Barbara	McNamara, Francis
Center, Marilyn	Minkiel, Steve
Chao, Lensey	Moran, Lois
Chapman, Lorraine	Obelsky, Eileen
Connolly, Katherine	Panselinas, Catherine
Cremens, Carolyn	Pantazopoulos, Helen
Day, Barbara	Payzant, Anita
Dinan, Eileen	Pereira, Amelia
Donoghue, Evelyn	Perin, Constance
Eghian, Louis	Pimtonio, Mary
Enebuske, Karin	Priester, Mary Ellen
Goewey, Elizabeth	Radaitis, Helen
Goldstein, Leonard	Repsish, Edith
Hall, Sylvia Duncan	Ridlon, Florence
Hartmann, Gretchen	Riley, Lorna
Hastings, Helen	Romaniecka, Mary
Hogan, Paul	Ruff, Lillia
Holley, Eldoner	Ryan, Donald
Katsulis, Jonnie	Schatz, Arthur
Leo, Nollio	Slater, Glenna
Lewis, Florence	Small, Mary
Lewis, Herbert	Souza, Alice
MacKenzie, Arthur	Spitzer, Joanne
MacLood, Doris	Sullivan, Ann E.
Maguire, Robert	Thomas, Emma
Martinian, Martin	Wilkshire, Persis
Maxwell, Barbara	Winn, Regina



FOOTBALL TEAM



BASEBALL



TRACK TEAM



BASKET BALL



Varsity Basketball



Senior Members of Junior Red Cross Council and Officers



REVIEW STAFF



HOME ROOM COMMITTEE

ALUMNI COLUMN

THERE'S an old saying about saving what's best 'til last, but we think you'd better hear about all the awards Latin boys have been getting before you decide the column is too dull to finish reading. So get ready—Second Lieutenant Joseph Paul McMenimen—who was supposedly lost over Germany, finally made his home base in Italy—and received the Distinguished Service Medal . . . Sergeant Raymond Keefe returned home recently for a twenty-one day furlough—after two and a half years on Guadalcanal, and participation in two major battles—for all of which he received a soldier's medal and a Presidential citation . . . Paul Edmands has been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in Sicily—his citation reads like a thriller-diller movie script . . . Sergeant William L. Kane, for outstanding action against the Japanese on Guadalcanal, received the Combat Infantryman Badge.

If you're still listening, here are some more scraps from all over—John Flaherty, in the armed forces since 1942, recently was promoted to First Lieutenant in the Army Engineers . . . Second Lieutenant Edward Chmura was a member of the 24th class of Flying Fortress pilots who graduated a short time ago from the AAFTC school at Hendricks Field, Florida. He is now in California . . . Pvt. Franklin Miller has been assigned to the AAF Training Command Radio School at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for training as a radio operator-mechanic . . . George Sokol is receiving initial indoctrination at the U. S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Illinois . . . Willis Soper, Seaman second class, U. S. N. R. graduated from Quartermasters Signal Corps, at the Submarine School, New London, Connecticut . . . John Kelly left Cambridge this week for the U. S. M. C. Training School at Sheepshead Bay, New York.

Now for some news of the femmes—E. Shirley Trask has arrived in England to serve as an American Red Cross hospital staff aide . . . Anna Belle Feld has completed her boot training as a Wave and been assigned to Miami University, Ohio, for radio training . . . Now for the romantic interest—as the radio soap operas say—Eleanor Reardon was married to Lt. Jack Paul Craig, on Sunday, April 30. Her sister was maid of honor. Congratulations and best wishes.

Lieut. Owen V. Kiggins USAAF has been reported as missing in action over Italy. The War Department stated that he disappeared in March. In the Army Air Forces since 1941, he was overseas for a year.

We are sorry to close our column for the year with a note of sadness, but we hope that as next

year's writers close their column, it will be with the bells of victory ringing in their ears.

MARIE RUSSELL, '44
RUTH LOONEY, '44

A MODERN MIDAS

THERE are, in this day and age, modern Midases who greatly resemble the greedy king of yore. They appear in various guises, the most prominent at present being the dictator, Hitler. He uses the German people as a front, and they are part and parcel of him and his activities. Not satisfied with a fairly rich and comfortable living, they were easily swayed into wanting war. The touch of his mighty armies would turn the weak countries into golden treasure troves of farming and industry for the Germans, Hitler persuaded them. Never heeding the many warnings of nature and the Allies, they followed his fanatical lead, as foolish and grasping as the ancient king.

However, much as Midas was amazed when food and water turned to hard gold at his touch, so are Hitler's satellites chagrined to find their plan for power backfiring. The conquered nations are subdued only outwardly. They may be forced into being gold for the German's treasure chest, but by their acts of defiance, they are showing that they mean to be hard gold, indeed gold that Germany will not be able to digest. By their continued resistance, they are helping Germany to realize what the price is for the golden touch. Then, as Midas touched his precious daughter and saw her turn to gold before his horrified gaze, so the Germans see their ancient cities, burned and gutted with their human inhabitants, all because of their greed and lust that brought the war on.

Would that there were, in addition to modern Midases, a modern pool whose magic waters could restore the world to sanity, where pity and peace should replace scorn and warfare.

WINIFRED TAYLOR, '45.

THE OUTING CLUB

THE Outing Club has enjoyed many delightful trips this spring. There was an afternoon walk to the Willow Pond In Mt. Auburn, where the forsythias and flowering crab trees were in bloom and a supper walk there when the lavender of the azaleas combined with the pale pink of the cherry and the deep pink of the hawthorn to form a lovely reflection in the water. We also bicycled out to Fresh Pond and took a trip to the Audubon Sanctuary in Sharon, a paradise for birds.

The Club wishes to express its appreciation to Miss McCarthy for her help and encouragement.

CLAIRE MORAN, '44
RAYMOND HILL, '44



MORE THAN A LITTLE
CREDIT GOES TO
"ART" SCALESE IN TH'
1/2 MILE RELAY AT
LYNN!



CHAMPS!

CHLS, IN TH' NORTSHORE RELAYS IN LYNN,
REALLY GAVE TH' RECORD BOOKS A GOIN' OVER.
THE HALF MILE AN' MILE RELAY TEAMS SET
TWO RECORDS! DOVER, N.H.
CREAM OF N.H. TRACK COULD ONLY PLACE
SECOND BEST IN COMPETITION WITH CHLS!
BRATHWAITE, J. HARRINGTON, SCALISE, PETROW,
DOWNEY, CONLEY, SIDLOWSKA, TRAVERS, &
F. SATERIALE ARE ALL TO BE CONGRATULATED!

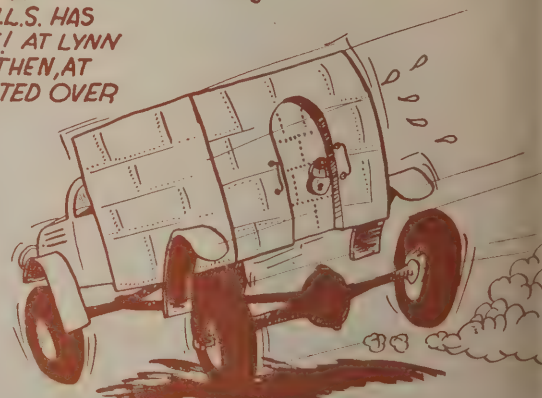
HENRY PETROW, WHO HADA WRENCHED
BACK, RAN ANYWAY AN' HELPED 'GET A
NEW RECORD IN SPIITE OF IT! AN' LATER IN
CAMBRIDGE, HE WON TH' 100 AND 220
WITH EXTRAORDINARY SPEED!



BACK TO RUSSELL FIELD FORTH'
RINDGE, SOMERVILLE MEET, JOHN
GRIFFIN REPEATED HIS STATE
MEET PERFORMANCE CHUCKIN'
THE SHOT PUT 40'8" FOR A
FIRST! GIL SILVESTRI, RIGHT
BEHIND HIM, PULLED OUT A
SECOND!

JIMMY DOWNEY WAS TH' REAL HERO
IN RUNNING A SUPERB 3/4 MILE!
CAREFUL PLOTTING OF TH' COURSE
AND VALUABLE TRAINING BY COACH
MURPHY PAYED BOUNTIFUL
DIVIDENDS IN TH' MEDLEY RELAYS!
THEN AT RUSSELL RAN TH' 880 IN
2:10.2!

KING O' TH' CINDERS! C.H.L.S. HAS
PROVEN WORTHY OF TH' TITLE! AT LYNN
THEY ROMPED TO WIN EASILY! THEN, AT
RUSSELL FIELD, THEY REPEATED OVER
RINDGE AND SOMERVILLE!



BILL BRATHWAITE RAN A
PHENOMONAL 1/4 MILE, 53.0!
COACH MURPHY BELIEVES IT
TH' FASTEST 1/4 THIS YEAR! J.
HARRINGTON'S AMAZING STAMINA
KEPT HIM CLOSE BEHIND ALL TH' WAY!

"TONY" TRAVERS N' "STEVE"
HARRINGTON TOOK 4th AND
3rd IN TH' HURDLES. "TONY"
LATER TIED FOR 4th IN
TH' HIGH JUMP!

TH' GREAT "GIL" DODDS SPOTTED
FIVE SCHOOLBOYS 18 SECONDS AN'
WON TH' SPECIAL MILE IN TH' FAST
TIME OF 4:19.8 ON A VERY SLOW
TRACK! HE HAD TO BE HUSTLED
AWAY IN AN ARMORED CAR TO
ESCAPE MILLING AUTOGRAPH
HOUNDS!

LITERARY CLUB

SINCE my last report the ratio of boys to girls has risen so that now, among the faithful members, 40% are boys. At our last meeting we decided to clamp down on people who have been absent or excused two times or over in succession. All literates who answer to this description had better be sure to attend the next meeting.

Spring is in the air and the final meeting of the club is close at hand. Therefore all entries for the prize theme contest must be in before May 6th. These entries should be given to Miss Kelly in 211. The club is also awarding a prize for the best book review given at the meeting after next. So—read up!

Besides awarding prizes the club must elect officers for next year. Be thinking about your choices.

New members are still welcome if they are serious in their intentions to become worthwhile additions to the club and its activities.

GRETCHEN HARTMANN,
Secretary.

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Azarowicz, Jane	Linskey, Mary
Balsam, Alan	Looney, Ruth
Barrett, Mary	Lyons, Virginia
Boissonneau, Miriam	Markiewicz, Helen
Cameron, Everett	Montagna, Louise
Cook, Barbara	Moran, Claire
Cooper, Catherine	Murphy, Margaret
Cremens, Walter	Nunes, Mary
Donato, Josephine	O'Brien, Eileen
Donnelly, Mary	Oppedisano, Julia
Dunn, Anna	Parisi, Grace
Faulkner, Jean	Pepe, Anita
Ferdinand, Thelma	Petrow, Henry
Harris, Ross	Reynolds, Peggy
Haskell, Paul	Russell, Marie
Hepp, Eileen	Salvato, Nancy
Jensen, Ethel	Silverman, Alberta
Kagan, Mildred	Sullivan, James
Krikorian, Anne	Trocki, Josephine
LaBrecque, Estelle	Williams, Robert

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE red folds of the curtain open for the last act of the Dramatic Club this year. The first scene was the presentation of three one-act comedies by members of the Freshmen, Sophomore and Junior classes. The plays were equally good and were enjoyed by the spectators.

May 26th has been designated as Fifth War Bond night. Along with songs, magician acts, and laughter, the Dramatic Club will present three

plays. "Message From Bataan" is the story of two friends who tried to get into the air corps. The families of these boys are portrayed in an extremely interesting manner. "One Bullet" is a short play in which a typical family finds that even a few cents—the price of one bullet—may save a life. "Women Who Wait" is a heart-rending story of the women who are behind our fliers. These women, tense with excitement and anticipation, learn to smile at their fears while they wait in the lonely, forsaken land of Alaska. They wait for their husbands to come back or to be found dead with a quiet courage that shows the true value and depth of their love and their never-ending sacrifice.

The elections of new officers will be held in May and their installation will take place during the picnic on May 27th.

The Dramatic Club members express deep regret for the loss of one of our Alumni. Lt. John Whoreskey, who was killed in action a few weeks ago, is an ex-treasurer and honor student.

Now as the curtain slowly closes we extend to the Seniors a wish for the best of luck and happiness and to the rest of you a pleasant summer. We'll see you next September. Don't forget—*It's a date!*

CATHERINE COOPER, '44.

A THOUGHT

That crooked branch outside my window,
Is grey with winter,
and the dark sky
shows white the snow.

My soul
is away on a mountain,
and my back is bent
like the branch.
I am a listless shell,
waiting for my soul.

The snow is dripping from the mountain
like tears,
and I am weeping with it.
Seated on a cold stone,
I look upon the greyneess of the world.

Still the crooked tree haunts me,
dark and twisted with suffering.
Having endured the snow upon its back
since before my birth,
wearily it will bear its burden.
a century after I am dead.

JOHN LOOFBOUROW, '45.

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

Amon, Aline	Kapchus, Helen
Anestis, Georgia	Landry, Belle
Archigian, Lydia	Lucenti, Rose Marie
Aslanian, Veronica	Marathas, Catherine
Azadian, Dorothy	Martin, Carmen
Azarowicz, Sophie	McDonnell, Dorothy
Balcom, Lincoln	Milmore, Beverley
Barr, Irene	Most, David
Belbin, Laura	Nevins, Muriel
Botilho, Rosemary	Nicotera, Chiarina
Bruneau, Beverley	O'Brien, Marjorie
Camelio, Elizabeth	Owirka, Mary
Connors, Eleanor	Paredes, John
Cooper, Roy	Portentosio, Joseph
Curtiss, Catherine	Root, Lily
D'Alba, Sabina	Rosenberg, Earle
Days, Lillian	Rosie, Anne
DiComes, Robert	Scannell, Helen
Dooley, Dorothy	Seelinger, Alice
Downs, Theodora	Sparks, Hazel
Fitzgerald, Theresa	Toscano, Lucia
Fox, Esther	Turner, Gertrude
Fратиanni, Rose	Tranter, Mildred
Gomatos, Peter	Vaudo, Elizabeth
Grant, June	Wadden, Eleanor
Grimm, Mabel	Wallace, Eleanor
Hogg, Angus	Weisman, Ruth
Iwanski, Wanda	Wilson, Elaine
Johnson, Charlotte	Winn, John

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Amon, Albert	McPartlin, Joan
Berman, Robert	Melville, Leslie
Butler, Dorothy	Miskevitch, Sophie
Costa, Lorraine	Murray, Claire
D'Aveni, Theresa	Nikas, Virginia
Downey, James	Pimental, Olga
Forte, Yola	Rich, Elizabeth
Frangioni, Jennie	Roseman, Leonard
Gaipo, Dorothy	Rosenberg, Marvin
Gilbert, Carol	Schlein, Herbert
Hastings, Marie	Shine, Marilyn
Herlihy, Mary	Silberman, James
Hughes, Margaret	Silva, Marie
Klopstock, William	Sussman, Joan
Larsen, Jean	Talanian, Louise
Leary, Eileen	Walsh, Helen
Levy, Lillian	West, Georgina
Lyons, Ann	Zacharakis, Louis
Marshall, Ruth	Zukas, Helen
McCorrison, Virginia	

SPORTLITE

OUR championship track team continued on its merry way, meeting and sweeping aside all opposition with monotonous regularity. Old records were tossed out of the books as our team established new, almost incredible marks.

Starting off at the North Shore Relay Carnival held at Manning Bowl, Lynn, our team won the mile relay and broke the Carnival record in the time 3:46. The relay team consisted of John Harrington, Jimmie Downey, Bill Braithwaite, and Fred Sateriale.

Also at the carnival our team broke the half mile relay record. This was done in the time of 1:40. This team was made up of Henry Petrow, Art Scalise, Johnny Harrington, Bill Braithwaite.

Our quarter-mile relay team made the third best time. This team included Art Scalise, Tony Travers, Tom Sgourous, and Ed Conley.

Our Medley Relay team made third best time. The boys running were Scalise, Sgourous, Sidlauskas, Conley, Sateriale, Petrow, Harrington, Braithwaite, and Downey.

Also at the carnival our team won one permanent trophy for obtaining the largest number of points; as well as a leg on a trophy that has to be won three times by one school before it can be kept permanently.

The scores were C. H. L. S. 13, Dover High of N. H. 9, Melrose 7, Winchester 5. Thirteen schools competed in all.

At the Quadrangular Meet our team again came out on top. The scores were C. H. L. S. 30, Belmont 23½, Winchester 21½, Everett 13.

At the triangular meet against two rivals, Rindge and Somerville, our team whizzed through to mass the amazing total of 42 1-3 points. Next came Rindge with 35 1-3 points, and Somerville 19 1-3 points.

Keep up the good work, fellows. You are doing great. The school is proud of you. Here's hoping you win the State Championship this spring. Our hats go off to Co-Captains Henry Petrow and Bill Braithwaite for their truly wonderful work this year, and congratulations are due to all the members of the team.

This being the last issue, I should like to say goodbye and thank those who have helped me on this column. Goodbye and good luck to all.

GEORGE SAIDEH, '44.



BOOK REVIEW

MONGREL METTLE

By Jesse Stuart

E. P. Dutton and Co.

WHOEVER has read any of Mr. Stuart's works knows well the fascination that goes with them. His pen does not scrawl out long, obsolete words used all too often by contemporary writers, but rather speaks in the language of the vernacular, of whatever section of the country the story takes place in. In "Taps for Private Tussie," it was Kentucky, and in his book one found the common lingo of Kentucky being used, not that of Oxford "Mongrel Mettle" is the autobiography of a dog. The dog is a mongrel with shepherd, collie and wire-haired terrier's blood in his veins. His name, which he earned after various escapades was Jerry-B Boneyard Powderjay Dodderidge Fox Hammonds Blevins Hammertight Lakin Doore. Mr. Stuart's tales always are spell-binding, but never before have I passed an evening more quickly nor turned the pages of a book more rapidly than I did when I read "Mongrel Mettle". I urge you to read "Mongrel Mettle" and enjoy yourself.

ROBERT H. DICOMES, '46.

IDEAL STATES, PAST AND PRESENT

THE Utopia of ancient dreams is to many the absolute ideal state. "And how," these ask sadly, "can there ever be a Utopia on this mortal earth?" There can never be a Utopia as they conceive it; but there have been and are now several truly ideal states-governments of mortals, by mortals, and for mortals.

Utopia, I repeat, can never be gained; but it is the striving for Utopia by mortals that elevates mankind; and it is the encouragement and aid of a government to their struggle which makes that government ideal. When men are free to transmit the fruits of their mind, their knowledge, experience, wisdom, theories, beliefs, to other men who are free to listen indiscriminately and choose in what their trust and hope will be placed, an ideal state has been made. The minor imperfections of social disturbances, labor trouble, even war, do not and cannot mar the beauty of the great ideal attained for the human race.

The ancient Greeks, both Athenians and Spartans, had an ideal state. Rome truly and epigrammatically called its government *res publica*, the public thing, the people's affair. In these ancient democracies, there were many conditions and situations that, you will say, do not conform even to my theory of the ideal: slavery is an outstanding illustration. But the times must be considered; slavery, to expand this example, was considered wrong nowhere in the civilized world at that ancient time. Eventually, there is no doubt, mur-

murings against enforced labor of any homo sapiens would begin to rise, swelling, strengthening, until they conquered at last all opposition, and slavery was abolished. But unfortunately these ideal states ceased striving for the unattainable, absolute perfection; they became self-satisfied and soft, and were finally overthrown, thus returning the world to almost its starting point.

It took more than a thousand years for the world to take again the first toddling steps toward Utopia. In a wild, unimportant land, men grew restive under the domination of a great empire; in a downtrodden country the oppressed overthrew the symbol of their oppressor, a grey gloomy prison. Both these countries overthrew their old system of rule and started bravely on the confusing road to Utopia; they both made many mistakes, often tragic; but they are both still on the road as strongly as before, though the march of one seems to be retarded at this moment by a new tyranny. They call their states "democracy" or "la republique" but the principles and ideals are yet the same as those of the ancient governments. Though these modern states would call their form of rule one which gives the common man liberty, the right to speak, read, and worship as he pleases, its broad scheme and propelling force is the desire for complete perfection and happiness for all.

As long as men strive for beauty and truth and wisdom, and as long as there are governments which will permit their struggle unconditionally and will assist them in it, there will exist an ideal state in the truest and most spiritual sense of the word.

RUTH LOONEY, '44.

"WE TURN AWAY DOWN STEPS
WELL TROD"

GRADUATION time has come again to Cambridge High and Latin, and for us Seniors this graduation will be the most important ever. At last we are ready to leave off being schoolboys and schoolgirls and become men and women. There is a great deal of happiness and hopefulness in this occasion, but there is, too, a little sadness, as there must always be when we take our leave of well known faces and surroundings which have been the center of our lives for a number of years.

We of the class of '44 carry away a host of memories. It may be that these memories will stand some of us in good stead, whom we have most need of something pleasant to remember. Our very first day in high school was filled with hilarity occasioned by both teachers and pupils being introduced to the mazes of a new building. Our school is, I think, unique as a building. Since

my junior year I find I can make my way about without a map and compass, but I still prefer to show the way to a visitor or a new pupil rather than try to give him directions.

There are some memories common to all of us: the unutterable joy that every Friday brings—our first date and our first prom (in some cases the two were co-incidental)—the Thanksgiving Day football game at Russell Field—the Rindge-Latin basketball games, where we cheered wildly for every point made by Latin and groaned at every one scored for Rindge—the early morning rush to beat the half past bell, and the unbelievable slowness with which the minute hand of the classroom clock drags itself from half past one to quarter of two—the little flurry of excitement when a new issue of the "Review" is sprung on us, and the rapid flipping of pages to the Spotlight column where Uncle Falter tells all—the seemingly endless line that always gets ahead of you in the lunchroom when you are particularly hungry—relaxing after a trying day over a tall, cool soda with congenial company in Hood's Creamery—waiting on the edge of our seats the morning report cards are handed out—"mixing things" and "boiling things" in the chem lab and sweating it out through a Latin term test. All of these things, and a thousand others like them have made up our lives for the past your years. They have not been unhappy years, and it is with some reluctance that we leave Cambridge High and Latin School.

WALTER S. CREMENS, '44.



The Squander Bug thinks it's just dandy
When you spend all your money
on candy.
He shouts in high glee,
"How jolly for me,
Uncle Sam would have found that
money handy."

PEOPLE I'D LIKE TO BE

HIGH above the gaping crowds, swinging perilously upon a window-ledge with only the pigeons and my own thoughts for company, the breeze warm against my back! What bliss to be a window-washer! Again, especially after a Western thriller in which hero, villain, and heroine dash madly about on snorting steeds, I feel a sudden yearning to be the mistress of a huge ranch, upon which I would raise horses, goats and cauliflower (I have never been able to have enough cauliflower). However, when cold winds blow and the streets fill up with slush and puddles, I dream of magnolia blossoms and myself sitting under them in a large, floppy hat with a huge brim.

These are fascinating thoughts, but if I had my choice, what person would I trade places with? Perhaps Mrs. Roosevelt, then I could wear a grass skirt and rub noses with the Eskimoes; perhaps Mary Martin, then I could wear Mainbocher originals and a black velvet dog collar around my neck. Think of me, all dressed up in black satin, slit at the hem, with a black velvet ribbon tied about my neck. Oh, I definitely would like to be Mary Martin!

Then I might be that coy and blushing female, who peers about on magazine pages, confessing that she used Pond's cold cream and now she is engaged, has a diamond engagement ring with a staggering number of karats and a fiance who just adores her soft, smooth complexion.

All these are intriguing daydreams, but time grows short, and I must leave them to put on some freckle lotion and concentrate on Cicero.

ANN WALKER '45

Full Secretarial and
Intensive Short Courses

HICKOX
SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

Individualized
Prog. and Attention

12 Huntington Ave.

KEN more 6040

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FUTURE SECURE



• Whatever your plans for the future may be, you will always have a feeling of security if you have had thorough secretarial training. A good secretary is always in demand. Last year, placement calls for Fisher girls were greatly in excess of available graduates.

• For 41 years New England has recognized the Fisher School as a center for superior secretarial training. At either the fine old residence overlooking the Charles River, which is the Boston School, or in the homelike atmosphere of the Winter Hill School, Fisher courses combine cultural and technical subjects. In an academic atmosphere, young women quickly learn secretarial skills. Catalog on request.

THE FISHER SCHOOL

118 Beacon Street BOSTON 16, MASS.

374 Broadway WINTER HILL 45, MASS.

PERMANENT WORK

for

Girls 16 Years or Older

Making Welch's 5c Candy Bars

for the Boys in Uniform

Light, pleasant day work with eight hours
overtime each week.

Experience Not Necessary

James O. Welch Co.

810 MAIN STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

INMAN SQUARE

HABERDASHER



Apparel

for men

women

children



1360 CAMBRIDGE STREET
CAMBRIDGE

THE LLOYD CONSTRUCTION CO.



"Better Homes for Better Living"



HIGGINS

Commercial
Machine School

VICTORY COURSES

All Business Machines, Comptometers,
Burroughs, Electric I. B. M., Typewriting and
Billing Machines.

Enroll any Monday - Day and Evening

*Largest equipped Business Machine School
in New England.*

Students placed in positions after completing
8 to 12 week courses

393 Boylston Street Kenmore 7696

Kirkland 1503

QUALITY HARDWARE CO., INC.

"ON THE SQUARE"

Our Motto — Quality and Service

At Lowest Prices

1309 Cambridge St., Inman Square
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Your Doctor's Favorite Store"

LONGFELLOW PHARMACY

348 BROADWAY CAMBRIDGE

DALEY'S DRUGS, INC.

Harvard Square

Cambridge, Mass.

HAZEN'S LUNCH

Harvard Square

Cambridge

CLASSES STARTING EVERY MONDAY

at Remington Rand School

Bookkeeping, Billing and Adding
Machine courses. Remington
operators in constant demand. Good
war and post-war field. Place-
ment in 3 to 15 weeks.

REMINGTON-RAND, Inc.

MISS G. G. BOYCE

114 FEDERAL STREET

BOSTON 6

LIBERTY 7830

CRONIN'S STATIONERY STORE

INMAN SQUARE
CAMBRIDGE

*School Supplies Greeting Cards
Periodicals*

DO YOU NEED A TUTOR?

MISS MARY MOULTON, A. B., A. M.,
ED. M., formerly a teacher in C. H. L. S.,
more recently in Callan Hall School for
Girls, is prepared to give lessons at her
home, 361 Harvard St., in English,
French, Latin, Spanish, Algebra, and
Plane Geometry. For further information
Telephone TRO. 9642.

READ & WHITE



MEN'S and
WOMEN'S
**FORMAL
CLOTHES
RENTED**

FOR ALL OCCASIONS
"QUALITY ALWAYS"

111 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
WOOLWORTH BLDG., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SUMMER PREPARATORY SCHOOL

July 5 to August 15, 1944

Preparatory Courses for College
Entrance
Make-Up Work in all High School
Subjects

Intensive Reviews
Pre-Induction Courses
Pre-Nursing Courses

MORNING CLASSES
EXPERIENCED HIGH SCHOOL
TEACHERS
CO-EDUCATIONAL

\$40, one subject \$75, two subjects
Send for Circular

The Fisher School

374 Broadway

Winter Hill

SOMerset 1800

BIG BEAR

HARDWARE



BOYS' CO-OPERATIVE

CLUB



183 Magazine Street

Cambridge



POWERS and SPROGIS



PEARL VARIETY STORE



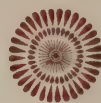
233 Pearl Street
Cambridge

SHEA BROTHERS PRINTERS

Printer of the Review



124 MT. AUBURN STREET
Telephone: TRowbridge 1360
At Harvard Square



H. SCHELL AND SONS

600 Washington Street
Boston, Mass.



MR. SMITH
Urges you to
Buy More
and More
WAR BONDS
and
STAMPS



In these times, the class ring takes on a newer and greater,
significance, becoming not only a remembrance
of school associations but also a
means of identification.

1944 CLASS RING
JEWELERS

Dieges & Clust

73 Tremont Street
Boston, Mass.

Formal Gowns

Bridal Gowns

— FOR RENT —

Wedding Groups

A Specialty . .

MARY BURNS

100 Summer Street - Boston, Mass.

UNIVERSITY THEATRE

HARVARD SQUARE

Sun., Mon., Tues. — June 4, 5, 6 —

Humphrey Bogart

"PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE"

"HI GOOD-LOOKIN' "

Wed. — Review Day — June 7

Joan Fontaine — Cary Grant

"SUSPICION"

Virginia Weidler — Edward Arnold

"THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION"

Thurs., Fri., Sat. — June 8, 9, 10

Margaret O'Brien

"LOST ANGEL"

Kay Kyser

"SWING FEVER"

Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. — June 11, 12, 13,

Ann Baxter — Thomas Mitchell

"THE SULLIVANS"

"Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid"

Corcoran's

*A department store
established in 1881*

CENTRAL SQUARE

CAMBRIDGE

YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON

SEALTEST QUALITY

EAT SEALTEST ICE CREAM

General Ice Cream Corporation

183 Cambridge Street, East Cambridge



We Know Our Under-grads

THE UNDER-GRADS OF NEW ENGLAND KNOW US

There is a bond of good will that exists between Kennedy's and the smart young men of New England. Our many years of experience in satisfying their demands for their special kind of clothes . . . the right styles at the right time . . . have given us a place in their wardrobe planning that we are indeed proud to have. And parents are just as enthusiastic in their approval of prices which are geared to the times.

FAMOUS UNDER-GRAD SHOP

KENNEDY'S

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

BOSTON 15, MASSACHUSETTS

Offers day and evening college courses for men and women.

LIBERAL ARTS

ENGINEERING

BUSINESS

LAW

Pre-Medical, Pre-Dental and Pre-Legal Programs

Cooperative and Full-time Plans Available.

Appropriate degrees conferred.

Earn While You Learn.

FOR CATALOG — MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Director of Admissions

Boston 15, Massachusetts

Please send me a catalog of the

- ☐ College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ College of Engineering
- ☐ College of Business Administration
- ☐ School of Law
- ☐ Evening School of Business

- ☐ Evening—College of Liberal Arts
- ☐ Day Pre-Medical Program
- ☐ Day Pre-Dental Program
- ☐ Day and Evening Pre-Legal Programs

Name

Address
H-36 B (Street) (City or Town) (P. O. Numerals) (State)

